

PUNCH



VOL LXII.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1872.

AP101
P8
V.62

LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



"GENTLEMEN Arbitrators, I salute you in the concrete," said Mr. PUNCH, walking up to the table of the Hall of Congress at Geneva. "I also salute you specially. COUNT SCLOPIS, *una voce poco fa*; M. STAEMFELI, my Merry Swiss Boy, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*; BARON ITAJUBA, I hope your *sangre azul* is cool this hot weather."

"Really, Mr. PUNCH," said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN—

"And really, my dear SIR ALEXANDER," was Mr. PUNCH's lightning-like repartee. "How are you? and DAVIS, my BANCROFT, how are you? Have you seen MRS. BANCROFT in *Caste*? Capital, isn't she? And now to business, and after that we'll go for a row on the Lake, my Allobroges. Know they settled here, DAVIS?"

"I know several things," said Mr. DAVIS, "and one is that you have no business in this chamber."

"*Rem acu tetigisti*, my Occidental. My visit is strictly on pleasure. And I reckon to have the pleasure of sticking these here Negotiations in a greased groove before I quit."

"Porter!" exclaimed the COUNT SCLOPIS, angrily.

"Not a drop, I thank you," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. "We should not get it good here. A bottle of Seltzer, if you please, with a slight dash of the liquid named after yonder lake, but unsweetened."

His exquisite good-temper—he associates with GRANVILLE and DISRAELI—was too much for the dignitaries. They all shook hands with him, said he was welcome, and begged that he would go away until dinner-time.

"Not a bit of it, my Beamish Boys," said Mr. PUNCH. "I am going to earn that dinner."

"But, dear Mr. PUNCH," pleaded Mr. DAVIS, "we can't admit another British Representative, especially so omnipotent a one as yourself."

"You are polite, and I'm cosmopolite, my dear DAVIS. *Non ubi nascor, sed ubi pascor*, and being asked to an international repast I shall behave in' nationally."

"You will have to let him speak," laughed BARON ITAJUBA.

"You open your mouth to drop Brazilian diamonds, my Baron."

"He'd better remain, for I don't think he'll go," gaily carolled the Chief Justice, with a reminiscence of a burlesque written at a time when burlesques were comic.

"Take your brief, and belabour away," sang the Merry Swiss Boy.

"Come, Mr. PUNCH," said the Count, "you and I have a common Italian ancestry. Do us credit."

"*Côn rispetto parlando*, Count, you ought not to doubt that I shall. Arbitrators! Have you all read RABELAIS?"

"There's a question!" shouted Everybody, indignantly. "Have five great nations sent clowns to represent them?"

"I will soon see about that," said Mr. PUNCH. "When the good PANTAGRUEL was asked to decide a most tangled, knotty, and vast law-suit, over which a hundred lawyers had wrangled and fattened for years, what was his first order? Nay, answer me not in words, but let me take my cooling draught, and see whether you know RABELAIS."

As with one impulse all sprang up, delight in each face. Secretaries and porters were summoned, and every scrap of paper, from the smallest Note to the most gigantic Case was removed into the court-yard. In five minutes all the painted glass in the windows was richly illuminated, and the flames roared like Vesuvius.

"In these circumstances," said Mr. PUNCH, "and as thinking of the 'frozen Caucasus' will not enable one to bear roasting, M. the Count, you might order me some ice."

"Icebergs to M^r. PUNCH till further notice," said the magnificent Italian, in a style worthy of Cosmo himself.

"You have studied RABELAIS," said Mr. PUNCH, when the fire had subsided, "and I am sure that you will continue to be guided by his wisdom. Do you accept my sentence, in this Anglo-American business, as final. No 'understandings,' mind. Swear it, with good mouth-filling oaths."

They all sent out fervent voices, but Mr. DAVIS (who has had the advantage of knowing Mr. GREELEY) discharged a kiss so terrific that it tore all the other sounds to tatters.

"Hear, and record the oath, immoral Gods!" exclaimed Mr. PUNCH, in a manner like that of JOHN KEMBLE, only superior in impressiveness. "And now I shall give you a judgment like that of the good PANTAGRUEL. Stenographers!"

Then said PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, "and the pauses amid his speech were more awful than the sound:"

"Not having read one word of the cackle just combusted, and knowing and caring nothing about the matter in question, I hereby give sentence that England shall pay to America, on the first of April last, nineteen thousand bottles of hay with a needle in each. Shall, on the very first Sunday in the middle of the week, further pay to America eleven millions of pigs in pokes; and finally, and without fail, Shall, in the next Greek Kalends, remit to Washington two billions of bottles of smoke, and one thousand casks of the best pickled Australian moonshine, deodorised and aerated.

"But seeing that America, in her turn, has reparation to make, I hereby give sentence that she shall send to England, on the day of the election of the first Coloured President, twelve thousand barrels of the best pearl-oysters, the pearls to be set with emeralds and rubies. Shall, on the day of celebration of the utter and entire extinction of Bunkum, further pay to England eighty thousand barrels of Columbian Hail, and as many Birds o' Freedom, potted with truffles; and lastly, Shall, on the recognition of the Independence of Mormonism, remit to London a hundred boxes of the letters of which the United States have robbed the Queen's English; a thousand of the ropes which ought to have been used in accelerating the quietude of Fenianism, and finally, and without fail, shall pay 30 per cent. on the profits of 'annexed' English literature.

"And this I give for final judgment and decree indissoluble."

Everybody remained wrapt in speechless admiration at the ineffable wisdom of PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, who had thus SETTLED THE AMERICAN QUESTION. But what a shout went up to the Empyrean when he gently added:—

"To enable you to interpret this sentence aright, I present you with my

"Sixty-Second Volume."



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FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

The Wise Man's	LE SAGE.
The Fishmonger's	CRABBE, SPRAT, and WINCKELMANN.
The Entomologist's	WORMIUS.
The Quaker's	DE THOU.
The Blunderer's	MULLER.
The Calman's	VOITURE.
The Schoolmaster's	BIRCH.
The Stonemason's	PORPHYRY.
The Footman's	L'ABBE LA PLUCHE.
The Centurian's	MACROBIUS.
The Soldier's	MANTIAL.
The Poet's	RYMER.
The Doctor's	AKENSIDE and STEELE.
The Engine-driver's	SPEED.
The Poulterer's	DUCK and HARE.
The Dandy's	SMART.
Nobody's	DUMB.
Everybody's	PUNCH!

AN AUTHORS' P.S.

Do not think that my Recording Angel set a precedent in blotting out that record with a tear. He has since bought spectacles, which prevent his tears from falling down, and which enable him to write even more legibly.—LAWRENCE STERN.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A good memory is a good thing. A good forgetfulness sometimes a better. A poor poet received a bank-note the day after he had declared at dinner that he could not remember the source of a line a rich guest was unable to trace. Yet the line was the wise poet's own.

A CIVIC DREAM.—An Alderman of London went to sleep, and dreamt that he had been made Lord Mayor and knighted. His Worship had eaten more than was good for him at supper, and had the Nightmare.

"OURS."

OUR Gardener wears his hat in a Rakish manner.
OUR Coachman prides himself on his erect bearing—his Carriage is perfect.
OUR Footman's tastes are martial—he loves the smell of Powder.
OUR Butler can do the Bottle-trick.
OUR Groom has a Horse-laugh.
OUR Dairy-maid will have her own Whsey.
OUR Miller is Mealy-mouthed.
OUR Milkman Skins the paper.
OUR Butcher has settled a handsome Jointure on his daughter.
OUR Waiter is the Coming Man.

APRIL

1st. *Happy Thought.*—Provide for a rainy day. Go up to any one and say, "Bag pardon, I think you've got my umbrella." Rather than dispute the point, he is sure to give it you.

3rd. *Happy Thought.*—Dividends due at the Bank." Call and ask for some.

29th. *Happy Thought (for rainy month).*—"Society of Water-Colours opens."

VULGAR ERROR.—Some people are strangely wont to confound the followers of MAHOMET with those of CANON KINGOLEY. As though they imagined that the Mussulmans were professors of Muscular Christianity, they call them Musclemen.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—A member of the Stock Exchange declared that he could not live in Suffolk. Asked why, he said he was sure he should die of suffocation.

SENTIMENT FOR MARCH.—May the School Boards advance the March of Intellect!

SENTIMENT FOR APRIL.—May there be no fools but on the First!

1	W	R. A. S. H. T. M.
2	T	R. A. S. H. T. M.
3	W	Conf. R. T. J.
4	T	Am. V. S. S.
5	F	Conf. R. T. J.
6	S	Low. S. S.
7	S	Low. S. S.

17	W	R. A. S. H. T. M.
18	T	R. A. S. H. T. M.
19	W	Conf. R. T. J.
20	T	Am. V. S. S.
21	F	Conf. R. T. J.
22	S	Low. S. S.
23	S	Low. S. S.



APRIL XXX DAYS.

1	T	Conf. R. T. J.
2	W	R. A. S. H. T. M.
3	T	R. A. S. H. T. M.
4	W	Conf. R. T. J.
5	T	Am. V. S. S.
6	F	Conf. R. T. J.
7	S	Low. S. S.
8	S	Low. S. S.

24	W	R. A. S. H. T. M.
25	T	R. A. S. H. T. M.
26	W	Conf. R. T. J.
27	T	Am. V. S. S.
28	F	Conf. R. T. J.
29	S	Low. S. S.
30	S	Low. S. S.

DR. WATTS QUOTED TO A MASCULINE FEMALE ENERGETIC ABOUT THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"How I wonder what you are!"

ON A "BOOTS" AT A HOTEL.—He does not shine himself, but he is the cause of brilliancy in others.

IMPENDING CHANGE.—When the Teetotallers get the upper hand, they intend to reform the Zodiac. With its objectionable Signs—the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, &c.—they consider that it has far too much of a Public-house aspect. Aquarius will, of course, be retained on the establishment.

EXPRESSIVE LINE.

—"And wall'd about with maws."

Tennyson.

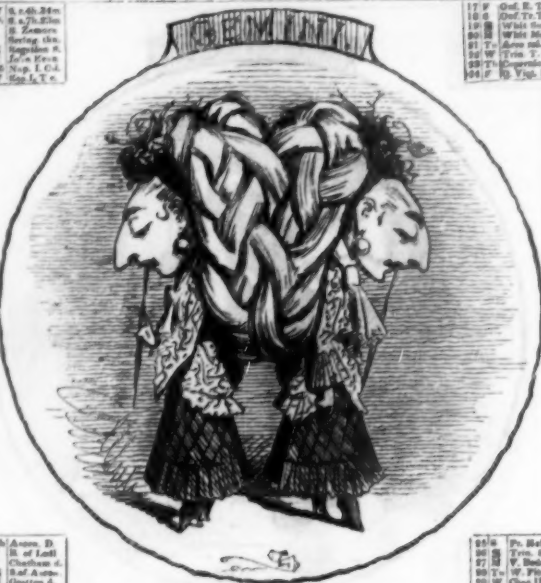
EVIDENTLY, the Poet Laureate, at some time or other, has lived in a neighbourhood infested with cats.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "How CRUEL OF YOU TO GET UP SO SUDDENLY, DEAR MR. HUMBERTUMSKI! IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE PIANO?"
 Herr Humbertumski (with pardonable severity). "No, MATAH, BUT I VOS AVRAID DAT I UNDERSTOOD DE GENERAL CONFERRATION!"
 Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "O DEAR NO! NOT AT ALL!! Pray GO ON!!!"

17 W 5.44.24m
18 F 5.47.53m
19 S 5.50.24m
20 T 5.52.55m
21 F 5.55.26m
22 S 5.57.57m
23 T 5.60.28m
24 F 5.62.59m
25 S 5.65.30m
26 T 5.68.01m
27 F 5.70.32m
28 S 5.73.03m
29 T 5.75.34m
30 F 5.78.05m
31 S 5.80.36m



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21 F 5.55.26m
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23 T 5.60.28m
24 F 5.62.59m
25 S 5.65.30m
26 T 5.68.01m
27 F 5.70.32m
28 S 5.73.03m
29 T 5.75.34m
30 F 5.78.05m
31 S 5.80.36m

MAY XXXI DAYS.

17 W 5.44.24m
18 F 5.47.53m
19 S 5.50.24m
20 T 5.52.55m
21 F 5.55.26m
22 S 5.57.57m
23 T 5.60.28m
24 F 5.62.59m
25 S 5.65.30m
26 T 5.68.01m
27 F 5.70.32m
28 S 5.73.03m
29 T 5.75.34m
30 F 5.78.05m
31 S 5.80.36m

NEW PATENTS.

For improvements in the process of condensing the milk of human kindness.
For improvements in the Cream of Society.
For improvements in the Essence of Politeness.
For a Machine for putting on Great Coats.
For improvements in Wedding Breakfasts.
For the conversion of Great Bores into Small Bores.
For the more economical use of Red Tape.
For improvements in Spinning Yarns.
For a machine for Testing Friendship.
For improvements in the manufacture of London Sausages.
For a Noiseless Baby.

CUPID AND VULCAN.

Love laughs at locksmiths, till Love's passion
Is locked in matrimonial fashion.
By wedlock-smiths; to wit, they are
The Parson and the Registrar.

A "PENNY READING."

THE copper coin, the Penny, can be traced back to a period lost in the remote ages of antiquity. When that great soldier and traveller, ODYSSEUS, whose name we have Anglicised into ULYSSES, returned home, after many years' absence in foreign countries to the family residence in Ithaca, he surprised his faithful wife lost in a reverie over her unfinished worsted work, and said, with a good humoured smile on his weather-beaten countenance, "A Penny for your thoughts, my love."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never express much gratitude for a favour; its motive may have not been a good one, and you may be rewarding hypocrisy.

NATIONAL GAMES.

ENGLAND—Commerce.
IRELAND—Shindy.
SCOTLAND—Hop-Scotch.
FRANCE—Baguette.
GERMANY—Soldiers.
ITALY—Magic Music.
SPAIN—States of the Church—Pops.
RUSSIA—Snow-ball.
POLAND—Patience.
GREECE—Marbles.
AMERICA—Brag.
TURKEY—Hunt the Slipper.
EGYPT—Pyramids.
LAPLAND—Cat's Cradle.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Smith. I say, Browns, old boy, why is your pretty sister like that ornate timepiece?
Brown. Don't you be impudent.
Smith. Not a bit. I'm complimentary.
You see it is because she is an *objet de luxe*.
(Pokes poor Brown in the waistcoat, and exits, grinning.)

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never forgive a friend who has wronged you; your persistent hate is a graceful compliment, showing that you had fully valued him.

A CAREFUL Country Gentleman refused to let his Gardener plant three Green-gage trees, because he had an objection to any more gages on the estate.

HISTORICAL CONVERSION.—CLOVIS, first of that name, King of France, is celebrated for his conversion, A.D. 496, to Christianity. It may be observed that he was previously a Pagan. There is no reason even for the supposition that old CLOVIS was of Jewish origin.

MAY.

13th. *Happy Thought.*—Old May-Day. Keep it. Antiquarian Society probably keeps it. Join them at dinner.
31st. "Sun rises, 5h. 51m., a.m." *Happy Thought.*—I don't.

SENTIMENT FOR MAY.—May May be May!

ASTRONOMICAL ERROR.—It is commonly supposed that there is but one Dog Star; answers to the name of Sirius. Yet the Great Bear has two Pointers. Still, the Constellation, Ursa Major, does not consist of Shooting Stars.

PROVERBIAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—Onion is Strength.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—It is friendship's sacred duty to give bad wine to friends who love drink, as you may help to cure them of the viop.

IN-DOOR AMUSEMENT FOR OLD PEOPLE.—The Game of Croquet.



A TREACHEROUS CONFEDERATE.

Uncle George (who has been amusing the Young People with some clever Conjurings). "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU SAW ME BURN THE HANDKERCHIEF.—WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND—(Rears of Laughter)—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE WAS SO ORIGINALLY AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, AND INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING!!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

SHAKESPEARE MIS-READINGS.

(Suggested by a *Reverend* or so of Commentators.)

1. "The Nose by any other name would smell as sweet." *Romeo.*
2. "At least we'll die with horns on our backs." *Macbeth.*
3. "What dreams may come must give us pawa." *Hamlet.*
4. "It were unmannerly to take thee out, and not to euss thee." *Henry VIII.*
5. "See what a rent the envious CARCA paid." *Julius Cæsar.*

JUNE.

24th. Midsummer Day. *Happy Thought.*—Not at home. Leave word "Shan't be back for weeks."

BAD ADVICE.—"Take care of your cold," say well-meaning, but unthinking, friends. They had far better say—"Take care, and get rid of your cold."

CARBONACEOUS.—All the world knows that two of our greatest legal luminaries are COKE and BLACKSTONE. To assist the memory, young students might be encouraged to call them Coke and Coal.

SOMETHING FOR THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Of all men of science Geologists display the greatest energy and perseverance, for they leave no stone unturned to accomplish their object.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—The science which treats of teeth is known as Odontology. "O! don't, O!" is heard too often in a Dentist's room to admit of any doubt as to the correct derivation of this jaw-breaking word.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Omnithologists have noticed that there are no birds so bold and brave as partridges and pheasants, for they invariably "dis game."

A LITTLE OPERA.

Chorus.
LET us sing at the beginning:
Happy folks are always singing.

Enter Lover.
Their song would make me glad
If I were not so sad.

Enter Villain.
Dark is thy brow,
But twenty to one
'Twill be darker, I trow,
Before I have done.

Enter Maides.
I see him here.
I see him there.
Him I hold dear,
For him don't care.

Lover and Villain.
Take your choice, pretty lady.
For doubt must go by.
One of us must wed you,
The other must die.

Maides.
It seems to me uncommon hard
To be of other choice delar'd.

Chorus.
Yes, with a hundred swains in view,
Do not restrict her choice to two.

Villain.
There's sense in that, as you'll agree,
The thought had not occurred to me.

Lover.
They put it in a proper light,
And thus we two escape a fight.

Frie.—What joy, what joy,
When logic reigns!
And folks employ
Their little brains.

Tutti.
The lady is free, and the lovers forgive
And we'll all be as happy as long as we live.
Curtain.



ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.—In March keep your dogs carefully in kennel; at least take care that none of them run out into the fields. Any hare that goes mad in March will fly at any dog he sees, and, should he bite him, the dog is sure to be seized with hydrophobia.

MODERN PAGANISM.—"Sacrificing to the Graces."

SENTIMENT FOR JUNE.—May the sunshine of Serenity gild the Cottage Ormde of Content!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Mend the world rather than selfishly think more of mending thyself.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Confer benefits ungraciously, and they will the longer abide in the memory of the receiver.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HARVEY will, if not this year, perhaps some other, be the occasion whereon will be unveiled a Testimonial to the illustrious HARVEY, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood. Largest Circulation in the World.

A MEASURE OF CAPACITY.—The skull.



THE RULING PASSION.

Mr. Shobley Choddson, "SEE MY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN FRIEND, MY LORD! HE'S AS PROUD OF ALL THOSE CROWNS AND MEDALS AS—AS—AS—"
Lord Algernon Fitzrad (aside). "AS YOU ARE OF GETTING ME TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, MR. SHOBLEY."

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.



JULY XXXI DAYS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

Apple	Discord.
Pear	Marriage.
Plum	Wealth.
Pine	Languishment.
Gooseberry	Simplicity.
Medlar	Interference.
Service	Assistance.
Elder-berry	Seniority.
Fig	Defiance.
Sloe	Tardiness.
Crab	Sour Temper.
Date	Chronology.
Hip	Applause.
Haw	Swells.
Plantain	Growth.
Pomegranate	Seediness.
Prune	Retrenchment.

SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER IN LONDON.

EARLY departure of Swallows from Swallow Street.

Post's Corner covered with Rims.

Wild ducks on the Stock Exchange.

Coals raised.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Give your eyes more holidays than your tongue, as they are more delicate things.

PLEASE THE PIGE.—We should like to have Mr. Darwin's opinion as to the changes a fellow-creature must have gone through, who makes no secret of being a "Porkman!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—He that can keep his carriage is better than he that can keep his temper.

NEW POEM BY A FASHIONABLE LADY.—
"The Loves of Bonnets!"

PERFECT QUIET.—The Still Room.

NAUTICAL MANŒUVRES.

(Described by a Landlubber.)

SAILING IN THE WIND'S EYE.—In order to accomplish this difficult manœuvre, you must first of all discover where the wind's eye is, and then, if it be practicable, you may proceed to sail in it. It is presumed for this purpose that the wind's eye is a "liquid" one.

HOGGING THE SHORE.—When you desire to hug the shore, you first of all must land on it. Then take some sand and shingle in your arms, and give it a good hug. In doing this, however, be careful no one sees you, or the result of the manœuvre may be a strait-waistcoat.

WEARING A SHIP.—This it is by no means an easy thing to do, and it is difficult to suggest what will make it easier. Wearing a chignon is preposterous enough, but when a man is told that he must wear a ship, he would next expect to hear that he must eat the Monument.

BOXING THE COMPASS.—Assume a fighting attitude, and hit the compass a "smart stinger on the dial-plate," as the sporting papers call it. But before you do so, you had best take care to have your boxing-gloves on, or you may hurt your fingers.

WHISTLING FOR A WIND.—When you whistle for a wind, you should choose an air appropriate, such as "Blow, gentle gales," or "Winds, gently whisper."

REEFING THE LEE-SCUPPERS.—First get upon a reef, and then put your lee-scuppers on it. The manœuvre is so simple, that no more need be said of it.

SPICING THE MAIN-BRACE.—When your main-brace comes in pieces, get a needle and thread and splice it. If it be your custom to wear a pair of braces, you first must ascertain which of them is your main one.

JULY.

3rd. "Dog Days begin." Happy Thought.—Muzzles.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—A Boy and his Uncle go out at Christmas to shoot. Boy: "I suppose, Uncle, I may pop at anything I see." Uncle: Yes, my boy, fire at nearly anything. As the Ghost in *Hamlet* says, "Murder most fowl!"

PICTURE IN A PORK-SHOP WINDOW.

TENDER Suckling,
Than roast Duckling
Plumtier, fig, fig, fig!
Dear little Baby,
Sweet little Baby,
Nice little Baby—fig!

SENTIMENT FOR JULY.—May the Whitebait never desert the shores of Britain!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A noble spirit despises second-hand things, and refuses to learn from the experience of others.

THE SMOKER'S FAVOURITE AIR.—"Il Cigarette" (DOWSETTI).



MUSIC AT HOME.

LADY GODIVA NEWBURY SINGS A LITTLE SONG ABOUT "WINGS! WINGS!" IN WHICH SHE EXPRESSES HER PASSIONATE LONGING FOR THOSE AIDS TO LOCOMOTION. MRS. HENRIETTA GRUNDY (STANDING JUST BEHIND) THINKS HER LADYSHIP'S MODEST WISH SHOULD BE GRANTED FORTHWITH, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF HER SHOULDER.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

QUEER QUERIES.

CAN a bill of exchange made payable at sight, be drawn upon a blind man?
When an actor is said to "carry the house with him," is it meant that he travels with a portable theatre?

Why cannot a man propose "the toast of the evening" without regretting that it had not been placed in abler hands?
Would you consider it an act of superfluity if you saw a chimney-sweep having his boots blacked?

Have you ever known a Vegetarian attain a "green old age?"

If exposure to the weather gives your wife a chin chill, are you not in duty bound to give her a chinchilla?

HUNTING SONG.

(To be Sung when the Hounds meet at Colney Hatch or Harewell.)

TANTIVY! Anchovy! Tantara!
The moon is up, the moon is up,
The larks begin to fly,
And like a scarlet buttercup
Aurora glides the sky.
Then let us all a-hunting go,
Come, round the gay French horn,
And chase the spiders to and fro,
Amid the standing corn.
Tantivy! Anchovy! Tantara!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—The very height of delicacy and hospitality is never to ask to dinner any one who cannot well afford to ask you again; you neither leave him under obligation, nor incite him to extravagance. Poor folks cannot see this, yet it is not for want of seeing that rich folks understand it.

FUN BY A FOOL.—Buffoon (to Porter ringing Railway Bell).—Don't ye! I say, you'll frighten the Engine.

BY AN ENRAGED PATER-FAMILIAS.

COULD a woman give the coals of a fire as clever a poke as she can give to the feelings of a friend, there would be less smoke in the drawing-room.

WOMEN delight in Mythological extremes. They are always either loving somebody with an A, because he is an Angel, or hating him with a Z, because he is a Zemiels. Now we have neither Angels nor Zemiels.

THE "LOAN" EXHIBITION.

THE following effigies will be shown at the Loan Collection:—

The Turkish Loan, in full uniform.
The Spanish Loan, after a crisis.
Loans of all Nations—Chilian, Peruvian, &c.
Loans at Sixty per Cent., dressed in Law-Suits.

The National Debt, a group of several figures.

ANECDOTE BY ISAAC WATSON.—One Piscator, whom I will not further name, had a certain acquaintance who through the credit he had gotten by his wealth, worth, and wit, came to be made a magistrate. Whereupon Piscator goes me to the river and catches a fish, which having brought home, he sends to the new-made Justice with a note, saying, "Inasmuch, Sir, as you are now promoted to the condition of a Beak, I do send you a Perch."

BETTER TIMES.—When Woman comes into her rights, "The Ladies" will disappear from the list of toasts at public dinners, and be replaced by "The Gentlemen," a lady responding.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Laugh heartily at your friend's dull joke. You please him, and encourage him to try it again, when you will be avenged on him.

1	Tr	8.5. 4h. 56m
2	F	8.5. 7h. 44m
3	S	8.5. 9h. 5. a.
4	Th	10 h. of Tr
5	Fr	10 h. of Tr
6	Sa	10 h. of Tr
7	Su	10 h. of Tr
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27	Sa	10 h. of Tr
28	Su	10 h. of Tr
29	Mo	10 h. of Tr
30	Tu	10 h. of Tr
31	We	10 h. of Tr



AUGUST XXXI DAYS.

1	Tr	8.5. 4h. 56m
2	F	8.5. 7h. 44m
3	S	8.5. 9h. 5. a.
4	Th	10 h. of Tr
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27	Sa	10 h. of Tr
28	Su	10 h. of Tr
29	Mo	10 h. of Tr
30	Tu	10 h. of Tr
31	We	10 h. of Tr

AUGUST.

12th. "Grouse-shooting begins." *Happy Thought.*—Write to friends in the North.

POACHER'S PROVERBS.—Make hay while the moon shines.

APPEAL BY AN ASS.

SAT, thou who strident on my back,
Why call me Neddy, if I'm Jack?
By a nickname wouldn't thou provoke
The temper of thy patient Moke?

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never see point in a poor man's fun: you encourage him in forgetting that he ought to be unhappy until he has ceased to be poor.

SENTIMENT FOR AUGUST.—May we, like the Grouse, be on the Wing.



"HERE'S SPORT, INDEED!"—SHAKESPEARE.

COUNTESS JACK (ON A VISIT FROM LONDON) IS TOLD BY THE GIRLS THAT "FERRING" IS THE MOST "AWFLY JOLLY FUN IN THE WORLD." COUNTESS JACK HAS HIS OWN OPINION ON THE SUBJECT!!!

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

1 14 S. of Tr.
2 14 S. of Tr.
3 14 S. of Tr.
4 14 S. of Tr.
5 14 S. of Tr.
6 14 S. of Tr.
7 14 S. of Tr.
8 14 S. of Tr.
9 14 S. of Tr.
10 14 S. of Tr.



11 14 S. of Tr.
12 14 S. of Tr.
13 14 S. of Tr.
14 14 S. of Tr.
15 14 S. of Tr.
16 14 S. of Tr.
17 14 S. of Tr.
18 14 S. of Tr.
19 14 S. of Tr.
20 14 S. of Tr.

SEPTEMBER XXX DAYS.

1 14 S. of Tr.
2 14 S. of Tr.
3 14 S. of Tr.
4 14 S. of Tr.
5 14 S. of Tr.
6 14 S. of Tr.
7 14 S. of Tr.
8 14 S. of Tr.
9 14 S. of Tr.
10 14 S. of Tr.

STANZAS ON ST. THOMAS'S DAY (DEC. 21).

ALONE with the Immensities,
I smoked, as Time flew by;
I shouted to the Silences,
They gave me no reply.
I did a Sham, though wrapt in
His thickest cloak, expose.
I kicked a Phantom Captain;
Moreover pulled his nose.
A Windbag, thought his victim,
To make of me, perhaps;
Immediately I pricked him,
At once he did collapse.
A monstrous huge Mad Python,
Infuriate at me flew.
"Ha, ha!" I laughed. "Now writhe
on!"
I shot him, and I slew.

SEPTEMBER.

1st *Happy Thought*.—"R" in this month;
oysters in again.
2nd. "Partridge-shooting begins." *Happy
Thought*.—Write to friends and send empty
hamper.

FROM THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—Some of the
houses in that quarter of Venice, known as
the Ghetto, are as many as eight stories high.
Such a tailsome ascent reminds one forcibly
of the once popular melody—"Such a Ghet-
ting up stairs."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Riches are the re-
ward of the industrious; therefore, in prais-
ing the rich you pay homage to virtue.

MANUAL LABOUR.—The help extended by a
friendly hand is never more valuable than at
a theatre on the first night of a new piece.

SENTIMENT FOR SEPTEMBER.—May the Birds
be young, and the Carriage paid!

GEOGRAPHY PAPER.

GIVE the latitude and longitude of the
Land's End and the Land's Beginning.
Who are the Dolomites?
Define Baywater.
When you enter at Stationers' Hall, where
do you come out?
Is Wenham Lake in Norway, Westmore-
land, or America?
Do the Graian Alps ever change their
colour?
Where is Womex?

UNLUCKY NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—A Nephew,
to ingratiate himself with a rich but penur-
ious old Uncle, whose health was failing
from loss of teeth, presented him, by way of
New Year's Gift, with an artificial set. Poor
fellow! The old gentleman got well and out-
lived him.

PLANETARY INFLUENCE.—Mars appears in
conjunction with Orion's Belt, in which
spectral analysis immediately detects pipe-
clay.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are wise, seek
to be admired by fools, for you instruct them
in exciting admiration for wisdom.

TASTE DIFFERS.—No man likes to be forced
to eat his words, yet plenty of men are
found ready to eat their terms.

RACING NOTE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—A
Sporting Gent turns over a New Leaf—in his
Betting-Book.

VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR FARMERS.—To
prevent Potato disease, inoculate your tubers
with Ergot of Rye.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION RIDDLE.—What
part of the world is named after ELIZABETH?
Bessarabia.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Modesty upsets a
hundred men for one man upset by impen-
dence.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Deceive yourself, and thus save
others the trouble of deceiving you.
MISPRINTED MORAL.—Gratitude is the weakness of
those who feel themselves undeserving of favours.

WHAT OLD GROWLER SAYS.—By George, Sir, women are
so painted now, and nation is so tough, that a man who
gives a dinner should be hauled by the police, for suffering
his house to be used for rouge & gash.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you would be quit of a man's
acquaintance, do not desire that he should insult you; let
him only consult you, and it is your own fault if you ever
speak again.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "Ah! Good Morning, Mrs. Jones! DREADFUL ACCIDENT JUST OCCURRED. POOR YOUNG LADY RIDING ALONG THE KING'S ROAD—HORSE
TOOK FRIGHT—REARED, AND FELL BACK UPON HER—DREADFULLY INJURED, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"
Mrs. Woodley Swellington Jones. "Quite too shocking, dear Sir Talbot! Was she—er—A PERSON OF POSITION?"
Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "POSITION, BY GEORGE!! DOGGED UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TOO, I SHOULD SAY!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

OCTOBER.

1st. "Pheasant-shooting begins." *Happy Thought*.—Don't forget friends. Write to say, "I hear you're likely to have good sport." Remember to put address clearly.
24th. *Happy Thought* (for Scotch Clerks).—"Holidays at Edinburgh and Glasgow Banks." *Happy Thought* (for any month in which your birthday occurs.) Invite wealthy friends to dine with you on that day.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

January 17.—Aunt JOANNA's legacy.
February 29.—Wife's birthday (once in four years).
March 3.—Last poor relation emigrated.
April 30.—Mother-in-law married again, and went to reside in the Isle of Anglesey.
May 1.—Twenty guineas discovered in secret drawer in old family cabinet.
June 19.—Baby cut his last tooth.
July 23.—Uncle JOSHUA returned from Australia, unmarried, with a large fortune.
August 1.—Boys go back to school.
September 2.—Yearly hamper from old college friend in Norfolk.
October 20.—Two dozen of Madeira found in the cellar.
November 14.—Hanky chimneys cured.
December 24.—Uncle JOSHUA's annual Christmas cheque.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Praising people to their faces is like paying tradesmen ready money: they pretend to dislike it, and they really like you.

SENTIMENT FOR OCTOBER.—May there be nothing brewing but Beer!

THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER.—"Between two Fires."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Simplicity is a grace to be cultivated only by the simple.

STANZAS BY A SILENT SUITOR.

You ask me why I speak not,
Of my silence you complain;
Yet the hidden reason seek not,
For your tender heart 't would pain.
Nay, deem not altered feeling
Has destroyed the love I bore,
That I shrink now from revealing
What I should have owned before.
I'd still call thee sweetest, dearest,
Could my lips pronounce the word;
Were my utterances the clearest,
Those expressions should be heard.
I am silent, gentle maiden,
Not for want of love, in sooth,
But because, by pain o'erladen,
I've pulled out a big front tooth!

INSANE THINGS TO DO.

For a Single Lady to feed her Tabby with Catnip.
For a Dentist to attempt to Scale a Wall.
For a Lawyer to Change his Memory.
For a Doctor to Lose his Patience.
For a Mad Woman to wear a Madder petticoat.
For a Butcher to be a Vegetarian.

NEW DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

FORFAR—forefather—four at the farthest.
BET—better—bettermost.
ROB—robber—ROBERT's.
FOND—pender—Ponder's End.
CHESS—Chester—chest.
SOUP—super—superlative.
SPOON—Spoon—spooniest.
STEP—step-father—step farthest.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Be excessively severe upon vices, if any, which you have left off.

1	To	Chas. M. T. N.
2	W	S. R. G. den
3	Th	W. H. M.
4	F	Remond d.
5	S	18th of T.
6	S	H. Laporte
7	Tu	H. Arcton

17	Th	St. John
18	F	St. Peter &
19	S	St. Paul &
20	S	St. Andrew
21	Tu	St. Thomas
22	W	St. James
23	Th	St. Philip
24	F	St. Nicholas
25	S	St. Martin
26	S	St. Michael
27	Tu	St. George
28	W	St. Mark
29	Th	St. Luke
30	F	St. John
31	S	St. Peter

OCTOBER XXXI DAYS.

THE WEATHER.—Change from Fair to Rain—Corn shoot-
ing begins.

TAKE—THIS WAY.—The worst use to which you can put a
picture is to hang it—unless it's a good one.

A BETTER BIRD.—The Cuckoo hedges before the Derby,
and lays the Hedge-Sparrow one to five.



MUSIC WITHOUT CHARMS.

POOR LITTLE BROWN! THAT HIS PLEASANT HOLIDAY IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS THIS AUTUMN SHOULD HAVE ENDED SO UNHAPPILY! HE JOINED DR. MAY'S THERE, AND HIS CHARMING DAUGHTERS, THE YOUNGEST OF WHOM HE HAD LONG LOVED, AND FANCIED SHE WAS NOT INDIFFERENT TO HIS HOPES. HE WAS THE LIGHT TERROR OF THEIR MUSICAL PARTIES. THEY WERE DELIGHTED WITH THE SOBERY AND THE FROWLY, AND SHE WAS ENCHANTED BY THE WILD MELODIES OF THE MOUNTAINERS. THINKING TO PLEASE HER, HE RESOLVED TO STUDY SOME OF THEM, AND RETIRED TO A LONELY GORGE, TO PRACTISE THE YODLING. UNLUCKILY, THEY WERE STROLLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION—THE CHARM WAS BROKEN! SHE REFUSED HIM!!

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

All Solos
 Mon. 7. 3
 23. 8. of Tr.
 For. Legat.
 24. 11. 7. 4
 25. 12. 4. 23m
 26. 1. 11. 11m
 27. 2. 11. 11m
 28. 3. 11. 11m
 29. 4. 11. 11m
 30. 5. 11. 11m
 31. 6. 11. 11m

28. 24. 11. 11m
 29. 25. 11. 11m
 30. 26. 11. 11m
 31. 27. 11. 11m
 32. 28. 11. 11m
 33. 29. 11. 11m
 34. 30. 11. 11m
 35. 31. 11. 11m

28. 24. 11. 11m
 29. 25. 11. 11m
 30. 26. 11. 11m
 31. 27. 11. 11m
 32. 28. 11. 11m
 33. 29. 11. 11m
 34. 30. 11. 11m
 35. 31. 11. 11m



HEIGHT OF HUSBANDLY IMPUDENCE

WHEN MARY sulks (and 'tis her way),
 I own our hearth is rather dull;
 She scarce replies to what I say,
 And all her Talk-waves sink in lull.
 But when she smiles, I quite approve
 Excursion, opera-box, new gown;
 She knows it, and my thoughtful love,
 To save my purse, puts on her frown.

DIVIDEND DAYS AT THE BANK.

To the Bank investors sober,
 As the seasons fast fleet by,
 Rush in April and October,
 January and July.
 Jack-a-lanterns never chevy;
 Speculations shun, O friends!
 Be contented with your Divi,
 Divi, divi, dividends.

NOVEMBER.

2nd. *Happy Thought*.—Write and congratulate our Lord Mayor. Dinner at Guildhall on the ninth.

OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.—MISS TRIBALLS, a young lady endowed with strength of mind, sets up for herself in business as a Pawnbroker. Two to one you will call her My Aunt.

ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.—A female Gorilla is imported into the Regent's Park Collection. The Darwinists name her MARY ANTHROPOID APE.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Counsel others to be wise, and they will fancy you are so, if they are fools, which most people are.

THE HEIGHT OF STINGINESS is to grudge a Steam Engine its Fuel.

UNPOPULAR QUOTATIONS.

"We want some coals."
 "They called for the rates again this morning."
 "The water-pipes have burst."
 "JANE has given warning."
 "That poor child, MINKIE, hasn't a thing to wear."
 "The black-beetles are worse than ever."
 "I've heard from Mamma, and she will be very glad to come and stay with us."
 "Cook says we must have a new kitchen-grate."
 "Shall you mind turning out of your room on Thursday, dear? It sadly wants cleaning."
 "HENRY! there's some one ringing at the front-door bell. I know those servants have left the dining-room window unfastened. Do go down and see if it's the Policeman."
 "Please M', will you come up into the nursery, and speak to MASTER ARTHUR? I can't do anything with him."
 "Is it the drains?"
 "O, FRED! SARAH broke your pipe when she was dusting this morning."
 "The drawing-room fire's been smoking all day."
 "I wish those servants would come in."
 "O! M', the cat has got the cold fowl."
 "I cannot find my keys anywhere."
 "My best dress is completely ruined."
 "Don't you think, my love, the children look as if they wanted a change?"
 "The Sweepers are coming in the morning."
 "Have you any silver?"
 "Dinner will be three-quarters of an hour late, dear."
 "The girls think we ought to give a dance."
 "ROSEBUD's trousers are up to his knees."
 "There is not a drop of brandy in the house."
 "There's no hot water, and the kitchen fire's out."
 "Hush! I think I hear baby."

PROGRESS.—Every drapery establishment now keeps a dictionary—in other words a Shop "Walker."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Make new friends, that you may safely affront old ones.

MAXIM FOR MORALISTS.—Mosaic is the Golden Mean.

TO REMOVE DOUBTS.—MRS. MALAPROP does not approve of this now-fangled stuff, Diabolic acid, but she is highly delighted to see there is an Anti Sceptic.

CLASSICAL INCONSISTENCY.—ANACREON, the poet of wine, who probably never drank a cup of Bohem in the whole course of his life, is called "The Tis: Bard!"

SENTIMENT FOR NOVEMBER.—May the Corporation of London ever cherish the "love of the Turtle!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are a kindly fool, talk, as there may be a greater fool present who lacks sympathy.

"THE FEATHERED CREATOR."—Bonnets are now made.



SUSPICION.

Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke). "It's ONE O' THOSE DAMNED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

HEROISM WANTED.

MAN should be able to bear misfortune like a man. But some shocks come very hard. This is one. You went to bed some the worse, let us say, for that extra tumbler of food today, sweet on the summer nights. You sleep soundly, but the daylight awakens you, and you look at your watch. IV. Delightful. Four hours for more sleep, and as you turn and compose yourself, comes the knock that means shaving-water. The hour is VIII. You learn all in a moment. You forgot to wind up your watch, and it has stopped. That was the extra glass of food today. Bear the disaster bravely-up, and tub.

A GOOD TURN.

"The poets are the true physicians," said a sentimental but obese friend of ours. After you have eaten too much, go into the laundry, and turn the mangle for an hour. By now know the virtue of this. He mentions "a gluttonous tiger mangling in his lair."

EASY AND ELEGANT AMUSEMENT.

Try to get some friend who is notappy with his aitches to read this line:—"The orn of the unhar is eard on the ill:." And then this:—"A art that is umbil might ope for it are." Then tell him to go away. That's all.

THE BEST PLACE FOR PORCELAIN.—Cheyne Walk.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Beware of believing good of others: doubly so of repeating it.

ANCHORITE.—Sailors.

PROVERBS FOR TABLE.

Set a thief to catch a thief:
Think of this when eating beef.
All that glitters is not gold:
Think of this when that beef's cold.

Harm is done by too much real:
Think of this when eating real.
Life's a jest, and all things show it:
Think of this when drinking Most.

Happiness flies Court for garret:
Think of this when drinking claret.
Gold may oft be bought too dear:
Think of this when drinking beer.

Many littles make a mickle:
Think of this when eating pickle.
Silent fools may pass for wise:
Think of this when eating rice.

Unto Rome conduct all roads:
Think of this when eating roads.
Pig first fault: *principis obata*,
Think of this when eating lobster.

While grass grows the horse may starve:
Think of this when asked to carve.

Shake the tree when fruit is ripe:
Think of this when eating tripe.

Fools build houses, wise men buy:
Think of this when eating pie.

Pause, ere leaping in the dark:
Think of this when eating lark.

Punctual pay gets willing loan:
Think of this when drinking Beaune.

Wisdom asks fruits, but Folly flowers:
Think of this when eating cauliflower.

Birds of a feather flock together:
Think of this when the idiot of a cook
has boiled the oysters in the sauce, and
made them as tough as leather.

Advent G.
R. Th. 4/10
T. Th. 4/10
W. Th. 4/10
Th. Th. 4/10
F. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10

M. Th. 4/10
T. Th. 4/10
W. Th. 4/10
Th. Th. 4/10
F. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10

T. Th. 4/10
W. Th. 4/10
Th. Th. 4/10
F. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10

W. Th. 4/10
T. Th. 4/10
W. Th. 4/10
Th. Th. 4/10
F. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10
S. Th. 4/10



DECEMBER XXXI DAYS.

DECEMBER.

20th. *Happy Thought*.—Make arrangements to be away for Christmas week.
25th. *Happy Thought*.—Merry Christmas.
26th. *Boxing-day*. *Happy Thought*.—Not at home to anyone. Servants don't know when you'll be back. Perhaps not till next July.

QUESTION FOR ZADKIEL.—Suppose the Planets are inhabited. What sort of influence, good or bad, does this Planet exert on people in the others?

SENTIMENT FOR DECEMBER.—May the Christmas Bells drown the Christmas Bills!

A LADY IN WAITING.—A Spinster aged thirty-five.

GOLDEN EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never send off to man, woman, or child, a letter which you would not like to read in a newspaper some morning at breakfast.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Recent small injuries, and you will feel great once the loss.

Is the "Angel of Islington" a good or bad Angel?



COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."

CHARLIE WAS CHARMED TO SHOW CLARA CLAPPERTON THE SHORT CUT HOME, BUT IT QUITE FRIGHTENED HER, FOR LONG AFTER, TO REMEMBER HOW HARDLY HE ENJOINED FAVORING TO HER IN THE LANE!



A HUNTING TRAGEDY.

WHEN ELLER with her father dwelt,
She'd everything a girl could need,
And could across the county pelt
On her high-bred and gentle steed.
But she exchanged the marriage vow
With thriftless, handsome, idle
Jim,
And all poor Eller's hunting, now,
Is hunting money up for him.

MISPRINTED MORAL. — To think
before you speak is to show cowardly
fear of censure.

WONDERFUL WART OF INSECT.—
October 1. Pleasant shooting com-
mences, and cock pheasants begin
to cove. They very soon find out
their mist. E. Mr. O'Drallagh
says that Cock Pheasants are Geese.



HEAVEN IS NOT A "LADY'S MAN," BUT BEGINS TO THINK MRS MAGNET "AN AWKWARD JOLLY GIRL." —
UNTIL—BY HER INCREASING CHATTERBOX, SHE CAUSES HIM TO LOSE HIS USUALLY GOOD START.

DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS



DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS.

TOM LIGHTFOOT BROKE HIS ARM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON, WHILE STAT-
ING AT OLD BURNHAM'S, THE "HACKER'S."
ALTHOUGH HE HAS HAD EVERY ATTENTION AND CAREFUL NURSING, HIS RECOVERY
IS SO SLOW, THAT HIS FRIENDS FEAR HE IS HARDEN HIT IN A TREDDER PART!

PLASTER IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES, BECAUSE HE OFFER KIDNEY GIVE THEM
A "LEAD"—UNTIL HE LOST THE RUN OF THE SEASON, BY PUTTING
MRS SCRAMBLE OVER, AND FROM UNDER, SOME STIFFISH PONS AND RAILS.



L'ENVOY.

CHRISTMAS again! Hear the bells
chime!
Some one come out with a Bedlamite
Hymn, a merry, hungry, bog-
Smart, Miss, and Scoundrel's son too.
Some one eliminate Somebody's nose,
Some one approximate Somebody's
toes.
Let's be pertuners, let's be all
myths, ROBINSONS, JONES, and
Noddy, and Scoundrel's son too.
Let's live in waterbeds, let's bring
King Leg.
Let's have Pragmatical Sanction for
pres.
The Sun takes a moment of fun while
he dips
His ray old shape behind an eclipse;
And when this little is the sun of
our table,
Let's send off American news by the
cable,
Let's—
[Here the Poet enters.]



MR. BRACKETT ALWAYS CARRIES WONDERFUL BROWN SHERRY IN HIS FLASK, AND HAS OFFERED SOME TO MRS
SAYLEWAY, WHO LOOKS QUITE EXHAUSTED AFTER THE RUN—BUT—"BY JOVE, SHE HAS FINISHED IT!"



OUR QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE.

WE open our New Volume with a record that will become historical. No more acceptable Christmas gift could have been bestowed upon a loyal and affectionate people than that which QUEEN VICTORIA has been pleased to present. It is the simple, warm, graceful expression of a Mother's "deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole Nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the PRINCE OF WALES." Thus writes our Sovereign, dating, happily, from Windsor Castle:—

"The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the PRINCESS OF WALES, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the PRINCE OF WALES's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart which can never be effaced. It was, indeed, nothing new to her, for the QUEEN had met with the same sympathy when just ten years ago a similar illness removed from her side the mainstay of her life, the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands.

"The QUEEN wishes to express at the same time, on the part of the PRINCESS OF WALES, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the QUEEN by the great and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy.

"The QUEEN cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength."

"What can he do that cometh after the King?" is the language of the Book. He who cometh after the QUEEN will vainly seek to write worthy comment on these words. But comment will be supplied by all the hearts that are rejoicing in the happiness of a Mother and of a Wife, and in the deliverance of a Nation from a great sorrow.

The Festive Bored.

IN olden time the boar's head was a common Christmas adjunct to the board. The custom, it appears, has not entirely yet died out. If one believes one's eyes and ears, one can hardly ever join a family Christmas party, without finding at least one, if not more than one, boar's head there.

THE NATIONS' NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BENEATH the fading mistletoe in Time's wide-echoing Hall,—
The Yule-log's light still briak and bright, on storied roof and wall—
The Spirits of the Nations, some strange, some kith and kin,
Are met to flout the Old Year out and *fete* the New Year in.

With war-stains dim on robe and limb, fresh soars on cheek and brow,

France strives to look as though no pains could crush, no losses bow;
But her glance is quick and restless, and her hands are never still,
As one that, fevered inly, masks but masters not her ill.

As if in mock of Christmas wreaths,—their "peace, good-will to men"—

What fierce hate in her eyes when'er proud Prussia meets their ken!
Prussia that, stern and stately, her great sword, laurel-wreathed,
Bears wary, so, 'tis hard to know if bare the blade, or sheathed.

So light and lithe that stalwart frame in movement or at rest,
You scarce would deem you caught the gleam of steel below her breast;

Beneath the wide imperial robe, that, fire-new, sweeps the ground,
With what now seems a diadem, and now a helmet, crowned.

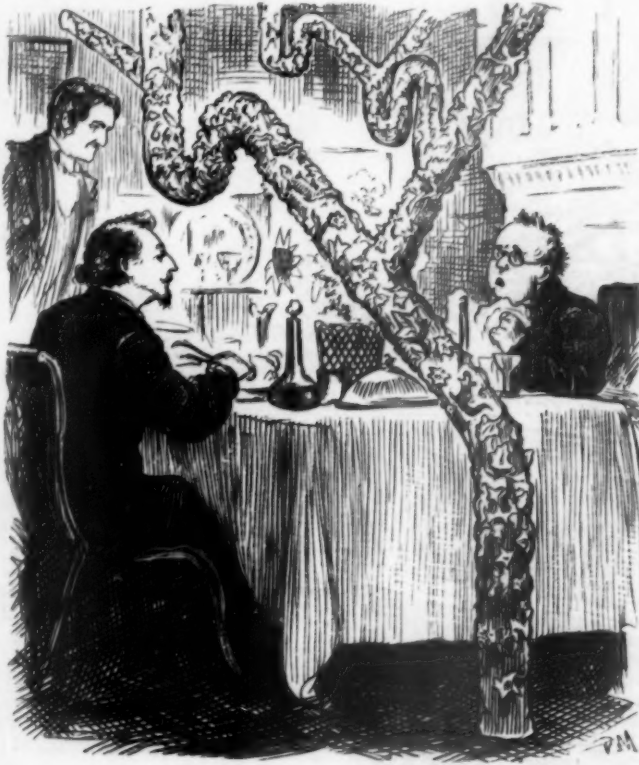
But mark you maid, of loveliness more radiant and more rare
Than all the showers of gems and flowers that star her night of hair;
For strength and grace to fit that face, what music but the tongue
Wherein stern DANTE chaunted, and silvery PETRARCH sung?

Queen among Queens! But never Queen full-robed and crowned
till now.

The double diadem of Rome on her exultant brow!
Who notes the dust, who recks the rust, that dulls or dims its sheen,
Or asks how she came by it, or through what mire it has been?

From sleep or strife new roused to life that lights her antique face,
No monkish train nor slavish chain to cramp her strength and grace.

What wonder if she hardly know in soberness to still
The throbbing of late-loosened blood, the stir of waking will?



UTILE CUM DULCE.

Inquisitive Gent. "YOU WILL—A—THINK ME VERY INDISCREET—BUT I CANNOT HELP WONDERING WHAT THIS ELABORATELY-CARVED AND CURIOUSLY-RAMIFIED STRUCTURE IS FOR. IS IT FOR ORNAMENT ONLY, OR INTENDED TO HEAT THE HOUSE, OR SOMETHING?"

Pastidious Host. "O, IT'S THE DRAINS! I LIKE TO HAVE 'EM WHERE I CAN LOOK AFTER 'EM MYSELF. POOTY DESIGN, AIN'T IT? MAJOLICA, YOU KNOW. . . HAVE SOME CHICKEN!"

Others are there, though notable, less notable than these:
See Russia, blue-eyed giants, still rude and ill at ease:
But who can tell what undrawn wells of power and strength are there,
Under the brow that looms so broad below her fell of hair?

And Austria, motley madam, 'twixt Vienna *demi-monde*,
Tyrolian *mädchen*, Magyar *brune*, and rough Slavonian *blonde*:
Of look more gracious than her mood, more potent than her power,
Trying all arts, and changing trick and toilet with the hour.

And Spain, still proud as when she walked New World and Old a
Queen,

Beneath her soiled and frayed brocades the rags plain to be seen,
Stately of speech, but beggarly of all but sounding phrase,
Slattern at home and shrew abroad, in worse as better days.

With sidelong and suspicious looks on Russia, Austria cast,
Which scarce her yashmak serves to hide, see Turkey gliding past.
A harem-beauty out of place 'twixt angers and alarms
At the hot looks of would-be Lords, that lust to own her charms.

Casting about for shelter she draws where, hand in hand,
Fair England and Columbia, proud child, proud mother, stand:
Time was upon each other they had turned less friendly eyes,
But of late both have grown wiser than let angry passions rise.

To the side of stout BRITANNIA I see scowled Turkey creep,
Though BRITANNIA lifts no finger her foes at bay to keep:
But, for all her quiet bearing, there is something in her air
That brings to mind the good old saw, "Of sleeping dogs beware!"

Twelve struck—and I saw grey Old Time his wassail-bowl uprear,
As he called on all the Nations to drink in the New Year;

OLD GHOSTS AND NEW.

Of old, around the whitening embers,
One, here and there, as yet remembers
The tales of Ghosts, at Christmas season,
Which once were wont to stagger Reason.

Those tales are told no more at Christmas,
Whose Ghosts are laid beyond the Isthmus
Of Suez, all beneath the billows
Of the Red Sea, on sandy pillows.

The Ghosts with eyes of flame and saucer
Are now as obsolete as CHAUCER;
No Ghosts now rattle chains, nor blue light
Emit, but "Spirit Lights"—a new light.

White-sheeted Ghosts have grown mere fables.
Instead of groaning, Ghosts rap tables:
With smells of sulphur ne'er assail us;
With curious perfumes oft regale us.

They "mediums" raise by "levitation,"
And subject them to elongation,
And in and out of windows float them,
Two stories high, lords vow, we quote them.

Fruit, flowers, ice, other forms of matter,
On tables, in the dark, Ghosts scatter;
Live lobsters, wriggling eels, and so forth:
Thus their "so potent art" they show forth.

There is a lady, MRS. GUPPY,
Mark, shallow scientific puppy,
The heaviest she in London, marry,
Her, Spirits three miles long did carry.

Upon a table down they set her,
Within closed doors. What! you know better?
And we're all dupes or self-deceivers?
Yah, Sadducees and unbelievers!

Some Ghosts, do, mortal hands compelling,
Write letters in phonetic spelling.
Some others, on accordions, cunning
In music, *Home, Sweet Home*, play, punning.

The grialy Ghosts of old have vanished;
The ancient Bogies all are banished.
How much more credible and pleasant
Than the old Spirits are the present!

Memorandum for Lords of the Manor.

A GAME which, when played on Commons, becomes illegal, is the Game of Cribbage.

But first to drink the Old Year out, that to his end has come,
With small cause to regret him, as he passes on to doom.

And looking on those Nations, scarce a single face I saw
But over it lay such a cloud as doubt and fear might draw:
As if all wished the Old Year gone, while yet all doubted sore
If their welcome to the New Year should be hopefuller, therefor.

Some, thinking of disasters past, worse sorrows seemed to see,
In the near or farther future, up seething gloomily:
Some thinking of advantage won, seemed scarce to trust their hold
On that advantage, lest their prize turn dust, like fairy gold.

Only methought that Britain and Columbia, 'mid their peers,
Showed eyes more hopeful, calmer brows, and lips less pale with
fears:

As having clearer view than most where surest faith should lie—
To put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry.

As being bent to fight the fight of common sense and truth:
Nor yield the faith therein to fear, the rights thereof to ruth:
Not give knaves, fools, or fanatics, the driving seat and reins:
Worthy his hire to own each man who works, with hand or brains.

To recognise the Heavenly rule that various lots assigns,
But ranges high and low alike 'neath Duty's even lines:
To do to others as we would that they to us should do,
To prize the blessings that we have, and others help thereto.

While Britain to this faith is firm, and puts this faith in deed,
Little to her how plenteous or how poor the years succeed.
She holds a hope good fortune reared not up, ill casts not down;
Trusting the Power whose hand alike is o'er Red-Cap and Crown.

MEDICAL BARS.

MR. PUNCH,

A PRETTY dodge that is of the doctors and sawbones which have signed that there declaration respectin' Halcobol has as bin publish'd in the Papers. Wot I refers to moor partickler is their sayin that "Alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug." Take this here along with their likewise sayin as they thinks the sale of liquors ought to be

restricted by "wise legislation." Yah! What's the legislation as them medical gentlemen would call wise? I won't say, I should like to know, oos why I do know, and which therefore please allow me for to state, for to put a inliten'd Brittain Public on their gard agin a Doo. A liquor law for to shut up all the publichouses, and confine the sale of liquors—Halcobol in wotsomeever form, mind yer—to the 'pothecaries, chemists, and druggists, to be sold hunder conditions, like arsenic or strickenine, or only wen horder'd by a fisitian's per-scription. That's their object. That's wot they're arter. Anybody may see with ar an i they're all leged together to get the ole of the licker trade away from the legitimit Licens'd Wittleers into their own ands.

Now, Sir, just fancy under that sistim, if so be ever it passes, witch Evin forbid, what a hal-teration we should see directky in doctors' shops. In coase they'd ave to be a good deal in-larged to make room for the Bar and Beer-engine. Then, my i, what a variety of rum labels there would be on the big bottles, and the re-seavers, and resevoys witch praps would do dooty amongst the fizzio for coakes and barrels. A young doctor chap, as uses my ouse, and promises to be a hor-niment to his perfec-sion, rote me down a

few names of liquors; he says, in Doctors' latten, along with Pil: Colo-cynth Comp.; and Mist: Camph.; and sitch as we shall then see—Cerevis: Fort: XXX Burton.; Barel: Perk: et Soc: Integr.; Ag: Vito Gallie.; Sp: Junip: Batavorum.; Vin: Rubr.; Vin Alb: Hispan.; Sp: Sacchari Jamaicens: Opt.; Vetus Thomas.; Ros Montan.; &c.; all witch you and your honour'd readers, bein scollards, will hunderstand. Yes; and you'll have medickie men perscibin wine, beer, and sperrits in quantities of Oj., and 3j. or 3ij., and 3iss., and mii.; and patients will be payin extry fees to ave the same perscribed for 'em—dram drinkin in drama order'd medisinally.

Wich, afore that state of things is brought to pass, with defense not defiance for our motter, wot I say is, let's nale our cullers to the mast, No Surrender, and take to supplyin our customers with the werry best rubub, senna, and prerogative drugs, and likewise pilicootia, bark, prussic hacid and pizon of hevery description, as well as Halcobol in watever form, witch they pertends is so perniahus.

The Doctors' liquor shops, I dare say, will shut up on Sundays—but then no doubt but wot a short Notis outside will hinform you that "Medicine may be obtained by ringing the bell," the medisin including anything on draught you may choose to name, not ex-

ceptin punch, which cures the gout, the collect, and the tizzio—And it is allowed to be the werry best of fizio. So no more at present from your obe-gent umbel Servant,

BUNG.

MILITARY ECONOMY.

HERE is a fine specimen of Army Reform. We cite it from that Military authority, the *Civilian*:—

"The expense of providing and maintaining window blinds for officers' quarters is not chargeable against the public. Blinds now fixed, which have been supplied free of charge, may remain, provided they be maintained at the occupants' expense. Any occupant not wishing to retain the blinds at his own cost, will make a notification to this effect to the Controller of the district, in order that they may be removed and taken into store."

Officers' better halves are hardly likely to approve of this retrenchment in officers' quarters. Faded furniture and carpets will probably not find much favour in their eyes, nor will those eyes shine any brighter for being dazzled, as they will be, when the sunbeams stream in blindingly through the blindless windows. In rooms that face due South, a parasol will be a useful adjunct to a breakfast table, and we may even hear of officers with weak eyes being attacked by sharp

ophthalmia, and, all owing to their blindless quarters, becoming helpless inmates of the Blind Asylum.

A Minor Cannon.

THE new 35-ton gun, or 700-pounder, is called The Woolwich Infant. Sweet Innocent! Let us hope that affairs may allow it long to remain such. Is the Woolwich Infant supposed to be a boy or a girl? If a boy, it must be admitted that there was never yet before such a Son of a Gun.



TOILETTE

(DARE WE SAY À LA BEEFSTEAK?) SUITABLE FOR LADIES OF ROBUST FIGURE.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A NEW PLAN.—To Everyone whom it may Concern.



IS a gratification to Mr. Punch, to be able to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with descendants of the celebrated *Masters Sandford and Merton*, who, with their admirable preceptor, the grandson of the illustrious Mr. Barlow, will, during the present Christmas Holidays, visit most of the Metropolitan amusements.

One morning, as they were sitting, after breakfast, in their lodgings in the Strand, TOMMY said to MR. BARLOW, "May I ask you a question, Sir?"

MR. BARLOW considered for a few moments, and then granted the desired permission.

TOMMY. What, Sir, is a Pantomime?

MR. BARLOW (smiling). Perhaps HARRY can tell you.

HARRY. Willingly, MASTER TOMMY.

TOMMY. I should like very much to hear.

HARRY. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY, that in London there are a great many buildings called Theatres, or Theatres, to which some people go, and, in cases where the free list is entirely suspended, and the absurd system of orders is abolished, actually pay money in the expectation of being amused by the performers. Indeed, at Christmas-time, when nearly every sort of entertainment is open to the public, it is a person's own fault if he is not constantly amused.

TOMMY. But pray, HARRY, have you no more particulars to tell me about these Pantomimes?

HARRY. You can judge for yourself, MASTER TOMMY.

TOMMY was so affected with this rebuke, that he only restrained his tears by a strong physical exertion, which resulted in his giving HARRY a kick on the shins underneath the table. For this, being a boy of generous disposition, he had the good-breeding and courtesy to apologise, in time to avert the severe damage which his head would have received at the hands of his friend HARRY; and, in order to propitiate the justly-aroused anger of MR. BARLOW, MASTER TOMMY offered to treat HARRY SANDFORD and their worthy preceptor to the play that very night; a proposal which, after some show of reluctance, both MR. BARLOW and HARRY SANDFORD cordially accepted.

AT DRURY LANE.—On their arrival in the lobby of the Dress Circle, a kindly-spoken gentleman insisted upon relieving the party of their coats, and gave them a programme of the performance, for which they returned him their most sincere thanks; MR. BARLOW, moreover, promised him a gratuity on his leaving the theatre. This promise was accompanied by a significant look at HARRY, who fully appreciated his worthy preceptor's conduct. As to TOMMY, he was too full of wonder and admiration of all he saw to notice this transaction, and, indeed, the questions which arose to his lips during the evening were so numerous, that, with a discretion beyond his years, he determined to reserve them for a future occasion.

The Pantomime was *Tom Thumb*.

HARRY. The VOKES's are very comical people with their legs.

MR. BARLOW. Yes, truly; and, being so, it is a thousand pities any of them should attempt to sing. Their dancing is highly amusing.

TOMMY was here very much alarmed by the appearance of a Giant's head over the castle wall. His fears were not allayed when the Giant ate *Tom Thumb*, who, on his re-appearance from the Giant's mouth, was taken up in the claws of a huge bird. This made TOMMY cry; and it was not until MR. BARLOW had explained to him that the object of the Pantomime was to make little boys and girls laugh, that he at all recovered his wonted spirits. However, on seeing that HARRY was smiling, and that MR. BARLOW was composing himself to sleep, he was reassured by their demeanour, and became deeply interested in the stage representation.

At the Scene of Dresden China Watteauesque figures, TOMMY's delight declared itself in loud applause.

TOMMY. Are those the Clowns? I thought you said, Sir, that there was only one Clown!

MR. BARLOW. To the eye of the rightly constituted mind there can be but one Clown; and our mental vision is only disturbed and confused by this multiplication of drolls.

MR. BARLOW further explained that the Clown is human like ourselves; whereas TOMMY expressed himself dissatisfied.

MR. BARLOW. As the comic scenes appear to depress you, HARRY, and as TOMMY is evidently becoming tired and cross withal, it were best to leave.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, this Pantomime reminds me of what you told me about the shape of the earth.

MR. BARLOW. I do not see, HARRY, how you connect the two subjects. There is a vast difference between this planet and a Pantomime.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, there is; for our planet is entirely round, and this Pantomime is remarkably flat.

MR. BARLOW. Beware of such wholesale condemnations, my dear HARRY; this Pantomime has already given delight to some twenty thousand persons, every one, it may be, as good as yourself.

TOMMY was much pleased, however, at HARRY's application of a scientific fact, and expressed his determination of learning Astronomy at once, in order that he might be as ready as HARRY on any suitable occasion.

On quitting the theatre, MR. BARLOW promised the box-keeper a sixpence, whereas the poor man could scarcely refrain from embracing his benefactor. So they left.

NEXT NIGHT—COVENT GARDEN.—Here they saw the Pantomime of *Blue Beard*. As each new Scene presented itself to their view, they were vehemently enraptured, and thought that no expression of praise could suffice to express their pleasure.

MR. BARLOW. Certainly the scenery is very beautiful.

HARRY. The ladies are indeed lovely!

MR. BARLOW. They are mortal.

TOMMY. O, here is *Blue Beard's* procession! I know the story! And here are the Camels, and—O!—a White Elephant!

MR. BARLOW. The Camel, my dear TOMMY, is found chiefly in burning climates. In his temper he is gentle and tractable, and his patience in being—

Audience. Hush! Order! Turn him out!

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, they are alluding to you! Would it not be better to remain silent, and watch a Scene which gives everyone so much gratification?

MR. BARLOW perceived the sense of this remark, and confined himself to explaining to TOMMY, in an undertone, that MR. MACDERMOTT, who played *Blue Beard*, had been, till lately, an actor at the Grecian Theatre, where he was considered "funny;" but that here his humour seemed to be limited to an imitation of one MR. CLARKE, an actor of burlesque parts most favourably known to playgoers; and, indeed, the audience seemed to be largely of MR. BARLOW's mind, for it was not until MR. *Blue Beard* danced, which he did cleverly, that they testified their approbation of his drolleries.

MR. BARLOW. This Scene of the Amazons' Encampment will attract the whole town. It is indeed a magnificent spectacle.

TOMMY. There must be thousands on the stage!

MR. BARLOW smiled at this, and was about to demonstrate, mathematically, the improbability of more than three hundred of the *corps de ballet* being on the scene at once, when his attention was attracted to the Grand Transformation Scene by vociferous applause, in which he was conscientiously able to join. On their quitting the theatre, at eleven o'clock, the boys were loud in their praises of what they had seen.

HARRY. How diverting were those French dancers! and the Shadows!

TOMMY. And the Clown with the two boys! and their fiddles and musical bells!

MR. BARLOW. You are right. With the comic scenes and the Clown came the fun peculiar to this species of amusement, of which there was, amid all the glitter and splendour, a lack. And perhaps this is as it should be; for why term the Harlequinade "the Comic Scenes," unless they are so by comparison with the previous portion of the Pantomime?

HARRY. Your observation, Sir, reminds me of the entertaining story of *Sophonius* and *Kydaspes*, which TOMMY has not yet heard.

HARRY was about to commence the tale without further parley, when it was discovered that TOMMY had slipped out of the room, and had, it was supposed, retired to bed. MR. BARLOW therefore intimated that, as he had heard the story before, it would be better if they both followed their young friend's example.

HARRY submitted to this arrangement; and when the two boys were assured that their worthy preceptor was asleep, they took his latch-key, and sallied forth to enjoy themselves at EVANS's supper-rooms.

A VIRTUOUS VESTRY.



It is known that a sort of Fair or miscellaneous Market is held in the New Cut (excuse mention of such a place) every Sunday morning. There do people of the baser sort buy their Sunday dinners, and other matters which they fancy they want. The Lambeth Vestry, justly indignant at such goings on, appealed to COLONEL HENDERSON to put a stop to them. That haughty and sarcastic official declared that he should do nothing of the sort, unless the shopkeepers who keep their shops open on Sundays were also obliged to respect the day of rest. We pity the Colonel's want of logical power. What is there in common between

a respectable shopkeeper, who pays rates, and a low person who wheels a barrow, or rents the flap over a cellarage? The Vestry scorned such terms, and have been taking the names of the vendors at this fair, and such addresses as the miserable creatures could give. Summonses have been issued, but the matter stands over for a few weeks.

At the end of that time, *Mr. Punch* cordially trusts that the Lambeth Vestry will sternly carry out their plan for promoting the respectability of the New Cut, and if COLONEL HENDERSON again refuses to help them, let appeal be made to MR. BRUCE. There is not the least pretence for holding the Fair. Let the people in and about the New Cut buy their fish, meat, and the rest of their luxuries on Saturday. What is to prevent them from doing so. Wages are always paid at an early hour on Saturday, and by four o'clock on that day the wife of an artisan has always received from her husband the bulk of his earnings, less perhaps by a trifle which she playfully returns to him, that he may have a pipe and a pint before going to bed. He would be considered a bad fellow if he did not give her the money, or if she had to coax it out of him late, or to take it from his pocket when he had sunk into the gentle slumber of intoxication. That he should surlily refuse it, and strike her, and force her to wait until morning brought better temper, is too monstrous an idea. "Our flesh and blood" never does this sort of thing.

Let the Wife therefore make her purchases on Saturday. Let her take her fish and meat home. We are perfectly aware that they are perishable articles, but we suppose that they can be put into the pantry down-stairs, or that, if domestics or cats are distrusted, the food can be placed in the refrigerator. That article is cheap enough, anyhow, and a very good one can be got for three or four guineas, and it is the affectation of ignorance to say that ice is not at hand, for we know that the Wenham Lake carts go round several times a week—this we state from our own knowledge, and we hate sentimentality. By this means not only will offence to the refined natures of the Lambeth Vestry be avoided, but the vendors of the articles will be released from work, and enabled to attend places of worship. To their own declaration that but for Sunday trade they must go to the workhouse, we lend a deaf ear. Morality cannot yield to Necessity. A prudent man will earn his income in six days. If he cannot, we must echo the remark made by a conscientious person at a meeting on the subject, and say, "Let him starve."

Mr. Punch strongly upholds the Lambeth Vestry in this business, and thinks their conduct quite worthy of the reputation they have so long borne. He is much displeased with the Colonel of Police, and hopes never to have to say, in *Mr. Pore's* words—

"Stern HENDERSON repented,
And gave them back the Fair."

If Vestries will enforce Sabbatarianism, and if Alliances will totally deprive the weaker classes of the Refreshments of which they mostly make bad use, we shall raise the standard of national morals, and entirely efface the discontent which some persons believe is felt with national institutions.

SEASONABLE SENTIMENT.—May the Commission of Inquiry into the Meggers business get to the bottom of it!

HOROSCOPE FOR 1872.

WITH the aid of this ingenious little instrument, the horoscope, which is simple in construction, easily cleaned, and to be had of all respectable dealers throughout the kingdom in gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, ormolu, aluminium, and other suitable materials, a clear insight may be obtained, on a fine evening, into the more salient events of the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

The observations we have been enabled to make with one of these instruments (fitted with the patent self-acting forecaster) are so startling that, without loss of time, we hasten to lay them before the world, for the guidance and direction of reigning Sovereigns, Cabinet Ministers, School-Boards, Members of Parliament, Mayors, Magistrates, Mothers of Marriageable Daughters, Managers of Theatres, Newspaper Editors, Speculators, and others, who may be desirous to make their arrangements at once for the ensuing twelve months.

Parliament will meet early in February, a few days after it ceases to be legal to slaughter pheasants. It will be prorogued early in August, about the period when grouse-shooting becomes a lawful pastime.

The HOME SECRETARY will withdraw several measures in the course of the Session.

The London School-Board, by the active interposition of its Beadles, will clear the streets of from ten to twenty children.

Australian meat will appear on the bill of fare at the Lord Mayor's banquets.

In the month of February a most serious astronomical occurrence will take place, one which ought to make a great noise in the world, and is likely to be attended with disastrous consequences to those who may be unfortunate enough to be on the spot—the full moon will fall on Saturday, the 24th.

There will be at least one new cookery-book published during the year.

Good port wine will become scarcer and dearer than ever.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will, in his annual Budget, propose a tax upon one or more of the following articles:—calling cards, dolls, pins, perambulators, umbrellas, and wigs.

The Mines Regulation Bill will be brought before Parliament; also the COLLIER affair.

There will be a show (the first) of guinea-pigs, white mice, parrots, bullfinches, and squirrels at the Crystal Palace. The DUCHESS OF LAUNCESTON, LADY IDA DOWN, and the Honourable MRS. ALFRED WARRENMORE will act as Judges.

Several new animals will be added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens.

The jury in the Tichborne case will retire when the trial is concluded, and, after deliberating for several days, will return into Court late at night, and deliver their verdict amidst breathless silence. The LORD CHIEF BARON will have a sleeping apartment fitted up in the Westminster Sessions House, that no time may be lost in calling him up to receive the verdict.

Several Colonial Bishops will return home.

An eye should be kept on the Pope, the Orleans Princes, the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, the Publicans, the Republicans, the Spiritualists, the Ritualists, SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. WHALLEY, MR. BUTT, and MR. BROCK, the pyrotechnist, as they may all be expected to do extraordinary things.

An eminent Archdeacon of the Established Church, well known in the West of England, will conduct the services at MR. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, and MR. SPURGEON will exchange pulpits with him.

A new Opera will be brought out on the last night but two of the season.

There will be some failures in the City, and constant stoppages in the streets.

The British Public will remit large sums of money for the relief of the Chinese, and allow charitable institutions at home to languish for want of funds.

MR. JOHN BROWN, MR. THOMAS JONES, MR. WILLIAM ROBINSON, MR. JAMES THOMPSON, MR. CHARLES JACKSON, and MR. HENRY SMITH will contract matrimonial alliances after harvest.

The Gulf Stream will be heard of again, probably for the last time, the tendency of modern scientific investigation being to show up that bugbear as a humbug.

MR. DISRAELI will deliver an address *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, at Glasgow at Easter, and on Cottage Cookery at Hughenden in the autumn.

Letters will be addressed to MR. GLADSTONE demanding explanations from him as to his religion, his relations, his favourite poet, and his private account at his banker's.

Oysters will be sixpence apiece.

Spain will have one or two new Ministries.

The estimates will include a vote for the purchase of robes and a wig for the new SPEAKER.



A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

MARK LEMON.

It became our duty, some weeks ago, to invite the attention of our readers to the fact that a Memorial Fund, in aid of the Widow and unmarried Daughters of our late lamented friend, MARK LEMON, had been opened. On a page at the end of our present issue will be found the list of those who have subscribed to the Fund. Several donors have been generous, many have been very liberal, and thanks are due to those who have "done what they could." But the aggregate amount as yet obtained is altogether inadequate to the purpose, that of making a permanent provision for those so dear to one who never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness. It is with reluctance that, after examining the list, we admit to ourselves that very much is owed to private friendship, and comparatively little to public recognition of the noble character and the merits of MARK LEMON. Believing, as we sincerely believe, that we may account for this by supposing that thousands are still unacquainted with the fact that their aid is invited, we re-iterate our Appeal. We venture also to ask our contemporaries, who have already so ably and kindly promoted the object, again to perform that labour of love. We, lastly, call attention to the notice at the foot of the list, stating how subscriptions can be forwarded. Some misapprehension on this point may have retarded the liberality which we refuse to believe will not be shown to those who possess such inherited and such personal claim to the kindly consideration of all.

Juvenile Gulosity.

A SAGE said to a Schoolboy, home for the holidays, "A contented mind is a continual feast." "Is it?" quoth young Hopeful, "I should rather say that a continual feast was a contented mind."

THE RETICENCE OF THE PRESS.

THE American Press admires the reticence which the British Press has practised during the seventy odd days occupied in hearing one side of a cause which will be celebrated. The English Press also takes credit to itself for that reticence. It is, doubtless, exemplary. By not interfering with, we know how much it furthers, the administration of Justice. A trial such as the great lawsuit now pending, or any other in a British Court of Law, is determined, we all know, simply by the weight of evidence, in relation to which the minds of the jury are mere scales. The Counsel on either side respectively confine themselves to the production of true evidence each on behalf of his client, and the refutation of false evidence advanced for the opposite party. The Judge is the only person in Court who expresses any opinion on the case which could possibly influence the jury; his opinion being expressed under the obligation of strict impartiality. No barrister, whether counsel for the plaintiff or the defendant, ever attempts to bias their decision either by sophistry or appeals to their passions and prejudices. It is therefore highly necessary that the Press should abstain as strictly as it does from any explanation or argument with reference to a pending suit which, how sincerely soever meant to instruct, might possibly have the effect of misleading the jury sitting thereon.

If, indeed, Counsel were usually accustomed to employ the arts of oratory, and the dodges of dialectics, in order to make the worst appear the better cause in the eyes of twelve men more or less liable to be deceived and deluded, then, indeed, the reticence of a respectable and intelligent Press, in abstaining from any remarks capable of helping a jury to deliver a righteous verdict, would not perhaps be quite so purely advantageous as it is now.

Riddle for the Young Folks.

WHY are the two letters at the tail the most sensible of all the Alphabet?—Because they are the *Wise Head*.



THE BIG CRACKER.

“DRILL AWAY MY DEAR! I’LL GET YOU A KISS IT CONTAINS SOMETHING WE SHALL BOTH LIKE. DRILL AWAY!”

MY HEALTH.



ALK over all these arrangements at dinner. Then, as we have, PENDELL tells me, to be up early for otter-hunting, we determine upon going to bed early.

Process of Going to Bed Early.—Mrs. PENDELL retires at nine, having seen that "everything we want" is left out on the sideboard. PENDELL observes that he shan't be half an hour at most before he's upstairs. I yawn, to show how tired I am, and corroborate his statement as to the time we intend to pass in front of the fire.

Mrs. PENDELL has retired. PENDELL wishes to know what I'll take. Nothing, I thank him. PENDELL doesn't "think—um—that—he'll—um—take anything," and stands before a row of bottles with the critical air of a Commander-in-Chief reviewing the line. It almost looks as if he wanted a bottle to step out of the rank and invite him to make up his mind at once and take a drop of *him*. In order not to prevent him from enjoying himself, I sacrifice myself, and say, "Well, I'll have just the smallest glass of whiskey." PENDELL is of opinion that no one can do better than whiskey, it being, he says, the most wholesome spirit.

We whiskey. The quarter-past arrives. We take no notice of it, except that PENDELL remarks that *that* clock is about twelve minutes fast, in which case, of course, we have nearly half an hour at our disposal. Conversation commences. We somehow get upon Literature, especially upon the subject of my *Analytical History of Motion*. PENDELL quotes a line from somewhere. We can't think where it is to be found.

This leads PENDELL to the book-shelves. While he is up, would he mind just mixing me the least drop more whiskey—and water, plenty of water. He does so, and continues his search for the book, ending by bringing down the *Ingoldsby Legends*. "Do I remember this one?" he asks me. No, I have forgotten it. He thinks the line he quoted is there. He is, he says, going to give it at a Penny Reading, and has already done so with great success. He reads a few lines.

Flash.—Ask him to read. Nothing so pleasant as the sound of some one reading poetry when you're very tired, and are sitting before a good fire. Light a pipe as an aid to listening comfortably. Better than going to bed. Besides, if he reads, it's *his* fault that we don't go to bed early, as we told Mrs. PENDELL we would.

He reads aloud. I interrupt him occasionally (opening my eyes to do so), just to show I am attending, and twice I dispute the propriety of his emphasis; but I don't sustain my side of the argument, from a feeling that to close my eyes and be droned to sleep, is preferable to straining every nerve in order to talk and keep awake.

11 o'clock, P.M.—PENDELL stops, and says, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply that he is mistaken (having, in fact, just been awoke by feeling as if a spring had given way at the nape of my neck), but I own, candidly, to feeling a little tired.

"Um!" says PENDELL, and puts his selection for a Penny Reading away. Bed.

Morning.—Am aroused by PENDELL, who is always fresh. "Lovely morning," he says, opening the curtains. [Note.—When you're only one quarter awake there's something peculiarly obtrusive in any remark about the beauty of the day. To a person comfortably in bed and wishing to remain there, the state of the weather is comparatively uninteresting, unless it's dismally foggy or thoroughly rainy, when, in either case, you can congratulate yourself upon your cleverness and forethought in not having got up.] "Is it?" I ask. Through the window I see only mist and drizzle.

"Just the morning for otter-hunting!" exclaims PENDELL, enthusiastically. Then, as he's leaving the room, he turns, and says, "O, by the way, I've just remembered that Old RUDDOCK's pretty sure to be out with the hounds. He's great fun out hunting."

This stirs me into something like exertion. Otters and RUDDOCK. RUDDOCK, during a check, setting the field in a roar.

At Breakfast.—"Um," says PENDELL, thinking over something as he cuts a ham, "we shan't want to take anything with us, because Old PENOLVER gives us lunch. He's a picture of an Old English Squire is PENOLVER. Quite a picture of a—um—yes—" here he apparently considers to himself whether he has given a correct definition of PENOLVER or not. He seems satisfied, and closes his account of him by repeating, "Yes—um—yes—an Old English Squire, you know—quite a character in his way," (I thought so,) "and you'll have pasties and cider."

"Pasties!" I exclaim. The word recalls Bluff KING HAL's time, the jollifications—by my halidame!—gadso!—crushing a cup, and so forth. Now I have the picture before me (in my mind's eye) of the Old English Squire, attended by grooms bearing pasties and flagons, meeting the Otter Hunters with spears and dogs. Good! Excellent! I feel that My Health will be benefited by the air of the olden time. And perhaps by the pasties.

"Do any ladies come?" I ask.

"Safe to," answers PENDELL, "last day of hunting—all the ladies out—sort of show meet, and lounge."

Pasties, flagons, dames, gallants with lutes, and pages with beakers of wine. I am all anxiety to start.

The Drive.—Bleak, misty, sharp, dreary. I am in summer costume of flannels, intended for running. Hope we shall have some running, as at present I'm blue with cold and shivering.

Six miles finished.—We get out at a tumble-down roadside inn. Three boys, each one lankier and colder-looking than the other, are standing together with their hands in their pockets, there being evidently among them a dearth of gloves. A rough man in a velvet coat and leggings appears, carrying a sort of quarter-staff spiked. I connect him at once with otters. PENDELL returns his salute. This is the Huntaman. The three chilly boys are the Field. We are all shivering, and evidently only half awake. Is this what PENDELL calls a "show meet, and a lounge?"

Flash.—To say brightly, "Well, it couldn't have been colder for an otter hunt." The chilly boys hearing this, turn away, the man with the spear takes it literally and is offended, "because," he says, "we might ha' had a much worse day." PENDELL says to himself, thoughtfully, "Um—colder—otter—ha! Yes, I see. I've made that myself lots of times." I thought that down here, perhaps, it wouldn't have been known. Never risk an old joke again. If I feel it's the only one I've got, preface it by saying, "Of course you've heard what the Attorney-General said the other day to (some one)?" and then, if on being told, they say, "O! that's very old," why it's not your fault.

A fly appears on the road with the Master. He welcomes PENDELL and friend heartily and courteously. Is sorry that it's the last meet. Thinks it's a bad day, and in the most genial manner possible damps all my hopes of seeing an otter. "A few weeks ago," he says, "there were plenty of otters."

Flash.—To find out if that spearing-picture is correct. Show myself deeply interested in otters.

The Master says that spearing is unsportsmanlike. Damper number two. No spears. We walk on, and get a little warmer.

More "Field" meets us: some mounted.

Note on Otter-Hunting.—Better than fox-hunting, because you trust to your own legs. You can't be thrown, you can't be kicked off, or reared off; and, except you find yourself alone with the otter in a corner, there's no danger.

Note Number Two. Additional.—Yes, there is one other danger. A great one.

Here it is:—

We have been walking miles along the banks of a stream, crossing difficult stepping-stones, climbing over banks eight feet high [thank goodness, impossible for horses], with drops on the other side, and occasional jumpings down, which shake your teeth, but still you land on your own legs, and if you fall you haven't got a brute on the top of you, or rolling over you, or kicking out your brains with his hind hoofs. We number about sixty in the Field. The shaggy, rough hounds are working up-stream, swimming and trotting, and stopping to examine the surface of any boulder which strikes their noses as having been lately the temporary resting-place of an otter. A few people on horseback are proceeding, slowly in single file, along the bank. Difficult work for them. Ladies, too, are on foot, and all going along as pleasantly as possible. Suddenly a cry—a large dog is seen shaking its head wildly, and rubbing his front paws over his ears—another dog is rolling on the bank—another plunges into the river furiously, also shaking his head as if he was objecting to everything generally, and would rather drown than change his opinions.

Another cry.

Horses plunging—one almost into the river—shrieks of ladies—exclamations from pedestrians—the field is scattered—some attempt to ford the river—some jump right in—some on horseback cross it



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Squires (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—(in extenuation)—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

shouting—some plunge into the plantation on the left—some are running back upon us! A panic.

Mad bull, perhaps—if so—with admirable presence of mind I jump into the water up to my waist, and am making for the opposite side, when a man, running and smoking a short pipe, answers my question as to the bull with—

"No! Wasps! Wasps' nest!!" In a second I see them. At me—Pursuing me. I dive my head under water. Wet through! Scramble up bank. One wasp is after me. One pertinaciously. My foot catches in a root, I am down. Wasp down too, close at my ear. A minute more I am up. Wasp up too, by my right ear.

An Inspiration.—It flashes across me that wasps hate mud. Don't know where I heard it. Think it was in some child's educational book. No time for thinking. Jump—squish—into the mud! Over my knees—boots nearly off. The last thing I see of PENDELL is holding on his spectacles with his left hand, and fighting a wasp with his stick in his right. Squish—flop—flop! . . . Up against a stump—down in a morass. Wasp at me. Close to my ear as if he wanted to tell me a secret. I won't hear it! Now I understand why the dog shook his head. Through a bramble bush (like the Man in the Nursery Rhyme, who scratched both his eyes out and in again by a similar operation), and come out torn and scratched, but dry as a pen after being dragged through a patent wiper of erect bristles. No wasp. Gone. I am free. But still I keep on.

That's the only great danger in Otter-Hunting. At least, that I know of at present.

I pick up the man with pipe. Kindest creature in the world. He has two pipes, and he fills and gives me one. He says, "Wasps won't attack a smoker."

Flash.—Smoke.

PENDELL comes up. "Um!—aha!" he says; "narrow escape!" He has not been stung.

MONODY ON M'GRATH.

MASTER M'GRATH has passed away;
He breathed his last on Christmas Day.
He quitted this terrestrial sphere,
In doghood's prime—his twice-third year.

He was a dog of high repute.
But now he'll be for ever mute.
—Though living he gave little tongue—
Ah, well! the dogs we love die young.

MASTER M'GRATH, old Ireland's pride,
The fleetest Saxon dogs defied,
Alike to run with him or kill:
His legs, once limber, now are still.

This peerless paragon of hounds,
Did win his good lord—LURGAN—pounds
By thousands; dog as good as horse—
The canine Courser is a corpse.

He was presented to the QUEEN,
As many a puppy may have been,
Who yet that honour lives to boast—
But is not worth the dog that's lost.

M'GRATH returns to his Dam Earth.
The papers mostly to his worth
Publish a tribute, not too long,
A paragraph—and here's a song.

They won't continue, for a week,
Each day about M'GRATH to speak
In memoirs, and in leading columns,
To preach of prosy sermons volumes.

Upon the Dog defunct that lies
Briefest is best to moralise,
As every dog, then, let us say,
Must have, M'GRATH has had his day.

Happy Dispatch.

We have just read in a delightful book that "Japanese verse is for the most part lyric or descriptive." It is of two kinds, "Uta," of purely native growth, and "Shi," of Chinese origin and structure. The difference between the Japanese and the English is that nearly all the modern poetry of the latter is Shi.

The Field is pulling itself together again. PENDELL chuckles. "Did you see Old RUDDOCK?" he asks. "There were two wasps at him."

No! It appears that Old RUDDOCK has been quite close to me throughout the day. Yet there was no laughing crowd, and I haven't heard one of RUDDOCK's jokes bruited about. Odd. Wonder how the wasps liked RUDDOCK.

RAILWAY REFORM.

At a meeting of Railway Directors, which will probably be held in the middle of next week, it will be resolved, in order to increase the safety of the public, that no pointman, guard, or engine-driver, shall ever be on duty much more than six-and-forty hours at a stretch; and that every such servant shall always, when on duty, be allowed at least four minutes, no less than three times daily, for enjoyment of his meals. With the like view of security, it will also be resolved that porters shall on branch lines be required to act as pointmen, signalmen, and ticket-clerks, and that due and timely notice of the changes in the time-bills shall on no account be furnished to the drivers of goods trains.

To the Afflicted.

A word of comforting advice to all those—and they are many—both men and women, who are nursing a secret sorrow, grieving that they are short, small of stature, below the average size. Let them think of those more than consolatory words, in that famous passage in *Henry the Eighth*, where SHAKESPEARE speaks of—"the blessedness of being little."



EASILY SOLD.

SCENE—Railway Station in a Town where Highland Regiment is quartered. Foxhunters taking Train for the Meet.

Little London Gent. "HE AIN'T GOING OUT HUNTING, TOO, IS HE?"

Funny Friend. "OF COURSE HE IS."

Little London Gent. "WELL, BUT—WON'T IT BE RATHER RISKY RIDING IN THOSE—TOGS?"

HINTS ON CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(By a good Old-fashioned Clown.)

KNOCK at a shop-door, and then lie down flat in front of it, so that the shopman, coming out, may tumble headlong over you. Then bolt into the shop, and cram into your pockets all the big things you can find, so that in trying to get out, you cannot squeeze them through the doorway. For instance, if it be a watchmaker's, clap an eight-day kitchen clock and a barometer or two, let us say, in your right pocket, and a brass warming-pan, or some such little article of jewellery (as you will take care to call it) in your left one; taking pains, of course, to let the handle stick well out of it. If it be a butcher's, pouch a leg of beef and half a sheep or so, and be sure not to forget to bring a yard or two of sausages trailing on the ground behind you. Then, if you can't squeeze through the doorway, the simplest plan will be to jump clean through the shop-front, and in doing this take care to smash as many panes of glass as you are able, crying out, of course, that you took "great pains" to do so. *En passant*, you will kick into the street whatever goods are in the window, and then run off as quickly as your heels can carry you.

If the shopman should pursue you, as most probably he will, make him a low bow, and say that it was really quite an accident, and that of course you mean to pay him—indeed, yes, "on your honour!" If he won't believe you, punch him in the waistcoat, and batter him about with his barometer and warming-pan, or sausages and mutton.

Should a policeman interfere, and want to know what you are up to, catch up your red-hot poker (which you will always have about you), and hold it hidden behind your back, while you beg him to shake hands with you, because you mean to "square the job" with him. Then, when he puts his hand out, slap the poker into it, and run away as fast as your stolen goods will let you.

But after a few steps, of course you must take care to let the handle of your warming-pan get stuck between your legs, and trip you up occasionally; and you will manage that your sausages become entangled so about you that, at every second step, you are obliged to tumble down and roll along the ground, and double up into a heap, till the policeman, who keeps up the chase, comes close enough to catch you. Then you will spring up again, and, jumping on his back, you will be carried off to Bow Street, with the small boys shouting after you; or, else, if you prefer it, you may "bonnet" the policeman, and run away and hide yourself ere he can lift his hat up, to see where you are gone to.

SCIENCE FOR THE SEASON.

SIR CHARLES LYELL, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, is credited with the saying that there are three things necessary for a geologist: the first is to travel; the second is to travel; and the third, also, is to travel. This seems to mean that your geologist must travel, travel, travel over the face of the earth in order to be enabled to explore its interior. The earth is round; so is your plum-pudding: the earth has a crust; so has your mince-pie. Happily, conditions like those needful for the exploration of the earth do not delay analogous researches.

Problem for the Poet Laureate.

THE KNIGHTS of KING ARTHUR's Round Table of course formed a Circle when they sat round it. Tournaments in general used to come off in lists; but can the Author of *The Last Tournament* inform a Spiritualist whether, in a *séance* of ARTHUR's Knights at Table, there was ever any table-tilting?

MRS. WASHTUB ON TELEGRAMS:

Ah, drat them nasty telegrams that keeps folks all in sitch a flurry, Whenever there's the least to-do, with constant worry, worry, worry!

I recollect in my young days when there was no sitch expectation, And news to travel took its time, suspense was bore with resignation.

What was to be, we used to say, would be, and couldn't be prevented,

Which 'twas consol'n' for to think, and made one happy and contented.

What would be we should live to see, if we lived long enough, 'twas certain, And p'raps it might a mercy be the future was behind the curtain.

Misfortunes came, as come they must, in this here wale of trile and sorrow.

But then, if bad news come to-day, no news was like to come to-morrow.

No news was good news people said, and hoped meanwhile they might be better.

Leastways until the next day's post brought 'em a paper or a letter.

'Tis true, relief as soon may come, sometimes, by artificial light'nin'. When days and weeks of dark and storm you've undergone afore the bright'nin'.

All's well as ends well, thanks be praised, the croakers found themselves mistaken—

But by them plaguy telegrams how my poor old naves have bin shaken!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE CLAIMANT.—Coleridge's Works.

NEW YEAR'S "NOTE" TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH, in spite of his emphatic and repeated Notices and Explanations, being still copiously afflicted with Communications from Persons whom he has not invited to take the liberty of addressing him, issues the following Note, and advises such persons to study it closely.

He calls them "Correspondents," but does so only for convenience. A Correspondent means a person who not only writes, but to whom the recipient of the letter also writes. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who address Mr. Punch are, and will be, unanswered, except by this Note.

Let all understand that he is answerable for the real or supposed value of No literary or artistic matter which may be sent him, unasked. This is law. Let all understand that at the earliest possible moment after his discovery that such matter is useless to him, it is Destroyed. This is fact.

Notice also that stamped and directed envelopes, for the return of such matters, will not operate to the fracture of his rule.

After this notice, "Correspondents" will have no one but themselves to thank for the Snub Mr. Punch's silence implies.

But is he unwise enough to believe that the plague of foolish Correspondence will thus be stayed? Verily, no.

He expects to continue to receive—

1. Jests that have appeared in his own pages, but which are warranted to have been invented, or heard, "the other day."
2. The jest of the day, one that has been heard a million times.
3. Profane, and even lower jests, sent by creatures who pretend to be readers of *Punch*.
4. Idiotic jests, usually laid upon the shoulders of "my little boy," or "my youngest girl." *Punch* would pity the children of such parents, but that he generally disbelieves in the existence of the innocents.
5. Sketches, to be used in his next without fail, or, if rejected, to be instantly returned. These burn well, and he prefers those on cardboard, as they crackle prettily.
6. Things, literary or artistic, that have been "dashed off." The mere word "dash" is the cue for instant fire.
7. Compositions, poor in themselves, whose insertion is prayed because the authors are poor also. Is Mr. Punch to perform his charities at the expense of society?
8. Aged jokes, possibly recently heard for the first time by the Stupid Sender, but more probably copied from print.
9. Post-Cards, or communications with the Halfpenny Stamp. These are all selected by his Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary, and destroyed unread.
10. Absolute Stupidities.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE closing night of the Christmas season is observed by every nation in Europe, except Switzerland, in which country the Republican form of government introduced by W. TELL (the first President), prevents the recognition of Kings and Queens.

Throughout England, particularly in those rural districts where the study of physics is yet in its infancy, great importance is attached to the weather on Twelfth Day. The occurrence of rain, or wind, or sleet, or snow, or hail, or the appearance of the Aurora Borealis over the roofs of the Bank of England is considered a most favourable augury, and in some counties determines the day on which the sowing of the Spring wheat commences. But the slightest indication of the Zodiacal light is dreaded as a sure forerunner of the turnip-fly, and the connection of a parhelion with protracted drought is established by a long series of observations, reaching as far back as the Reformation.

Most lawyers are of opinion that under the provisions of an old Act of Parliament, still unrepealed, it is illegal to solicit a Christmas box after twelve o'clock on the 6th of January.

If Twelfth Night falls on a Sunday, the harvest will be late; if on a Monday, the back door should be carefully looked to on the long evenings; if on a Tuesday, pilchards will be caught in enormous quantities; if on a Wednesday, the silkworms will suffer; if on a Thursday, there will be no skating on the Serpentine during the rest of the year; if on a Friday, the apple crop will be a failure; and if on a Saturday (as this year), you should on no account have your hair cut by a red-haired man who squints and has relations in the colonies. The sceptic and the latitudinarian may smile superciliously at these predictions, but they have been verified by inquiries conducted at centres as wide apart as Bury St. Edmunds, Rotherham, Dawlish, Rickmansworth, Kirkcubright, and Cape Clear.

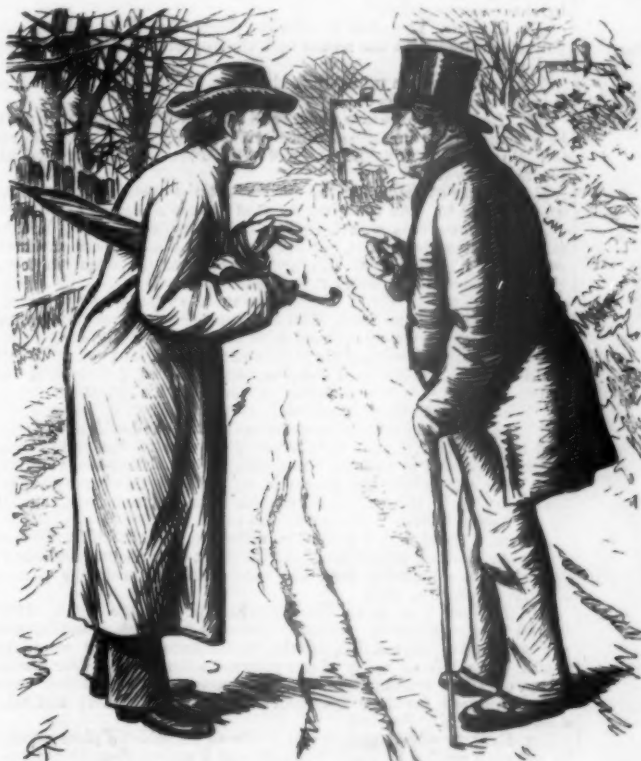
CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR SIR CHARLES DILKE.—Packet of Court Plaster and some Household Bread.

Let them come. And when a Sender getteth no answer, let him take counsel with himself, and consider to which of the above Ten Categories his work belongs. One will certainly fit it. To this Table Mr. Punch will make reference when he may please to do so. Let intending Contributors learn it by heart.

Now, laying down the Chopper of LYCURGUS, and putting on the Smile of PLATO, Mr. Punch, raising the festal goblet, wisheth to all his faithful and true Disciples, those whose handwritings ever give him joy and gladness,—



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



A STRAIGHTFORWARD VIEW.

High Church Curate. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMPSON, ABOUT A CLERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

Literal Churchwarden. "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLERGYMAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"

PROBABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, being thoroughly convinced of the injustice of the Income-tax, is maturing a measure for its total abolition. To prove that he is perfectly sincere in the task he undertakes, he has resolved to throw up office if the tax again be voted.

MR. AYRTON is engaged in studying the Fine Arts, with a view to being able to lecture LORD ELCHO and others on the subject, and also to defend the action of the Government in resisting all attempts to improve the National Gallery.

In the fear lest His Holiness be forced to quit the Vatican, MR. WHALLEY, M.P., has written, very generously, to offer his own residence as an asylum for the Pope, while exiled from his kingdom.

It is proposed, at the conclusion of the Tichborne trial, to treat the Judge and Jury to a trip upon the Continent, in order to prevent them from becoming monomaniacs, through having their minds occupied so long with one subject.

It is considered almost certain that M. THIERS will seize a very early opportunity to vacate his seat, as President, in favour either of the COMTE DE PARIS or of M. GAMBETTA.

The game slaughtered at the *battues* of eleven noble sportsmen (all members of the Legislature), has been carefully distributed among the East-End poor.

It has been ascertained, by an accurate survey in London and the provinces, that no fewer than one pantomime has been produced this season, without containing any humorous allusion to "the Claimant."

MR. GLADSTONE has received one hundred and twelve letters, from Peterborough, Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other places, asking for a confirmation of the rumour that his great-great-grandmother embraced the Jewish faith.

More than a hundred noble members of the Gun Club have with-

POKES IN PANTOMIMES.

Non omnia possumus omnes; we are not all Popes, nor should we be omnipotent even if we were infallible. The *Daily News* is a journal of ability; but there is a certain inconsistency, the cause of which it declares itself unable to fathom:—

"That all personal allusions to the private lives of individuals should be eschewed on the stage, we readily admit. Indeed, we sympathise with DU JOUSSON, who, on hearing that FOOTE, the actor, intended to imitate his mien and gestures, inquired the price of a good thick stick; but why, in the name of common sense, when caricatures of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE weekly appear in humorous journals, and when scarcely a day passes without these gentlemen being attacked in print on account of one or other of their public acts, every harmless joke upon their official doings should be expunged from the pantomimes, surpasses comprehension."

Our excellent contemporary forgets that there is in theatres a place called the Gallery. This place is occupied by a peculiar description of audience and spectators. In the theatre, by physical position, they constitute the higher orders, but in common talk are contrariwise named. Of old, bloated aristocrats were wont ironically to style them "the Gods." Enlightened Statesmen, however, with a just appreciation of their value as British voters, use to call them the People. Now the People of the Gallery are not accustomed to read humorous journals in which caricatures of the People's WILLIAM, and the People's ROBERT, appear weekly. If they were, it would be necessary for the humorous journals to be very careful in caricaturing those popular Ministers, lest caricatures should endanger their popularity. The People of the Gallery are our flesh and blood, but they are as yet uneducated, and apt to take jokes too seriously. If the *Clown* in a Pantomime were to tread upon a match-box, and get blown up sky-high, or if, assisted by the *Pantaloon*, he presented a working man in an arsenal with a sack, these performances, to the occupants of the boxes indeed, would be harmless jokes, but the effect produced by them in the electoral way would probably be mischievous, in a gallery filled with friends and relations of match-venders and dockyard labourers.

The Best Tonic.

THE DOCTORS disapprove of alcohol, but they are as alive as ever to the cheering effect of "good spirits" on their patients.

drawn their names this season, and have transferred their subscriptions to the Humane Society.

Among the measures likely to be introduced by Government are: (1) a Bill for the Reduction of the Prices charged by Butchers; (2) a Bill to Compel Londoners to Clean their Streets in Dirty Weather; and (3) a Bill to Disafforest Primrose Hill and the Brighton Cliffs and Racecourse.

The First Lord of the Admiralty has been taking a few lessons in political navigation, with the view, upon emergency, of taking chief command of the vessel of the State.

It is considered highly probable that, following the good example of some Dramatic Managers, certain Barristers and Doctors in the very highest practice intend to decorate their waiting-rooms with little placards of "NO FEES!"

JUST A HINT.

Is there not a bit of SYDNEY SMITH's, wherein that divine, describing a Scottish rising against English tyranny, says that SAWNEY betook himself to the heather, and, having scratched himself with one hand, and cast up an account with the other, suddenly waxed furious, and drew his sword? We hope that certain Transatlantic friends of ours will not bring in so tremendous a bill against us, as to make it cheaper for us to fight than to pay. For we love them very much, but we are obliged to be awfully economical in these Gladstonian days.

Mathematical Intelligence.

It would puzzle a Senior Wrangler to find out how to square a circle. Yet TOMKINS Junior says that, though he is only twelve years old, he will back himself on any given morning to get round a square.



—“WE ARE SUCH STUFF
AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF—”
Tempest.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

THE next place of Amusement to which MR. BARLOW took his two young pupils was the STRAND THEATRE. Here they saw *Arion, or the Story of a Lyre*, and were highly diverted with the two Showmen, played by MESSRS. PAULTON and TERRY, whose duet of “*Walk Up and See my Show*,” they so vehemently applauded as to draw forth a reproof from their worthy preceptor, who, however, on observing that these comedians seemed to be possessed of an inexhaustible stock of fresh verses applicable to the circumstances of the times, was induced to join TOMMY and HARRY in the commendations which were most liberally bestowed by the audience upon this portion of the performance. On returning to their lodgings both TOMMY and HARRY, neither of whom had up to this time ever evinced any musical capacity, attempted to recall the pleasing airs they had heard at the Strand Theatre, and only ceased from their praiseworthy endeavours on receiving MR. BARLOW's promise that he would take them again to witness the same piece, if TOMMY (whose father, being a very wealthy man, had recently bestowed upon his son a handsome Christmas gratuity) would pay for three stalls, or at least three places, in the Dress Circle.

On the following night they went to the PRINCESS's, to see MR. WATTS PHILLIPS's play of *On the Jury*, followed by a Pantomime called *Little Dicky Dileer*.

At the entrance to the Stalls a civil person relieved them of their overcoats and hats; and TOMMY, upon whom his tutor's example, on the occasion of their visit to Drury Lane, had not been lost, expressed his gratitude to the honest stranger in the most affectionate manner.

TOMMY now discovered a further opportunity of making himself acquainted with the science of Astronomy, which he had already set himself diligently to learn.

MR. BARLOW. At this theatre you will behold a constellation of talent.

TOMMY. But pray, Sir, what is a “constellation”?

“Persons,” answered MR. BARLOW, “have observed certain stars remarkable either for their brightness or position, or both. These stars, joined together, are termed ‘constellations.’ Here you have three Stars—MR. WEBSTER, MR. PHELPS, and MISS FURTADO.”

TOMMY. Then these are, as you say, Sir, “remarkable for their brightness or position.”

MR. BARLOW. Yes. And in time, no doubt, I shall be able to make you acquainted with the names and the appearance of all the Stars in London.

TOMMY. Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the Stars?

MR. BARLOW. There are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the Stars. HARRY, do you tell MASTER MERTON the story of *The Free Admission and the Grateful Turk*.

HARRY was commencing the story when the curtain, being drawn up, disclosed to them the First Scene of *On the Jury*.

MR. BARLOW. This would indeed be a very good piece, but for faulty construction. Yet, for epigrammatic dialogue and dramatic situations, it has not, at this present moment, its equal in town. You have been silent, TOMMY, for some time.

TOMMY. Indeed, Sir, I never was more surprised or diverted; and as for one of your Stars, MISS FURTADO,—Dear Heart! I protest I could watch her every evening with the greatest delight.

MR. BARLOW, observing his pupil's excitement, laughed at TOMMY in his usual good-natured manner, and pointed out to him the example of the poor Greenlanders as worthy of his imitation.

“What is that, Sir?” inquired TOMMY.

“They are brought up to so much moderation and self-command,” said MR. BARLOW, “that they never give way to the sudden impulses of passion so common among Europeans. And see, you have split your new white kid gloves in applauding this young lady.” Then turning to HARRY, he asked him if he had not been touched by the acting of MR. WEBSTER in this piece.

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, I pitied him from my heart. MR. TIBBETTS was a hardly-used gentleman. And I think that no one could have played more admirably than the gentleman who took the part of Dexter Sanderson, Esq.

MR. BARLOW. You mean MR. PHELPS, and you are right. It is indeed a fine piece of acting. There is so much breadth, and yet such a thorough finish, in this performance, that it would be worth the while of many of our younger actors (who flatter themselves on their consummate art, in consequence of having been unduly praised for their few achievements) to come here and take a lesson from MR. PHELPS.

MR. BARLOW added that it was a pity so excellent a piece should be wellnigh spoiled by the introduction of a vulgar Sensation Scene, and its construction marred by the awkward contrivance in the last Act. He further complained that it should be thought necessary to commence it at seven, and to supplement such an attraction, as this ought to be, with a Pantomime.

TOMMY and HARRY were not, however, of his mind upon this point, and insisted upon stopping to see the *Clown*. They were somewhat disappointed with the Pantomime, but professed themselves prodigiously delighted with MR. LLOYD's scenery.

On coming out, an obliging official handed to them their overcoats, wrappers, and hats. TOMMY's little heart was much affected by this kindly attention; so, pulling out his purse, he poured its contents (four bright new farthings and three peppermint lozenges) into the honest fellow's hand, saying, “Here, my good man, take this, and Heaven bless you!” It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor man at the sight. He stared wildly round him, and would have fallen but for the tender support of his assistant, who imagined that his companion had lost his senses. But the man cried out, “O, WILLIAM, I am not mad! See what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel!” Saying this, he held up the money and the lozenges. But TOMMY went up to them both, and said, “My good friends, you are very welcome to this: I freely give it to you. Spend the money soberly; and, for the lozenges, give them to your children, if you have any, or suck them yourselves in your leisure moments.” Before the entranced officials, who were totally unaccustomed to receive such benefactions, could dry their tears, TOMMY was out of sight, having followed MR. BARLOW and HARRY to the door.

MR. BARLOW now took MASTER TOMMY and HARRY to EVANS's Supper Rooms, to enter which place they had to pay a shilling apiece. This troubled their worthy preceptor, who, indeed, was painfully struck, as he informed his young friends, by the altered aspect of the interior. MR. BARLOW explained to them that in his time the room was snug, cosy, and comfortable, and only one quarter of its present size. That then there were neither carpet nor tavern-like mirrors. “True,” said MR. BARLOW, “that all that was objectionable in the entertainment of former days has long ere this disappeared, and now I see there is a gallery where the “opposite sex,” in very private boxes, can, like fairy sprites, sit invisible, and listen to mortal melody. In the old time,” continued MR. BARLOW, “you were welcomed by the Proprietor as a personal friend, who would call JOHN to get the hot chop or kidneys for you at

once, and give the order himself, returning to see if you were comfortably served. Then the waiters flew, and to command was to have. Now, TOMMY, observe I have spoken to these waiters, and have ordered my supper more than twenty minutes since, and it has not appeared. See MR. GREEN himself" (the veteran here came up, and having affectionately greeted his dear boys, MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON, wandered away to another part of the room), "he is no longer Proprietor; he is only nominally in authority, his occupation is, in effect, gone; he is the only connecting link between the past and present EVANS's, 'retained,' to quote his own immortal line about the lamented VON JOEL, 'on the establishment, in consequence of his long services.'"

So affected were both HARRY and TOMMY by MR. BARLOW's discourse that they begged to be allowed to quit a place which only aroused so much sadness in the breast of their beloved preceptor. As they were leaving, MR. BARLOW paid a shilling for some refreshment which he had taken, whereupon the waiter begged to be remembered, which MR. BARLOW, being blessed with a good memory, willingly consented to do. But the waiter candidly explaining that he was expecting a trifle for his trouble, MR. BARLOW could not refrain from expostulating with the honest fellow on the absurdity of such a system, and informed the boys, that, in the old and palmy days of EVANS's there was no charge for admission, and the attention bestowed on visitors being admirable, it was a pleasure to bestow some gratuity upon the attendants, which was always received by the money collector at the door with a grateful "I thank you, Sir. Good night, Sir."

While MR. BARLOW was thus addressing MASTERS HARRY and TOMMY, the waiter was summoned to a distant quarter of the room, whereupon they ascended the steps, and found themselves in the Piazza of Covent Garden.

"Farewell, EVANS's!" said MR. BARLOW, sadly; "I know not that I shall darken thy doors again!"

"What you were saying, Sir," observed HARRY on their reaching their lodgings, "reminds me of the story of *Tigranes and the Amphibious Black*."

Mr. Barlow. I do not think TOMMY MERTON has heard it.

Harry. Well, you must know, MASTER TOMMY—

But TOMMY had gone straight up-stairs to bed. MR. BARLOW, who knew the story by heart, having, indeed, himself told it to MASTER HARRY, then took his candle, and wishing HARRY a very good night, retired.

VIE ANTIQUE.

It is pleasant to make honourable mention, in Mr. PUNCH's columns, of anything bearing the name of JERROLD. The latest appearance of this name is in conjunction with that of GUSTAVE DORÉ—a household word. Two artists have been making a pilgrimage through London together, and each, with his own implement, is recording his experiences, the result to be a beautiful book, whereof an inviting specimen has appeared. Mr. PUNCH is glad to welcome a new memorial of Augusta Trinobantum, especially as that city is being so rapidly "improved," especially in the parts most likely to attract the eye of M. DORÉ, that it will soon be all as colourless as a Boulevard or Regent Street. If MR. JERROLD will show M. DORÉ anything that shall call out the power lavished on the houses in the pictures to a certain book of *Contes*, the two will do the good deed of apprising posterity that London was the production of architects, and not of excessively respectable contractors for building purposes.

Royal Clemency.

We have heard, with gratification, that the remainder of the sentence on JOHN FOYTZ SPENCER, who was sent to Ireland in 1868, and who has since been immured in Dublin Castle, is likely to be remitted. His admirable conduct during his exile has endeared him to all, and his return will be warmly welcomed. It will be felt that he has amply expiated the political offence of being a Whig Head-Centre, and we trust that an honourable future is in store for him.

SANITARY SERMONS.



MOST of our contemporaries have lately improved an alarming occasion with many monitory observations on typhoid fever. The whole of these, however, reducible into a few words, may be pretty well summed up in the caution, — Look to your drains. In addition, Dr. PUNCH begs to offer a piece of advice gratis to all persons in possession of his universal remedy, price 3d., 4d. stamped, to counterfeit which is piracy. Look to yourselves.

Pestiferous as is the atmosphere of sewers, not only do rats live, but labourers work in it, the former wholly, the latter for most part with impunity. The rodents get acclimatised, unless it be that instinct impels them to take some sort of vegetable or other preventive of zymotic and mephitic diseases. As for the working-men, they smoke pipes of tobacco almost to a man, and as generally prescribe fur and administer to themselves

alcohol in some one or other of its forms, commonly that of something short, which, if asked to give it a name, we will call gin, or euphemistically, Old Tom, not to say, dyslogistically, blue ruin, for the useless sake of pleasing the United Kingdom Alliance; those conspirators against the potatory liberty of the subject who hate us youth, and specially abhor PUNCH. The gin-drinking, prevalent among the population of the slums, comes of a sense which is medicinal, and the medicine would, in effect, be altogether salutary but for the tendency of people to take it in over-doses.

Everybody knows how continually medical men are exposed to all manner of contagion, and how very seldom they catch any disease. They, it is true, are not in the habit of asking particularly for gin on coming out of a sick-room: but they are accustomed to take, or do, whatever may be requisite to maintain the bodily conditions which resist or expel poisonous or morbid effluvia.

Look to your drains, by all means; but look also to the natural gates and alleys of the body—keep them clear, and permeable, and pervious. By what means? Therein the patient may minister to himself if he can, or else should inquire of his doctor, who will let him know. There is, however, a popular panacea which he will find invariably efficacious. The prophylactic as well as therapeutic virtues of PUNCH, of PUNCH's Pocket-Book, and PUNCH's Almanack, are so universally known and so deservedly celebrated that any recommendation beyond the merest reference to those powerful tonic, stimulant, and antiseptic publications would be superfluous puffery. How much caution soever the Faculty may recommend in prescribing alcohol in whatsoever form, they are of unanimous opinion that nobody need hesitate to give or take any quantity of PUNCH.

FAIR PLAY FOR LOOSHAI.

THERE is one thing worth note in the manners (or want of manners) of our present enemies the Looshai folk. The *Standard* says that they delight "in transposition of the component parts of the names of places and chiefs. Thus, SOOK-PI-LAL is often converted into LAL-PI-SOOK. A similar practice frequently prevails in British India; the lower class of natives constantly substituting Nucklow for Lucknow." Call these people savages! Why, they are as witty as most members of the Stock Exchange. What higher flight can the latter generally attain than the feat of calling "ROBINSON AND THOMSON" "TOBINSON AND ROMSON," or saying that JONES lives at "Wampton Hick?" We hope that these Orientals will be treated with as much consideration as may be. They are none so uncivilised, as times go. Perhaps they like burlesques.

Parallels for the People.

A BRIGHT idea is that of establishing "Public-houses without Drink." Would it not be improved upon by the institution of Restaurants without Meat?



VIVIFYING TREATMENT OF A PARTNER.

(A Tragedy of the last Harrogate Season.)

Young Lady (to Partner, instantly on their taking their Places). "Now—I'VE BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ABBEY, AND TO BOLTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, AND THE DROPPING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, AND WE HAD A MORNING IN YORK MINSTER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHALYBEATE WATERS, AND I AM VERY GLAD THE CAVALRY ARE COMING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION." [Utter Collapse of Partner.

"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

"Come aboard, Sir!" to the Captain
Says JOHN BRIGHT, A.B.,
As he touches his tarpaulin,
Smart and sailorly.
And the watch look pleased as Punches,
Officers and men,
For A.B.'s like JOHN are always
Welcome back again!

Over deck, and spars, and rigging
JOHN he slues his eye;
Gives a seaman's squint to leeward,
Scanning sea and sky;
At the binnacle he glances,
Notes the course she steers;
Nought on board or in the offing,
Scapes his eyes and ears.

For the ship has seen hard weather,
And some people say;
CAPTAIN GLADSTONE ain't the man he
Was the other day:
And if you believe the croakers,
Officers and crew,
Don't pull with a will together,
As they used to do.

Certain 'tis, since JOHN BRIGHT left her,
His sick leave to take,
The old craft, in last year's cruising,
Had an ugly shake.

Made poor day's-works, too much lee-way;
Badly fouled her screw:
Scraped her copper, if she didn't
Start a plate or two.

Certain 'tis, with crew and captain,
Officers also,
Things don't go on quite as pleasant
As they used to go.
There's been some high-handed doings,
Some quite the reverse;
Some's took sick, and some's took sulky;
Some took soft, or worse.

There's sea-lawyers—donkey-engines
Can't their slack haul in;
You may stop their grog, you'll never
Stop the yarns they spin:
There's your discontented beggars,
Nothing e'er can please;
There's your pennywise 'uns, nibbling
At the dips and cheese.

There's your mutineers, for mischief
Ripe 'gainst flag and Crown;
Never pleased unless they're turning
'Tween-decks upside down.
There's your Queen's bad bargains, shirking
Work, whoever strain:
Trimmers Cox's traverse working—
"There and back again."

Green-hands, as can't fudge a reckoning,
Of a watch in charge;



“OFF GREENWICH.”

JOHN BRIGHT. “COME ABOARD, SIR!”

CAPTAIN GLADSTONE. “GLAD TO SEE YOU, JOHN. GLAD YOU’RE A.B. AGAIN. IF IT COMES ON TO BLOW, WE MAY WANT YOUR ASSISTANCE.”



“OUR ORGANIZATION”

The American Medical Association is a national organization of physicians and surgeons, organized for the purpose of promoting the science and art of medicine, and of improving the medical education of the people. It was organized in 1847, and has since that time been engaged in a constant effort to advance the interests of the medical profession, and to secure the highest quality of medical education and practice. The Association is composed of over 50,000 members, and is one of the most powerful organizations in the United States. It has a long and distinguished history, and has played a prominent part in the development of the medical profession in this country. Its efforts have been directed towards the improvement of medical education, the advancement of medical science, and the promotion of the health of the people. The Association is a body of men and women who are dedicated to the service of the medical profession, and to the betterment of the human race. Its work is a noble and important one, and it is the hope of all who are interested in the progress of medicine that it will continue to be a source of strength and inspiration to the medical profession for many years to come.

Looking after the *Britannia*,
And can't steer a barge!
For the Captain has his fancies—
When he's picked a man
For a job, who'er can't do it,
He's the chap as can.

Anyway the ship's the better
By a good A.B.,
Now JOHN BRIGHT is all a-taunto,
And come back to sea.
Be't to talk to the blue-jackets
Like a 'cute old salt;
Con the ship, or call the soundings,
Hide or slang a fault—

On the yardarm, big guns blowing,
Weather ear-ring take;
With bright yarns, to keep the watoches
Spry and wide-awake;
So as to give cyclones the go-by,
Safest course to steer;
Canvas when to spread, when shorten,
With a lee-shore near—

No A.B. in the *Britannia*
Better knows than JOHN:
Which let's hope that CAPTAIN G. will
Take his advice thereon.
Well we know that now JOHN's buckled
To his work again,
'Twill for officers be better,
And for ship and men!

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR BEAUTY.

A NOVEL kind of Christmas Box is suggested by a legend which *Mr. Punch* lately beheld in the window of a hair-dresser's shop—"Presents for Christmas." It was posted in the midst of a variety of Chignons. A box containing a quantity of false hair is the Christmas-Box thereby presented to the imagination of the passer-by. But who would offer it to a young lady? Such a present is equivalent to the gift of a wig. It is a Christmas-Box or a New Year's Gift of a class in which may be included several other articles of a similar description, but more useful, and much more ornamental. For instance, you might give a friend in need, personal and pecuniary, a Christmas-Box in the shape of a set of artificial teeth, or the "Guinea Jaw" of our friend the Dentist, or a glass eye, or a gutta-serena nose, or a wooden leg.

Some of the "Presents for Christmas" above referred to were Chignons which looked like horses' tails. Others of the Chignons for Christmas-Boxes exhibited a remarkable resemblance to the tail of a comet, from which eccentric luminary the idea of those prodigious top-knots may possibly have been borrowed. Astronomy, along with Geography and the Use of the Globes, has long formed a branch of female education. An intelligent girl, fresh from boarding-school, if requested to describe the *Coma Berenices* might, or might not inform her questioner that it was a celestial Chignon.

"Our Wig!"

AMONG the names of possible candidates for the Speakership was that of MR. SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Member for Bedford. He would be an excellent Speaker, but, as matter of humanity, *Punch* must have opposed this selection. Imagine a triumph of the Anti-Liquor League, imagine the success of a Bill for putting down Porter, and imagine a grandson of WHITBREAD having to say "That this Bill do pass!"

MY HEALTH.



OME we return from otter-hunting. Tired, but expecting a "Nicht wi" Ruddock." He is to be at dinner, and a few very intimates are coming in the evening. The few "very intimates" have no distance to drive—merely a matter of eight miles or so.

From my window I hear carriages drawing up exactly at two minutes to seven o'clock. Punctuality in Cornwall is the soul of pleasure.

Odd: at the last moment I can't find either a collar or a white tie! "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious hold!" Rummage in the drawers, in the portmanteau. Staggered. Where can't be—the collar, I mean. Rummage again. Getting hot and excited. Ought always to come down to dinner calm, cool, and collected. I shall be the only one late, and I hadn't to come twelve miles to

dinner. No excuse except the real one,—"Couldn't find my collars, or a tie." Only one thing for it. Ring the bell, and ask servant.

"O yes, Sir! We were changing the drawers from this room to Master's. I desay, Sir, they're in there." They are. Rapture!

Flash.—Stirring subject for operatic and descriptive music—A Gentleman's Toilet in Difficulties.

Next Difficulty.—Drop a stud suddenly. Hear it fall close by my foot. In fact, I feel, from some peculiar sensation in my foot, that it is here, on the floor, close to me. No. Hunt for it. Can't see it anywhere. [Mem.—Never travel without duplicate studs. Won't, another time.] Still stooping: feeling about the carpet. Hands getting dirty again, hair coming unbrushed, face growing warm and red.

Flash.—The stud being, as it were, an exorcismence on the carpet, can be perceived by lying on the floor, (like an Indian listening to hear if anybody's coming,) and directing your eye in a right line. After this, [clothes-brush required. Stud found at last exactly where I thought it had been at first.

Another Difficulty.—Time getting on. 7'10. PENDELL by this time anxious below. Every one arrived. I picture to myself RUDDOCK in the drawing-room, filling up the *mauvais quart d'heure* by satirical reflections on the dandy (me) who hadn't time enough to beautify himself for dinner.

I should be down now, if it wasn't for the button on my collar-band. I feel that it's all over with it, if not touched gently. Once off, and worry will be my portion for the remainder of the evening. And I know what is the result of attempting to pin it.

Note.—"Curses not loud, but deep." Quotation adapted to circumstances.

Last Difficulty, I hope.—After treating the button with suppressed emotion, dash at the white tie. I find myself asking myself, "Why the washerwoman will fold it all wrong, and starch it so that the slightest crinkle shows?" I have no answer. Of course at any other moment I could tie it at once, and have done with it; but now first one end's too long, then the other end's too short; then, on the third trial, the middle part somehow gets hopelessly tucked into itself, and I am pulling at it, by mistake, for one of the ends. At last I get it something like all right, but not everything that could be desired. Waistcoat. Coat. Handkerchief! Where's handkerchief? Where is—... ha! Down-stairs.

Everybody waiting, evidently. Apology. "Ah!" says PENDELL, "um—ah—now you've come, we'll—um—" and rings the bell.

I recognise some of our companions out otter-hunting to-day. Galaxy, too, of Cornish beauty, which means the darkest, brightest eyes and the clearest, freshest complexions. Not being introduced, I look about for Old RUDDOCK. There is an elderly gentleman sitting at a table looking over a photograph book. This is the nearest approach to Old RUDDOCK that I can see. Dinner announced. I take in Miss BOND, of Pophlanack, and follow the TRELLISSACS, the TREGONIES of Tregivel, and MAJOR PENOLVER, with Mrs. SOMEBODY of Somewhere. Whom RUDDOCK takes, I don't know.

A Discovery.—I am seated next to Old RUDDOCK of Ruddock, at dinner. PENDELL introduces us. A hale, hearty, elderly gentleman, with, if any expression at all, rather a sleepy one, as if a very little over-feeding would send him into a doze.

Now then for a "Nicht wi" RUDDOCK!"



AMBITION.

Mr. Tittups (suggesting impossible Bank to full-sized Nimrod). "DON'T YOU THINK WE COULD HAVE IT HERE, SIR!"

POETRY OF FACT.

At the festive season of the year particularly, people commonly complain that the newspapers are dull. Unless in exceptional years, nothing happens of which the narration is in anywise interesting, and the dearth of news is generally so extreme that journalists are actually driven to fill their columns with theological controversies.

The dryness of grammatical details has been surmounted by the device of putting them into metre, as in the *As in Presenti* and the *Propria quæ Maribus* of the Eton Latin Grammar. Might not the contents of the Journals, in like sort, be rendered somewhat less prosy than they sometimes are by being versified? The telegrams would, perhaps, be peculiarly susceptible of this treatment, whereunto they seem to lend themselves in virtue of their characteristic conciseness, which it would enhance. The electric wire on New Year's Day transmitted a certain message from Rome. Here it is in the form of blank verse:—

The King to-day received the Ministers.
The Deputations Parliamentary,
The State's great Officers, the military
And the municipal authorities,
And other delegates. His MAJESTY
Thanks for congratulations did return
To those who tendered them, occasionally,
Upon the New Year's Day; and he expressed
His hope that, 'twixt the representative
Great bodies of the People and the State,
The concord, which the national unity
Doth to complete essentially conduce,
Would ever be maintained.

The Court Circular could be rendered in heroic rhymes. As thus:—

The QUEEN walked in the Castle Grounds this morn;
The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LOUISE, of Lorne
The Princess, and the Marquis with his bride,
For Town left Windsor after this noon-tide.
PRINCE ARTHUR, by SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE
Attended, went to Dover, too, anon.

Right Honourable GLADSTONE here has been
To-day, and had an audience of the QUEEN,
The Premier, after that, remained to lunch,
The dinner-party included *Mr. Punch*.

Other intelligence, miscellaneous or special, could be couched in lyrical measures. Take a specimen of a money article:—

The English funds, this blessed day,
Have no fresh movement known,
Save of one-eighth a rise had they,
Which could not hold its own.

Consols so little looked alive,
As quoted but to be
At ninety-two one half, to five-
Eighths, for delivery.

Excitement did the day throughout
The Railway Market thrill;
Shares have been briskly pushed about,
And prices risen still.

A hundred thousand pounds in gold
Came, at the Bank, to hand,
And much for discount there, behold!
Increased was the demand.

Police reports also could be embodied in song, as, for example:—

At Worship Street came PETER FAKE, a young thief,
Charged with stealing a watch, unto summary grief.
For three months, with hard labour, committed was he,
And well whipped, in addition, was ordered to be.

The prisoner, on hearing his sentence, no doubt
More than he had expected, burst instantly out
In a howl, of a sort which description would mock;
In the midst of it he was removed from the dock.

And so on. The suggestion above exemplified will perhaps be

adopted by some enterprising journalist, prepared to afford the necessary remuneration to competent poets. In the event of another war, the communications of Our Special Correspondent might fall naturally into the form of an Epic, shaped and determined by the course of circumstances. The title of a journal composed in verse might be, for want of a better, *The Poetical News*.

THE SPEAKER.

THE announcement that the present SPEAKER of the House of Commons is about to take his well-earned pension and Peersage, and that the election of a successor will be one of the first Acts of Parliament when it meets in February, has occasioned much writing in newspapers and conversation in the social circle, in competition with the Temple of Justice, Clubs for Working-Men, the State of the Streets, and the "insobriety" which accompanies the festive season.

As some misconception appears to prevail regarding the SPEAKER's exalted office, especially amongst the young and gay, and in rural districts, *Mr. Punch*, the best "Popular Educator" has (with the valuable assistance of SIR ERNEST MAY) compiled a few notes on the subject, which in his leisure moments he hopes to be able to expand into a voluminous treatise, worthy to take its place by the side of *Enfield's Speaker*, or anybody else's.

The office of Speaker is as old as the Saxon Wittenagemot, but the mace now borne by the Serjeant-at-Arms is not the one which CROMWELL impetuously called a "bauble." That interesting relic of a bye-gone age is said to be in a private collection in the United States.

The SPEAKER is in the Chair whenever the House is not in Committee. If it be asked, when is the House in Committee, the answer is simple—whenever the SPEAKER is not in the Chair.

The young and the gay and the country population have been led astray by the SPEAKER's misleading title*—the fact being that the SPEAKER does not speak, except on very rare occasions.

The SPEAKER hears all the speeches which are made during the time he is in the Chair, for he must never sleep while on duty; but as most of those who have filled the office have lived on, Session after Session, we may hope that they did not consider themselves bound always to listen. Even, however, with this relaxation, the poor composition, the defective grammar, the arid statistics, the threadbare quotations, the hesitations, the repetitions, the bad delivery, the awkward action, the wrong emphasis, MR. DENISON must have heard and seen through fifteen long years, cannot but have caused him untold suffering. It seems almost incredible that there should be any competition for the horrors of such a post.

The SPEAKER has a salary, a secretary, a chaplain, a counsel, a residence, and an allowance for keeping the Mace in order. When he retires, he has a peerage and a pension, and is allowed to take his Wig and Gown and Chair away with him.

The SPEAKER, although not one of the commoner sort, is the first Commoner in the land.

The SPEAKER is entitled to many privileges. He can show friends (not exceeding four at a time) over both Houses of Parliament without an order from the Lord Chamberlain; he can take books out of the Library on leaving a small deposit; he can call a wherry and go on the river whenever he pleases; every tenth cygnet born between Lambeth and London Bridge is his by prescriptive right; and he is at liberty to charge the Consolidated Fund with the cost of any refreshment he may require during official hours, and with all cab-fares to and from the House.

The most terrible exercise of the Speaker's authority is when he "names" a Member. The miserable man is committed to the Tower for life, and allowed no book to read but *Hansard*; his estates are forfeited to the Crown, and once a year, on the day when he committed the offence for which he was "named," he is taken by the Constable of the Tower in a tumble to Westminster, to beg pardon of the SPEAKER and the House on his knees.

* *Lucas a non lucendo.*—*Sil. Ital. de Arbor.*, xv., 1019.



IN VINO MEMORIA.

Major Portoken (a pretty constant Guest). "I SAW, BUCHANAN, THIS INN'T—(another sip)—THE SAME CHAMPAGNE—!"

Scotch Butler. "NA, THAT'S A' DUKK! THERE WAS THRUTTY DIESEN; AND YE'VE HAD YERE SHARE O'T, MAJOR!!!"

The SPEAKER may be either a bachelor, a married man, or a widower, but he must be one of the three.

If a new Member shows any eccentricity in his dress, manners, speech, or general deportment, the SPEAKER asks him to tea, and quietly points out to him the impropriety of which he has been guilty.

At 2 A.M., at a moment's notice, without any opportunity of consulting authorities, the SPEAKER may be called upon to state what was the practice of the House in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, or to remember a precedent established during the time SIR THOMAS MORE filled the office, or to enforce a Standing Order coeval with the Long Parliament.

BRAVO! BUMBLE.

"At a meeting of the Bury Town Council this week, it was stated that an address was about to be presented to Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE of Hesse, by way of a public appreciation of her exertions on behalf of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES. It was also stated that it was proposed to present a cabinet, containing the photographic likenesses of those signing the address—Sheriffs and other officers in their respective uniforms, and Mayors of boroughs in their robes."

A MORE interesting gallery of portraits it would be difficult to imagine, especially, if, as the encouraging words, "and other officers" incline us to hope may be the case, the macebearers, beadles, and town-criers, with possibly a selection from the police, are included in the cabinet. Perhaps it would not be advisable to admit Sheriffs' officers. A fac-simile autograph underneath each photograph, with the addition of the writer's usual formula of subscription—"Yours truly," "Ever faithfully yours," &c.—would materially enhance the value of the present. Everyone, who can appreciate good taste, in combination with retiring modesty, must be struck with this, the latest outburst of corporate zeal; and the impression such a delicate attention as the offering of a cabinet containing the likenesses of some of the most remarkable characters of their time, will produce upon foreign nations, already full of admiration of our loyalty and envying us our Mayors, cannot fail to be most gratifying to the nation's vanity.



MORE OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP OF PANTOMIME.

Policeman. "I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED A QUIET PERFORMANCE; BUT TO BEGIN INSULTIN' THE LAWR UNDER MY VERY EYES!—
(Waving wrath)—MOVE ON! OR BLOW'D IF I DON'T RUN YER IN!"

SURPRISING A CASTLE.

THE least ancient and least interesting part of Warwick Castle has been burned. Subscriptions are tendered in aid of a restoration. Question is raised whether LORD WARWICK should accept these, lest the public should consider that by subscribing it acquires a certain right in the Castle, and that the Earl's legend will have a second meaning, when affixed over the new buildings: *Vix ea nostra voco*. The suggestion is unworthy and sordid. Mr. Punch would like to see a vote of the Commons in aid of the subscription for conserving about the noblest relic left to us. He would be glad to say to the Earl, in LORD WARWICK's own words in the Temple Garden, after a certain rose-plucking,

**"This blot that they object against your House
Shall be wiped off in the next Parliament."**

The cool idea that giving a nobleman help to rebuild entitles one to walk into his property, is concentrated cheekiness; and if castles are capable of astonishment, *Mr. Punch* would again quote W. S. to the Earl, and say, "Your Castle is surprised."

Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!

We have all been taught to tread the path of duty, but some of us seem to have forgotten the lesson. May we entreat Commissioners, Boards, Corporations, Vestries, Parochial Authorities, indeed, any responsible and rate-levying body which has got into bad ways, to do their duty to our path; and if not this winter, perhaps the next—or, not to be too exorbitant, the next after that—to keep the pavements and the roadways passably clean? It would be a satisfaction to those of us who have reached middle age to think that we may yet live to see the streets of London, and other wealthy towns and cities, rather less lutulent than country lanes and rural roads. When will the scavenger be abroad?

THE SICK MAN IN THE VATICAN.

"It is stated that VICTOR EMMANUEL sent GENERAL PRALORNO to the Vatican on New Year's Day to wish the POPE the compliments of the season on behalf of His Majesty. On arriving there, he was informed by CARDINAL ANTONELLI that the Holy Father was indisposed, and could not, therefore, receive him personally. The Cardinal undertook to deliver the compliments of the King, and the General left. A few hours after, the POPE was completely recovered, and held his usual receptions."

THE faithful should congratulate the Pope upon his rapid, almost miraculous recovery. From the moment the wicked King's emissary was out of the precincts of the Vatican, the symptoms became more favourable, and the Court physicians were released from their attendance. We notice, only to dismiss it with scorn, an impression which appears to exist that the Holy Father was "indisposed," in the primary sense of the word, as worldly sovereigns have been before now; for it is not for an instant to be supposed that a Cardinal would put forth, and a Pope sanction, any excuse which was not in accordance with the strictest truth.

Theological News.

HIS GRACE the DUKE OF SOMERSET, some time First Lord of the Admiralty, has come out as a writer on theology. Needless to say that he is not ceremonious in his treatment of eminent persons. He is by no means complimentary to the Apostles. His teaching may be condensed into his own motto, *Fa pour Devoir*, translated subtly. In these days everybody seems ready to instruct us in religion—except the Bishops.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MOTTO FOR A BOTTLE OF POTHEEN.—"Oireland! with all thy faults I love thy still."



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Fond Parent. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."

Mr. Stimpson. "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

WE do not covet the post of Prime Minister, nor yet that of Lord Chancellor, especially if, when Parliament re-assembles, a recent judicial appointment should be sharply discussed. We can think of the choice of a new Speaker without discontent with our own lowly lot, and at the present time envy of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is not the predominant feeling in our breasts. But of all places, posts, offices, appointments, and dignities within the reach of an Englishman, the one which excites in us the least desire is that of "Examiner of Plays."

Who, with a heart, can resist feelings of the deepest commiseration, the most profound pity for the sufferings of another, when he hears that in twelve short years it has been the unhappy lot of the present Examiner to read one thousand eight hundred dramatic pieces—one thousand eight hundred tragedies, comedies, melodramas, farces, pantomimes, burlesques, and extravaganzas? There are labours which no salary can remunerate, services which no fees can requite.

A DISTINGUISHED "FRIEND."

"In consideration of a costly present which MR. JOSEPH PRASE, of South-end, Darlington, has made to the Spanish nation, the young King of that country has conferred upon him the Grand Cross of a Spanish order, and MR. PRASE, who is a Quaker, has agreed to accept the distinction."—*Echo.*

A QUAKER A Grand Cross! We should as soon have expected to be introduced to a Quaker Field Marshal. Henceforth the sensation of surprise must be numbered amongst the lost feelings. Nothing now can move us more. Not the sun rising in the west, not the spectacle of an Irish Roman Catholic Bishop teaching in a Protestant Sunday school, not a Teetotal Lord Mayor, not the appointment of Mr. TOMLINE as Master of the Mint, or SIR CHARLES DILKE as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, not the total abolition of the Income Tax, not the conversion of MR. WHALLEY and MR. NEWDEGATE to Popery, not the purification of the streets,—no, not even the bestowal of the Grand Cross of our own Order of the Bath on some Englishman eminent in Art, Literature, or Science!

HOME-RULE.

Has REPEAL, that in 'Forty was folly,
Grown sense in Eighteen-seventy-two?
Will the walls that defied Big DAN's volley,
Be by BUTT's brass two-pounder split through?

Has PADDY, that still has craved ruling
And rulers, in wrong as in right,
Of a sudden out-grown schools and schooling,
And shot to Self-Government's height?

And was it but bottomless boasting,
With a point from Hibernian wit,—
That there ne'er yet was Irishman roasting,
But an Irishman's hand turned the spit?

Is it JOHN that across the Atlantic
Stamps PAT Order's foe ever known;
And declares him a nuisance gigantic,
Till Yankee Home-Rule ousts his own?

Must hist'ry, as writ all untruly,
Like Hebrew, be read in reverse,
That, since STRONG-BOW, shows Ireland unruly,
With lawlessness cursed as chief curse?

When the best of the race for home-ruling
Are those that Home-Rule most distrust;
As convinced that to trust Irish "tooling,"
Will bring Erin's car in the dust.

Home-Rule! 'Tis a compound sonorous,
Fine phrase on a green flag to fly;
But take stock of the stuff that's before us—
And who shall the Home-Rule supply?

Is 't your own Irish Lords, Irish Commons,
Who adorned College Green long ago?
But to London would rather hear summons,
Than in Dublin be tied by the toe:

For the Greenest of all, the best brother
Of PAT in JOHN BULL can discern;
And to cool English air from the smother
Of your factions, is thankful to turn.

Is 't the Lawyers, who look for preferment,
Praise, pence, and distinction, o'er sea;
And when they have ris'n by your ferment,
Will be glad your close corking to see?

Is 't your National Papers—press-razors,
Produced not to shave, but to sell—
Whose scribes might seem genuine blazers,
Did not conjurors spit fire as well?

Is 't your Priests, with the gag and the blinders,
Which Church would fain use to tame Law:
Their pincers, for law-reason's grinders,
Their scissors, for lay-reason's claw?

Is 't your Peasants, in feuds and in factions
Stark mad, for a nothing or name:
In their lodges, at murder's black pactions,
Or from a dyke-back taking aim?

In short, gauging all ranks and classes—
Those who are, or will be, by the ears—
The units, as well as the masses,
Lawyers, traders, priests, press, peasants, peers—

All ages, from seventy to twenty,
All shades, from deep knave to born fool—
I find means of "Home Mis-rule" in plenty,
But where are the means of "Home Rule"?

A Coming Retirement.

THE *Speaker's Commentary* is already favourably known. We anticipate a very favourable commentary on the *SPEAKER*, when Parliament re-assembles.

"DONNE'S SATIRES."—Pantomimes without political jokes.

OUR POCKET-BOOK AGAIN.



RALLY, greatness has its multifold inconvenience. *Faust* wished that his name were not so terrible to the enemy, as he should then be less urgently called upon to go and fight. *Mr. Punch* wishes that his works were not so universally attractive, as he should not then have to answer so many questions about them. He has actually had to receive a Deputation upon the subject of his splendid and unparalleled Pocket-Book for 1872. It appears that certain improvements which he introduced into the volume have given the most enormous and outrageous satisfaction to the majority of mankind, and that the demand for the book has been excessive—almost inconvenient. But a minority of excellent persons, who hate all kinds of changes, have complained that by taking out certain blank pages, he has prevented the complainants from embalming their own observations by the side of his preternatural wit and humour. As aforesaid, a Deputation on the subject approached the presence last Saturday. *Mr. Punch*, of course, listened with his usual affability. The strong points of the applicants were, that they had been accustomed for years to write their own biographies and engagements in the sacred volume, and that the record of their lives thus became nearly imperishable, as no one in his right senses would ever destroy a *Punch's Pocket-Book*. They therefore humbly begged him to restore the old form.

Mr. Punch smiled, and gently said that of course he must be the best judge of what his friend the Universe required at his hands, and this proposition was conceded with respectful acclamation. He might just suggest that his Pocket-Book, although a precious jewel, was not a thing to be locked up in a cabinet, but one to be the light and joy of a household for a year, but it might not be so evident that personal entries, as "*Charles very cross*," "*Sweet letter from Arabella*," "*Bless Smithson's mistletoe*," "*I hate Aunt Popkins*," "*Said I had not dined at Greenwich*," "*Ridiculous sermon by new curate*," and the like, were equally adapted for the perusal of the said household. Such things might be confided to a humbler receptacle. But the pleas being renewed, without reference to the answer (we need hardly remark that most of his visitors were of the sex "that can't argue, and pokes fires from the top," as good ARCHBISHOP WHATELY said) *Mr. Punch* blandly promised that the views of the deputation should receive the utmost consideration at his hands. And when he had thus spoken he dismissed the assembly—or rather conducted it to a sumptuous, yet delicate lunch.

Duties and Imposts.

Important Notice to Travellers.—Any person arriving from the Continent is permitted to clear his throat at the Custom House free of all duty.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

THE next evening TOMMY was dressed in an unusual style of elegance: every article of his attire was of the most exquisite cut; every species of ornament that fashion permitted to decorate his person was his; not a stud was omitted, nor was one drop, less than necessary, of india-rubber-boot-polish forgotten that could tend to render his toilet perfect. And, indeed, neither MR. BARLOW nor HARRY were far behind him in appearance on this memorable occasion, which was nothing less than that of their first visit to the ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, in the City Road.

Here, from their stalls (which were remarkably inexpensive, being, indeed, only one shilling and sixpence each) they surveyed the wonderful sight which presented itself to them, of a house densely packed from the floor to the ceiling.

The Pantomime was the only piece played, and was entitled *Zig-Zag, the Crooked*. When MR. GEORGE CONQUEST, who represented *Zig-Zag* himself, first appeared, as if hewn out of the rock, insinuate as the Sphinx, a thrill of astonishment ran through the audience, which gradually showed itself in vehement applause when *Zig-Zag's* fearful eyes began to move, as at the command of the Young Prince, the monster became endued with life and descended from the rock.

Tommy. I declare this is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. *Harry*. Indeed, you are right, and I could not have conceived anyone being at once so hideous and so diverting.

Presently there was a brilliant scene, in which there were some admirable selections from the works of various composers, principally French, executed in a manner so creditable to the performers, as to call forth from MR. BARLOW the remark that he had heard nothing better of its kind in any Theatre this year. When MR. CONQUEST and his Son leaped several times from the stage to the top scenes ("which" MR. BARLOW informed his pupils "are termed flies"), and tumbled through trap-doors, coming up again so quickly, and in so great a variety of places all over the "boards," that the audience was in a state of constant excitement as to what next might be going to happen; and when finally *Zig-Zag* took such a header, as HARRY had seen the big boys at school do, when they were going to dive for chalk eggs, from the flies right through the stage, and was lost to all eyes, then the enthusiastic admiration of MR. BARLOW and his young friends knew no bounds, and they evinced their pleasure, as did the rest of the company, in such rounds of applause as brought on MR. CONQUEST and his Son, without their wigs and false noses, to bow their acknowledgments.

The following night they went to the Gaiety to witness the performance of MR. TOOLE in *Dearer than Life*, which MR. BARLOW had seen before, and in *Thespis*, the Christmas novelty at this theatre.

Tommy. If you please, Sir, what sort of piece is this?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, my dear TOMMY, I cannot exactly tell. And it is nearly impossible for an ordinarily well-instructed person to comprehend the precise meaning of any one subject on which those who should know best are apparently disagreed, and who, in consequence, signally fail in rendering their own meaning intelligible in the public.

Harry. That is true, Sir, and I perceive that you have noticed how, at various times, this same piece has been announced as a "Musical Extravaganza," an "Operatic Burlesque," a "Grotesque Drama," illustrated with music by MR. SULLIVAN, a "Comic Opera," and lately an English *Opéra Bouffe*. As perhaps next week it may be styled a *Tragicomicopera*, or some other title, I would like, Sir, to join TOMMY in his question as to what you suppose this piece really to be?

Mr. Barlow. Why, then, for my part, I suppose it is intended for a specimen of English *Opéra bouffe*.

Harry. And what, Sir, is *Opéra bouffe*?

Mr. Barlow. It is a French burlesque—a vehicle for extravagances in costume, in acting, and in singing. It is in one, two, three, or even five Acts, and differs from the English burlesque in that it is written in prose, and depends mainly for its success upon the original music written for it by some composer, instead of on selections from various popular sources. In this piece, for example, the dialogue is prosy—I mean in prose—and the music has been written to suit it. I think we may, therefore, suppose this piece to be an English *Opéra bouffe*.

Tommy (during the First Act). I do not understand what characters these worthy people represent who are trying their best to divert us.

MR. BARLOW, who had been giving the play his closest attention, seemed to be unable to enlighten his pupil, and requested him to listen to what was going on, and occasionally refer to the programme, by which means he would probably arrive at some definite conclusion.

Harry. Truly, Sir, this piece reminds me of what you told me

about NEWTON'S *Laws of Motion*, and I look forward to being very happy and lively to-morrow morning.

Mr. Barlow. I am glad to hear it, HARRY. But how do you connect such a result with the *Laws of Motion*?

Harry. Because, Sir, you told me that "Forces acting and reacting are always equal and contrary to each other." So, Sir, after this night is over, we may fairly expect a most exhilarating reaction.

TOMMY was so much struck by this fresh instance of HARRY'S capacity for adapting his learning to whatever circumstances might present themselves, that he determined to learn the science of mechanics on the very first opportunity.

The audience continued to listen to the piece with a serenity which nothing could disturb, except the occasional appearance of Mr. TOOLE, who gave utterance to such quaint drolleries, of his own introduction, as sent the people into short spasms of laughter, in which MASTER TOMMY most heartily joined, while Mr. BARLOW applauded as loudly as the rest of the company. But HARRY, whose temper was not quite so pliable, could not conceal the weariness that was gradually creeping over him. He yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain. He managed to rouse himself twice; once when Mr. TOOLE was singing an additional verse to his song (where, indeed, the accompaniment, consisting of railway noises, would not let him sleep), and once when MADAMEISSELLE CLARY was exercising her skill in a rather pretty melody. But at length the narcotic influence of the dialogue, conspiring with the opiate charms of the music, he could resist no longer, but insensibly fell back upon his stall, fast asleep. This was soon remarked by his neighbours, who straightway conceived an unfavourable opinion of HARRY'S breeding, while he, in the meantime, enjoyed the most placid repose, undisturbed by either the cavius remarks of some among the audience, or by the nudging administered to his elbow by his friend TOMMY; and, indeed, his slumber was not entirely dissipated until the performance was finished.

Marry (on their return to their Lodgings). Your remarks, TOMMY, to-night remind me of the story of *Polina and the Continence Highlander*.

Mr. BARLOW here made some excuse for retiring to his room; and as HARRY was on the point of commencing the story, TOMMY asked him to await his return, as he was only going to fetch his slippers, in order to sit and listen more comfortably to his friend's narrative.

HARRY consented to wait for him, but, at the end of two hours, as TOMMY did not return, he retired to his own room, and soon fell asleep.

THE FOURTH R IN MERTHYR.

In an article which appeared the other day our orthodox contemporary, the *Western Mail*, criticised certain late proceedings of the Merthyr School Board relative to the Fourth R difficulty in Education. Those proceedings, says that respectable journal, "were saved from being utterly ludicrous only by the gravity of the subjects which were under discussion." But for that consideration, the *Western Mail* is of opinion that it would have been good fun "to watch the efforts that were being made to realise that most delusive of all theoretical ideas—unsectarian as opposed to secular education." Perhaps most persons will think that those efforts were, as far as they went, not altogether unsuccessful, seeing that, after some discussion bearing on theology, the Board concluded, on the motion of one of its principal Members—a lady interested in the welfare of her species, Mrs. CRAWSHAY of Cyfartha—that the sole form of devotion, public or private, dictated by the Founder of Christianity, "should be the sole form of public devotion employed in the schools." The REV. JOHN GRIFFITHS, the Rector, "intimated that he would be quite contented with the proposed limitation of the form of prayer, provided that a doxology were added, recognising" a doctrine which Unitarians do not recognise. The suggestion certainly was creditable to a clergyman of the Church of England who keeps a conscience. It was professional; but the doxology is one of those special matters in the Fourth R on which professors, and doctors too, differ. The orthodoxology of one denomination is the heterodoxology of another.

There are forms of public devotion in common use as the prologue to public dinners. They are invocations in which all present can join, whatever their belief may be as to the Fourth R—if they have any belief at all—and if they have none, what then? It would be conscientious of a Church of England Clergyman to propose the superaddition of a Doxology to a Grace; but would it be wise? Would it not probably set a company of mixed denominations quarrelling over their soup?

In relation to food for the mind, Mrs. CRAWSHAY proposed to deal with the Fourth R in a way analogous to that which experience has proved the most convenient method of adjoining it to food for the body. Herein she has acted on principles which many persons, besides a writer in the *Western Mail*, may call "illogical and unsafe," but no thinking man, or woman either, would call these

persons philosophers. If every School Board were to legislate as to the Fourth R simply on the principle of teaching just so much of it as children can be expected to understand, would not their practical arrangement be of necessity about the same as that recommended by Mrs. CRAWSHAY?

SUCH A BOOK!



in books are big evils, says some old Greek, not of the vigorous type here depicted. Mr. Punch seldom agrees with anybody, and he distinctly disagrees with the Ancient in question. One big book, for instance, which is no evil, but a good, is *Kelly's Post-Office Directory*, with which he has been favoured, and which he has been perusing with avidity ever since it arrived. It was remarked to a clownish servant, who was eating away at a vast Cheshire cheese, that he was a long time at supper, and his triumphant answer was that a cheese of that size was not got through in a hurry. The remark, but not the clownishness, is adopted by Mr. Punch in regard to the *Kelly Book*. He has, as yet, read only the first thousand pages or so, but he intends to complete his labour. The volume contains the name and address of everybody, in London or the suburbs, whose name and address anybody can possibly want. Mr. Punch's own grand and brilliant idea is, to do with KELLY something like what BATES did for MERRILL. He meditates issuing a *Kelly* with vast notes of his own, in which he proposes to give a biography and anecdotes of everybody mentioned in the original book. As there will be several thousand volumes, the work must be published by subscriptions, which perhaps Mr. KELLY will be good enough to canvass and collect for Mr. Punch. The *Kelly-Punch Biography* will be a production worthy the gigantic genius of the age, and Mr. Punch admits that his collaborateur has admirably done his part of the work.

HISTORIANS AND HERETICS.

By attempting to enforce the Infallibility Dogma on those inconsistent people, who, calling themselves Old Catholics, have seceded from Popery in exercising their private judgment, and refusing, though ordered by an Ecumenical Council, to eat dirt, the Archbishops of the Roman Obedience appear to be waking snakes. The *Pall Mall Gazette* a few days since, said:—

"It was announced in our latest edition yesterday, that the ARCHBISHOP OF MUNICH has excommunicated PROFESSOR FROSCHHAMMER. To-day a German correspondent informs us that the Professor has published an essay, in which he proves that the Catholic Clergy are all excommunicated for adopting the Copernican system and taking interest on money."

Professors FROSCHHAMMER and DÖLLINGER, however, are snakes in a more serious sense than the ordinary cobras, rattle-snakes, copper-heads, and vipers in general which the Fathers of the Lateran Council would mean by snakes, as a name for heretics. Hitherto heretics have been regarded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy as vipers which, in impugning Authority, bite a file. The above-named Professors appeal to History against the POPE. DR. MANNING may declare this appeal to be treason. He might add that it is undeniable treason. The reproach of treason lies in failure.

"But when it prospers none dare call it treason."

Such snakes as PROFESSOR DÖLLINGER and PROFESSOR FROSCHHAMMER bite things more vulnerable than files. They bite legs and feet, through scarlet stockings, and white satin cross-embroidered slippers.

A Creed Miscalled.

THE researches of Mr. FROULKES and other learned investigators appear to have proved that the creed of St. Athanasius, so-called, was not composed until ages after the decease of that personage. If so, it was unduly entitled with his name. Considering the purport of certain generally unpopular clauses in Athanasius his Creed, one conceives that it might, perhaps, be more appropriately styled the Creed of Anathema-maran-athanasius.



"CHEEK!"

Commercial Gent (to Swell who was smoking a fragrant Havannah). "WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR, BY CHANGING INTO ANOTHER CARRIAGE, OR PUTTING YOUR CIGAR OUT PRO TEM.?"

Swell (nonchalantly). "O, CERTAINLY." (Throws his Cigar out of the Window.)

Commercial Gent (complacently producing and filling his Meerschaum). "SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT I NEVER CAN ENJOY MY PIPE WHEN THERE'S A BAD WEED A GOIN'!!"

FROM GALWAY TO CANDY.

MR. W. H. GREGORY, the accomplished Member for Galway, goes to Ceylon as Governor. We firmly believe that the *Edile* rejoiceth at this, as MR. GREGORY knows a deal about Art, and the *Edile* loveth not such men. *Mr. Punch* regrets to lose a bright speaker from the House, but is glad of his promotion. It will be no more,

"GREGORY, remember thy swashing blow."

The Honourable Member's "blow" will be had where—

"The spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
And no one ever sneezes,
Or feels a touch of bile."

Such will be the Gregorian Chant for some time to come. A pleasant exile, and a safe return, are *Mr. Punch's* sweet wishes to him who departeth for Candy.

UN MONSIEUR SMITH.

AMONG the news of the other day appeared the following:—

"Two Frenchmen, one of whom, however, gives the name of SMITH, are in custody, charged with the commission of several burglaries in the suburbs of the Metropolis."

You would have liked to hear one of the Frenchmen give the name of SMITH. His tongue, surely, betrayed him. M. VAURIEN, or whatever his real name was, of course, in attempting to give the name of SMITH, gave that of SMIET or SMIS. Give the name of SMITH, indeed! A Frenchman might as well try to give the password of Shibboleth.

A WORKING MAN ON WORK.

At the National Congress of Trades Societies at Nottingham, last week, a MR. GRAHAM said:—

"In his opinion it was one of the rights of a free man to cease work when he wished, either for reasonable or even unreasonable causes."

This is so exactly *Mr. Punch's* belief that, wishing at this identical moment to cease work, for the reasonable or unreasonable cause that he feels more inclined to smoke, he knocks off, without appending any proper and moral observations to MR. GRAHAM's dictum. Whether MR. GRAHAM keeps any sort of servant, and if so, whether MR. GRAHAM recognises the right in question when he wants his beer fetched, or his boots cleaned, is the only query that *Mr. Punch* chooses to exert himself to put. But he must add that the world would go on delightfully if this rule were always acted upon; and he is glad that the Trade Societies are enlightened enough to do their best to bring on a Millennium.

Suggestion to Mr. Lowe.

LAY a heavy tax on all persons telling old jokes, making old puns. Let the tax be doubled in the case of any person attempting to pass off such old joke or pun as "a good thing he's just heard," or as "a funny thing that happened to his cousin the other day." MR. LOWE will find public-spirited men ready to hand in nearly all clubs who will voluntarily give their services, and for a moderate percentage will act as Collectors of this particular form of taxation at every dinner-party (where the name and address of the offender will be taken down), and in Society's drawing-rooms. This and a tax on photographs will bring in a handsome additional revenue for Eighteen-Seventy-Two.



A STILL BIGGER "CLAIMANT."

MY HEALTH.

(Concluded.)



88 E somehow turn the dinner conversation upon some peculiar way of cultivating mangel. PENDLE looks at Old RUDDOCK, and, alluding to the last speaker's remark, whatever it was, says, "Aha! that isn't the way we grow mangel in the South, is it, Mr. RUDDOCK?" and therewith gives Old RUDDOCK such a humorous look, as if they had, between them, several good jokes about mangel, which, when told by Old RUDDOCK, would set the table in a roar.

I turn towards him with a propitiatory smile, as much as to say, "You see I'm ready for any of your funny stories." Old RUDDOCK glances up at me from his plate (he hasn't looked up much since the beginning of dinner), and replies, gravely and simply, "No." Whereat PENDLE almost roars with laughter, and nods at me knowingly, as if asking if RUDDOCK isn't a character. He may be. Perhaps it requires the wine to draw him out, but he hasn't, as yet, said anything funny or witty; in fact, he hasn't said anything at all. The conversation, otherwise, is general and well distributed. Topics principally local.

As far as I am concerned, it is not unlike being suddenly given a bass part in a quintette, where the other four know their music off by heart. I speak from experience, remembering how, in the instance alluded to, I came in wherever I could, with very remarkable effect, and generally at least an octave too low, leaving off with the feeling that if we had been encoored (of which there wasn't, under the circumstances, the slightest possible chance), I should have come out very strong, and quite in tune. As it was, I had first to find my voice, which seemed to have gone down like the mercury in a barometer on a cold day, and having succeeded in producing it, I had then to issue it in notes.

During dinner I am frequently brought into the conversation, apologetically, and appealed to out of politeness, as "probably not taking much interest in these matters."

The matters in question are usually something vexatious with regard to paupers, a political question deeply mixed up with the existence of the Yeomanry, the state of the roads in the next district, the queer temper of a neighbouring clergyman, the difficulty of dealing with Old SOMEBODY at a vestry meeting, the right of some parish authorities to bury somebody who oughtn't, or ought, to have been buried without somebody else's consent; the best mode of making a preserve, a difference of opinion as to varieties of cider, the probabilities of a marriage between TRE-SOMEONE of Tre-somewhere with POL-SOMEONE of Pol-something else, and so forth. On consideration, I am interested. For, to a reflective mind, is not all this the interior mechanism of the Great British Constitution? Of course.

The only thing that Old RUDDOCK says the whole time, is that he wouldn't keep Cochon China fowls even if they were given him.

"Wouldn't you?" exclaims PENDLE, looking slyly at me and beginning to laugh, evidently in anticipation of some capital story, or a witticism from RUDDOCK. No, not another word. He is, it strikes me, reserving himself. I turn to my partner, and try to interest her in Ramsgate, Torquay, the Turkish bath, London and

Paris news. She doesn't like Torquay, has never been to Ramsgate, and from what she has heard of it thinks it must be vulgar (to which I return, "O, dear no," but haven't got any proof that it isn't. I find out that she goes every season to London, and knows more about operas than I do, and finally was brought up in Paris, and generally stops there for a month yearly with her Aunt, so that I am unable to give her any information on my special subjects, and as she clearly wants to listen to some story which TREGEON of Tregivel, on the other side of her, is telling, I feel that I'd better continue my dinner silently, or draw RUDDOCK out. I try it, but RUDDOCK won't come out.

Dessert.—TREGEON of Tregivel does come out genially, without the process of drawing. He has some capital Cornish stories, with an inimitable imitation of Cornish dialect.

Flash.—While he is telling a rather long anecdote to think of something good and new to cap it. Why not something with (also) an imitation of dialect, or brogue. I've got a very good thing about a Scotchman, but can't remember it in time.

Odd how stories slip away from you just at the moment you especially want to remember them. During a pause in the conversation I remember my story, and secure attention for it by suddenly asking PENDLE (which startles him) if "he's ever heard," &c., and of course he, politely, hasn't. Odd. Somehow, this evening I can't recall the Scotch accent. I try a long speech (not usually belonging to the story) in Scotch, so as to work myself up to it, but, somehow or other, it will run into Irish. My story, therefore, takes somewhat this form. I say, "Then the Scotchman called out, 'Och, bedad!—I mean, 'Ye dinna ken'—and so forth. Result, failure. But might tell it later, when I'm really in the humour, which I evidently am not now, and yet I thought I was.

Old RUDDOCK begins to come out, not as a raconteur, but as an interrupter, which is a new phase of character.

For example, TREGEON commences one of his best Cornish stories, to which we are all listening attentively, something about an uncle and a nephew, and a cart.

"They went," says TREGEON, "to buy a cart"—

"A what?" says RUDDOCK, really giving his whole mind to it.

"A cart," answers TREGEON.

"O," returns RUDDOCK, "I beg pardon. Yes, well"—

"Well," resumes TREGEON, "they wanted something cheap, as they had no use for it except to get home,—"

"Get what?" asks RUDDOCK.

"Home," replies TREGEON, evidently a bit nettled.

"Oh, ah! yes," returns RUDDOCK. "Home—well?"

"Well," TREGEON continues, looking towards his opposite neighbour, so as to avoid Old RUDDOCK if possible, "the landlord of the Inn says to them, 'I'll lend you and NEVY BILL a cart—'"

RUDDOCK is again with "A what?"

I can't help turning upon him, and saying, rather angrily, "A cart!" I feel inclined to add, "You old idiot." Then I say to TREGEON, encouragingly, "Yes."

"Only" (continues TREGEON), says the Landlord, joking them, "mind yew du bring the wheels back safe and sound." So they promised, and then they went about the town till it was rather late and getting dark—"

"Getting what?" asks Old RUDDOCK. Everybody annoyed, and two persons besides myself repeat the word "dark" to him.

With these interruptions, and the consequent necessity of making it all quite clear, specially when it comes to TREGEON imitating the conversation between Uncle and Nephew, in two voices, when Old RUDDOCK perpetually wants to know "Who said that?" and so puzzles TREGEON that sometimes he makes the Uncle take the Nephew's voice, and vice versa, and the story is getting into difficulties, when the servant enters with a message to our Host from Mrs. PENDLE, which brings us to our feet, and into the drawing-room, TREGEON promising me the story quietly in a corner.

The other ladies have come. We all try to enter the drawing-room carelessly, as if the ladies weren't there, or as if we'd been engaged in some fearful conspiracy in the next room, and were hiding our consciousness of guilt under a mask of frivolity. Miss BODD, of Pophlansack, is alone at a table, turning over the pages of a photographic album. I join her.

Careful Flash.—Take care never to offer an opinion on photographic or any other sort of portraits, unless you're quite sure of your ground.

I remark generally that I don't care about photographic portraits. Before Miss BODD can answer, I hear a rustle behind me, and a voice asks simply, "Why?"

Good gracious! It is—MISS STRAITHMER! She is staying with the CLETHERS ["Mr. CLETHERS is here," PENDLE tells me. "He's written a work on the Moon. Quite a character—"], and as the Rev. Mr. CLETHERS is the Rector of Penwiffle, she is not a mile from the house, and will be here every day.

Singing and playing. MISS STRAITHMER asks me, "Why I'm so serious? Will I tell her? Do. Why?"

I expect RUDDOCK to sing. He doesn't. Mr. CLETHERS is talking

to him. I join them. I am anxious to hear what MR. CLETHRE's view of the Moon is. He replies, "O, nothing particular."

"But," I urge, RUDDOCK listening, "You have made a study of astronomy, and in these days"—I slip at this moment, because I don't know exactly what I was going to say; but I rather fancy it was that "In these days the moon isn't what it was."

MR. CLETHRE modestly repudiates knowing more about the moon than other people, and says that PENDELL is right about his having written a book, but he has never published it.

"Why?" asks MISS STRAITHMERE, joining us.

Carriages. Thank goodness!

I accompany RUDDOCK to the door. He has a gig, and a lantern, like a Guy Fawkes out for an airing.

I am still expecting a witticism, or rather a *feu de joie* of humour and fun, like the last grand bouquet of fireworks that terminates the show at the Crystal Palace.

PENDELL (who I believe is still drawing him out) says to him, "You'll have a fine night for your drive," then looks at me and laughs, as much as to say, "Now you'll hear him, *now* it's coming. He's shy before a party, but *now*—"

RUDDOCK replies, from above, in his gig, "Yes, so it seems. Good-bye."

And away goes the vehicle, turns the corner, and disappears from view in the avenue.

PENDELL chuckles to himself. "Quite a character," I hear him murmuring. Then, after a short laugh, he exclaims almost fondly, "Old RUDDOCK! ha! ha! Rum old fellow."

And so we go in. And this has been the long-expected "Nicht wi' RUDDOCK." He hasn't said twenty words. Certainly not one worth hearing. Yet PENDELL seems perfectly satisfied with him, and years hence, I dare say, this occasion will be recounted as a night when Old RUDDOCK was at his best. After this, how about SHERIDAN?

Next morning.—My friend, MISS STRAITHMERE, is coming at two o'clock. I find that I can leave, *via* Launceston, at eleven. I am not well. I can't help it. I begin to consider, is it my nature to be ill? No, I must go up to town, and consult my Doctor.

Adieu, Penwiffle. If I stopped, I feel that in the wilds of Cornwall, out at Tintagel or at Land's End, or in a slate quarry, or down a mine, I should . . . Well, I don't know but I should have to answer the question, "Why?"

My present idea is to live in London, about two miles from the British Museum. Then I can walk there every morning, and work in the library at my *Analytical History of Motion*.

If the Doctor agrees with me, and if this plan agrees with me, I shall continue it; if not, I must take to boxing, gymnastics, or other violent exercise.

The Doctor *does* agree with me. He advises me to try my own prescription. In a week's time to call on him again, and go on calling on him regularly every Monday!

I have taken lodgings three doors from my Doctor's house. I shall make no further notes, unless, at some future time, I commence a history of a British Constitution (my own). And so, for the present, I conclude, with a quotation from SHAKESPEARE, who was, among other things, evidently a valetudinarian, and finish these papers by saying,

"The tenor of them doth but signify"

"My Health."

Two Gent. of Verona. Act iii. sc. 1.



"ON THE TOP OF THE HILL, TOO!"

"MY TIRESOME HAT! SO KIND OF YOU, MR. MUGGLES! YOU DON'T MIND WAITING FOR ME, DO YOU?"

[Don't he, though! He minds very much. Feels very foolish, and dreads being chaffed—particularly by some of those fellows below!]

IN THE TEMPLE.

LORD DERBY has made a political speech of a very sensible character—"that goes without to say" in his case. He tells the Conservatives that they are to be neither apathetic nor precipitate, that they are to play a waiting game—the World to him who can wait—and, meantime, they are to support MR. GLADSTONE against the extreme men on his own side. And, said the Earl, "political life is not to be looked at as if it were a soaped pole, with £5,000 a year, and lots of patronage at the top." The sentiment is lofty and honourable. "But," said to Mr. Punch a rising lawyer, who intends to rise a good deal higher, "the device of it is that LORD DERBY talks from the top of a golden Pyramid about soaped poles. Hang it! I'm like *Becky Sharp*—I should find it precious easy to be patriotic with fifty thousand a year. If I didn't feel I could manage the nation for the best (though of course I could), confound it! I'd myself engage the best Premier that money could secure, and serve the country that way. But blow it, as it is, and HENRIETTA's governor refusing to hear of me until I'm in Parliament, you see, old cuss—" "Virtue alone is happiness below," replied Mr. Punch severely, as he went away to get some oysters at PROSSER'S.

NOTE BY A FOREIGNER.—On England's possessions the sun never sets. True; and on one of them, London, the sun never rises.



SAT UPON.

Hospitable Host. "DOES ANY GENTLEMAN SAY PUDDEN?"
Precise Guest. "No, SIR. NO GENTLEMAN SAYS PUDDEN."

"IF!"

(A Channel Sketch.)

TOTHER day I steamed from Dover
 To Boulogne-sur-Mer;
 We'd bad weather crossing over:
 Very sick we were.

Busy, Steward's-Mate and Steward—
 "Basins!" was the cry:
 Ocean heaved, because it blew hard;
 Heaved, and so did I.

In the intervals of basin
 Blessed dreams were mine:
 FOWLER was from Ocean 'rasin'
 Every ill-ruled line.

Over Neptune's worst commotion
 Holding despot's state,
 He not only ruled the Ocean,
 But he ruled it straight!

Steady, sea ne'er so ugly,
 Did his craft behave;
 Passengers, carriaged snugly,
 Sweeping o'er the wave!

Not a soul from out his cushions
 Moved, the passage through;
 Padded soft against concussions,
 And spring-seated, too!

O, it was a blessed vision!
 Blessed all the more
 For that awful exhibition
 Betwixt shore and shore.

But when *terra-firma* reason
 On that dream I fixed,
 At a less afflicted season,
 Doubt with hope was mixed.

For, I thought—Can FOWLER answer
 That his boats won't roll—
 Grant, that, swift as a *merganser*,
 O'er the sea they bowl?

If they roll—and who can promise
 That they never will?—
 Little joy to JOHN BULL from his
 Power of sitting still.

Think of an afflicted train—full
 Cabined, cribbed, confined—
 Rolling with the rollings painful
 Of that pen inclined!

Face to face, and knee to knee, sick,
 Retch and heave and strain,
 Think of a whole hundred sea-sick
 All along the train!

Sea-sickness in open ocean
 May be bad to bear,
 But, boxed up in a train in motion,
 Worse, far worse, it were!

So if FOWLER cannot promise
 Pitch-and-toss shall be
 Game of chance, far-banished from his
 Skimmers of the sea,

Better 'gainst our woes we gird us—
 Cold, and stench, and spray—
 Than in railway train you herd us,
 Nausea's helpless prey!

If the traveller from Dover
 Reached the other shore,
 Worsen woes, than crossing over,
 Were for him in store.

Awfuller than the up-turn he
 Suffers from the tide,—
 Think upon that six hours' journey
 On the other side!

Present woe 'gainst worse mismarriage—
 Put it to the vote—
 And I'll bet 'tis *contrà* carriage,
 And for open boat!

A BURIED ARMY.

THE *Leeds Mercury* is such an excellent paper, that *Punch* takes from it anything as unhesitatingly as (to use LORD LYTON'S illustration) one takes change from an honest tradesman, without looking at or counting the coins. That journal said, the other day—

"There was a demonstration at Lausanne yesterday, in memory of the soldiers belonging to GENERAL BOURBACI'S army who died in Switzerland, after being interred there last year."

We cannot see why there should have been a demonstration; at least, if it was a demonstration of wonder, the wonder would have been if the soldiers had survived their interment. It was Antæus, if we recollect aright, whose strength was renewed when he came in contact with the Earth, but he never went under it, at least not until Alcides had done with and for him. But is France aware that this is the way in which one of her armies was got rid of? Is this the boasted hospitality of Switzerland?

THE RAINBOW may be accurately described as the real NOAH'S Arc.



A MISCONCEPTION.

Passenger. "AND WHOSE HOUSE IS THAT ON THE TOP OF THE HILL THERE?"

Driver of the "Red Lion" Bus. "O, THAT'S MR. UMBERBROWN'S, SIR. HE'S WHAT THEY CALL A R.A."

Passenger (Amateur Artist). "O, INDEED! AH! A MAGNIFICENT PAINTER! YOU MUST BE RATHER PROUD OF SUCH A GREAT MAN LIVING AMONGST YOU DOWN HERE!"

Driver. "GREAT MAN, SIR! LOU' BLESS YEE, SIR, NOT A BIT OF IT! WHY, THEY ONLY KEEPS ONE MAN-SERVANT, AND HE DON'T SLEEP IN THE 'OUSE!!!"

THE NEW YEAR'S FINE.

(Husband and Father sings.)

AN Income-tax increased to pay,
And that assessed at higher rate!
Well, we must bear it as we may,
By means of thrift, my weeping Mate.
We'll pinch, in clothing and in cup;
Thou shalt accustom'd dress resign;
I'll give my GLADSTONE claret up,
To meet my LOWE'S augmented fine.

What though that heavy forfeit make
A small, uncertain income less?
What if away the coin it take,
Which I should hoard against distress?
What though my earnings needs must cease
As soon as I shall be no more,
And may not last till my decease,
But fail us both, my Wife, before?

Still, whilst we wince beneath the Screw,
Put on with added stress this year,
We'll think how much, because we Few
Are taxed, the Many spend in Beer.
Our impost we'll with joy endure,
Because it seems the only plan
From fiscal burdens to secure
Exemption for the Working-Man.

The Working-Man who works with tools,
Such tools as hammers, saws, and planes,
By hand; whose numerous suffrage rules
The smaller class who work by brains.

Rejoice we that what we must spare,
The Working-Man has got to spend.
We're privileged to pay his share,
Till our ability shall end.

At least when next another year,
Another Budget's weight shall bring
To bear on us, if we are here
Still, as plucked nightingales, to sing,
We've cause, another little call,
At any rate, of hope to see,
For payment of the needful all
To set the Breakfast-Table free.

AMERICAN INCREDULITY.

In a speech delivered at New York on "Forefathers' Day," the REV. HENRY BEECHER, discoursing of the "Pilgrim Fathers," said:—

"That they had their faults we all know. They brought with them some of the prejudices of Europe, and had not freed themselves from notions of persecution. They believed, above all things, in the existence and power of the evil one. The devil was everywhere in their thoughts. In our modern times we have gone free from that superstition. We of New York know there is no such being."

In the early days of New England anyone who owned to being an Adiabolist would have been deemed an Atheist. But then there was no Tammany or Erie Ring. Plunder and fraud, picking and stealing, are courses from which some natures can only be restrained by the piety which firmly believes in the personality, cornute and caudal, of MILTON'S hero. "We of New York know there is no such being." Do we? We think we do, but may have flattered ourselves.



THE LIQUOR CONTROVERSY.

'Spectable Citizen. "ISH MY OPT'ION TRISH P'MISSIVE BILL 'SH VEXASH'IOUS MEASURE. (Hic!) WHY SHOULD I BE D'RIVED OF NEAR-SH-ARY R'FRESHMENT, 'CAUSE ANOTHER PARTY HASN'T—CAN'T—DOEN'T—KNOW WHEN HE'SH HAD ENOUGH! SHYAN' UP, OE' MAN!!!"

SOUP AND SERMON.

The Morning Post records an interesting case of—

"SUPPER TO CONVICTED FELONS.—On Tuesday evening a supper was given to one hundred and fifty convicted felons by MR. WRIGHT, the well-known converted burglar, at the Mission Hall, Hales Street, High Street, Deptford. The candidates for tickets of admission were compelled to attend the night before the supper and give an account of themselves to prove that they really were convicted felons, and by the sharp and close questioning of MR. WRIGHT, about fifty were refused tickets as impostors."

The fifty impostors who were fain to palm themselves off as convicts for the sake of a supper, must have been poor knaves indeed. These supernumeraries, for whom there was no seat at the table of Society, constitute a spectacle on the stage of life which it may be painful to some people and pleasant to others to contemplate from the dress circle. It is too probable that this Capital contains very many more of these Esaus, as they might be called if they had anything of a character so valuable as a birthright to dispose of on Esau's terms, with the small extras undermentioned:—

"The recipients of this Charity were a very motley crew, and ranged in years from six up to fifty. They were each served with a quantity of soup and a bag containing bread and a bun, after which MR. WRIGHT addressed them in his own peculiar manner, being listened to with marked attention."

MR. WRIGHT, we may suppose, took care to preach in a "tongue understood of the people" who constituted his hearers, and accordingly delivered a considerable portion of his discourse in the language which our great-grandfathers called thieves' Latin. A sermon in slang, however, would, perhaps, be more curious than edifying. Let us hope that MR. WRIGHT's may possibly have had the effect of converting the guests who would once have been his pals from the error of their ways, formerly his own. Such, at least, appears to have been his laudable intention:—

"A large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in such work attended

A JINGLE FOR ST. JAMES'S.

(By a Musical Enthusiast.)

THE Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
Who'er admires what some call "Ops;"
Should go, and lik his mental chops,
While feasting at the Monday Pops.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
To me their music far o'er-tops,
The jingling polkas and galops,
On cracked pianos played at hops.

Nor almond rock, nor lemon-drops,
Nor sugar-plums, nor lollipops,
With which small children cram their crops,
Are sweeter than the Monday Pops.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
Delight of fogies and of fops!
The music that all other wops,
Is given at the Monday Pops.

Their fame all rivals far o'er-tops:
You see their programmes at the shops;
And here the bard exhausted stops,
His rhymings on the Monday Pops.

TRUE BILL?

MUCH ingenuity has been expended in trying to prove that SHAKESPEARE was a lawyer, and, amongst other passages in his writings, the two first lines of the Sonnet which commences—

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,"

may be thought to indicate that he possessed legal acquirements. Has it, however, occurred to the editors and commentators, that these lines are capable of another interpretation, and may be considered to add a new item to our scanty knowledge of SHAKESPEARE's personal history, if we take the more probable view, that when he penned them he had in his mind's eye those familiar Tribunals—the Quarter Sessions—to which, it may be whilst residing in the Metropolis, but most undoubtedly after his retirement to Stratford, he would be summoned in the capacity of Grand Jurymen?

and gave the benefit of their advice and co-operation. In the course of the evening MR. WRIGHT announced his intention of taking under his patronage a number of the boys then present, who might be desirous of earning an honest livelihood, and furnishing them with money and clothes to make a fair start in life."

It would rejoice both ourselves and our benevolent readers to know that the acceptance of this offer by a considerable number of MR. WRIGHT's young friends may be the commencement of a career of good living, wherein they will very soon attain to better fare than a quantity of soup, a bag of bread, and a bun, quite good enough as that is for convicted felons, besides being peculiarly suitable as precluding any necessity for knives and forks chained to the table.

Lawyers and Lunatics.

How hardly will Judges, for the most part, admit the plea of insanity in exculpation from a charge of murder! How readily are they wont to entertain it as a reason for setting aside a will! How right they are in either instance! Suppose a maniac is hanged as a man of sound mind, his execution serves just as well, for the purpose of example, as it would if he were. But my Lads would make a mistake on the wrong side by misdirecting Jurors to determine insanity to have been sanity in a case wherein a lunatic might possibly have misdisposed of property.

Serious Affair.

A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of Town. A lady, young, lovely, and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command, was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE COMING WOMAN.



O the Temple of Untrammelled Thought. Sunday, May 10, 1882. Heard a transcendent oration from Althea Duxmore on "Dogmas and Dogmatics." Bi-monthly levy for the expenses of the Temple. Stephanotis Hewleigh and I the eleemosynars who collected in the new Septentriental Vestibule, where the men are put. Their united contributions amounted exactly to half a Victoria! Several dimes in the salver. The new Act, limiting the personal expenses of Adult Males, may have something to do with this. Shall move in the Saloon for Returns showing the working of the Act. Alfred nowhere to be seen in the Vestibule; perhaps detained by the children's toilette. In the afternoon at the new Museum of Natural History opened this Spring,

at Kensington. The Galleries crowded. Several of us, including Professors Sara Sabina Thewes and Caroline Gostrong, delivered extemporary lectures on the animals; the men very attentive. In the evening to St. Paul's; heard the new organist, Charlotte Bach Stopmore, Mus. Doc. The Cathedral a blaze of splendour with the Tyndaluminospectric light. We Women have yet something to learn in physical science.

Monday, May 11. Received, by appointment, a deputation from the electors of New Marylebone, inviting me to candidate that District at the next General Election. Mrs. Admiral Stenterton, and Miss Lydia Boss Wolloby, the dominant spokeswomen. Spread out my views on the Husbands' Regulation Movement, the Cigar-Tax, the Compulsory Inspection of Men's Clubs, and the Repudiation of the National Debt. All satisfactory, and I agreed to retire from Jutley. Deputation luncheoned with me. No place kept for Alfred, who had to sit at a side-table.

To the Club (the Gynecium), and flashed a long private cryptogram to the Chairwoman of my Committee at Jutley. Dined at the Club. After dinner in the Fumitory. Took a Cabriolet to the Saloon. Driver an extortionist; but I knew the exact distance, to the tenth of a kilometre. Saloon debating the Juries Exemption (Women) Bill. Spoke, I think, with sensation. The venerable Earl of Hughenden came in as I was perorating. Alfred, in the Gentlemen's Gallery, in tears. I wore my black velvet and point lace pelerine, with the diamond star he gave me after the Jutley election. That tiresome, tedious, insufferable Hannah Longbore (how South-West Suffolk stands her so long I cannot imagine) propped up against the Bill, and sided with the Men, but we fidgeted her down at last. She had on that old crimson satin which has seen three sessions at least! Maiden speech from Marian Spray—pretty enough. Forget what Men spoke. Mrs. Leader Donne, the lovely (!) and accomplished Member for Ironville, closed the debate. Rather too great a parade of learning; positively she quoted Lycophrion in the original! But we all see through Mrs. Leader's schemes—she means the Educational Under-Secretaryship, when Bella Falayse goes to the Upper Saloon as a Peeress *jure suo*. Home by Twelve. Alfred sitting up for me. What a resource that *Hortus Siccus* is to him!

Tuesday, May 12.—Card from Madge Bassingham, R.A., for her Inaugural Praelection, as Pigmentary Professor at the Royal Academy. Could not go, as I was engaged on a Committee at the Saloon—Metropolis Extension, Brighton Annexation Bill. Dined with Mrs. Abraham Skrooley, M.P. Woman's party. The Constantia exquisite. Discussed over our cigarettes the arrangements for the approximating Women's Cosmopolitan Congress. Alfred and one or two other Men came in the evening.

Wednesday, May 13. Not well in the morning. Flashed for Dr. Martha Walkingholme. She was detained at the Spleen Hospital, but her partner, Harriet Chamomile, came and applied the Magnetic Detonator to my spine and the backs of my ears. Instant relief. In the evening at the Biennial Banquet of the Indigent Widowers' Pension Fund at Willis's. The Duchess of Middlesex in the chair. After dinner the Indigent Widowers circuted the tables, and

attracted much attention by their neat and respectable appearance. I proposed the toast of "The Gentlemen." Alfred responded, and for a wonder did not break down.

Thursday, May 14. Gave Cook a lesson on the harp before breakfast. Sitting in the Library reading Mill's "Woman Triumphant," when my electric alarm rang. Message from Oxford from my youngest sister, Bianca, to say that she had that instant been elected Fellow of Carlyle College. Three hundred and ten competitors. Tremendous examination, lasting three weeks. Bianca's thorough domination of Russian, Japanese, political economy, statistics, aerostatics, electrology, hygiene and therapeutics, gave her the victory. Hope some day she will stand for the University. For joy I took a half holiday. (Left Alfred quite happy with his silk-worms.) Gymnastic relaxation at the Palaestra on the Expanse at Hampstead. Then by Tube to Dover. Tunnelled over to Paris, shopped, and back by the six rapid. Might have stayed later for we could not make a Saloon: seven short of the legal Quorum, a hundred—so many Members (men, I need hardly say) absent at the Great International Croquet Tryst at the Crystal Palace. Passed an hour pleasantly at the Diatomaceous Society, of which I have lately been balloted a Fellow.

Friday, May 15. Busy all the morning preparing my oration on the "Wise Sayings of Wise Women in all Countries and Epochs" for the Congress. (Interrupted twice by Alfred, who had got the housekeeping accounts and the washing-book into a fearful muddle.) Great meeting at 3:30 in Emancipation Hall, to welcome Mrs. Hale Columbia Spragg, the first female President of the United States. She has transited the Atlantic to attend our Congress, but can only be present at this evening's Inauguration, as she must be in New York again before sundown to-morrow. Went to the Saloon, but it immediately adjourned, on the motion of Mr. Theodore Stuke, to enable the Lady Members to festinate to the Congress. Immense success. Fifteen hundred Delegates from every country in the world processed down the Hall, and then arranged themselves by Continents on the gilded dais. Twenty-five thousand women computed to be present in the Spectatorium. Our distinguished champion and unflinching Hegemon, Amelia Smackles, assumed the presidential throne. Incessant coruscations of enthusiasm, which culminated when a black sister moved the fourteenth resolution, demanding the total, immediate, and unconditional transfer of all mental labour from Woman to Man. Did not get home till 1 p.m. Left my key behind me, so obliged to rouse up Alfred, who was in bed, in great distress at the loss of one of his canaries, and had forgotten to order my stout. Vexations!

Saturday, May 16. Dejeuned at the Constellation Hotel with dear Amelia, to meet Mrs. President Spragg, Chief Justice Roberta Cokestone (from Liberia), the Lady Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Lady Mayoress, the Mistress of the Mint, and other forward Members of the Congress. The President left us at noon. She would balloon over to New York in five hours and a half. Quiet dinner at Richmond in the evening. Only Amelia, two of the elder Sisters of the Trinity House, and the Delegates from Germany, Turkey, Greece, and China. Bianca joined us unexpectedly from Oxford, and introduced her bosom friend, the Professor of Anatomy, Henrietta Stott Trawsall. Delightful promenade by the river before dinner. Met Alfred fishing for gudgeon.

MORE EDUCATION-FIGHT.

PUNCH shudders to see the Metric question raised again. Are we not in the thick of an Educational War already? Will our contemporaries abstain from putting new reasons for quarrel into the heads of fanatics. We shall certainly have the Decimal business taken up by Denominationalists and by Secularists. Ten fingers point out that the natural law is one of decimals. Also, there are ten commandments for the theologian. On the other hand, there are twelve signs of the Zodiac: this for nature; and twelve Apostles: this for theology. O, please let the matter alone, and let the little boys and girls be taught anyhow, so that they are, taught at all.

CHURCH DIS-ESTABLISHMENT.



TERMINAL PUNCH,
FIVE more London churches are to be immediately destroyed. Down with them! First down with St. Mildred's, in the Poultry. It was built by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, and somewhere about it rest the remains of THOMAS TYNEN, who wrote the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Sweep it away, and then batter down St. Dionis Back-church, also built by SIR CHRISTOPHER. There are monuments in it to the great benefactor to the Bodleian Library, and to the founder of the Saxon Lectureship in St. John's College, Oxford. Who cares? St. James's, Aldgate, is to be demolished: 'tis enough that Hebrews chiefly abide around that fane, and need it not. Out with St. Martin of Outwich; it hath stood

less than a hundred years, and though it was consecrated by BISHOP PORTEUS, and holdeth fine old monuments, conserved through three centuries, away with it! Lastly (for the present) turn this pictured clown's pickaxe upon St. Anthony's, or St. Antholin's, Shoe Lane. That, too, was the work of the Architect of St. Paul's, and sundry be the memories which our old dramatists and our WALTER SCOTT have hung on "St. Anthing's." It is very meet and right that the old City churches should all go, few persons now abiding near them on Sunday, and religion being a thing for Sunday. SIR CHRISTOPHER'S Cathedral, as it is also a Mausoleum, will probably be spared until some railway or tramway shall want the site.

Yours, delighted,

EROSTRATUS VANDAL.

ORGANS OF OFFENCE.

ON Thursday last week a modification of the American Gatling Gun, called the "British Mitrailleur," was tried for the first time at Woolwich. The following is a description of this benevolent machine:—

"It consists of ten barrels hooped together and revolving in the centre, and fitted into a carriage like that of an ordinary field-gun, which, at a short distance, it greatly resembles. The barrels and cartridges are similar to those of the Henry-Martini rifle—in diameter 45 in.; the cartridge-cases being of brass, and bottle-necked."

"Tremendous, however, as may be the execution which this weapon is capable of doing among a flock of soldiers, authorities are of opinion that, 'like small arms generally, it must give way to rifled ordnance.'" On its trial:—

"Indeed, most of the Royal Artillery Officers present seemed to think that the machine-gun can never stand against Artillery, even if its delicate machinery did not become disarranged by mere musket-shot."

So that a comparison is suggested to those who read, that when the "British Mitrailleur" is made ready and placed in position—

"A handle like that of a street-organ, and fixed at the side of the trail, is then turned at any degree of rapidity required, and the barrels load and fire until the supply of cartridges is exhausted, which takes about five minutes under favourable conditions."

One is led to compare the British Mitrailleur with the Italian Grinding Organ, and to question if the latter be not, of the two, the more offensive instrument.

Corrigendum.

THE antiquity of the Athanasian Creed being now shown to be a myth, the date being that of CHARLEMAGNE, would it not be well, before the Prayer Book is finally revised, that the correction should be made? For it will take many a year to abolish the belief that St. Athanasius drew up the document, especially as divers theologians think nothing of some four hundred and fifty years of what they imagine to have been the Dark Ages. "Commonly (but absurdly) called the Creed of St. Athanasius" is a line that, in a century or so, might have an effect upon the less un-intelligent.

A PROFESSION'S UNION.

At Bas-Unterwald, according to the *Swiss Times*:—

"Strikes are becoming the fashion in the higher circles of society. The physicians of this peaceful Arcadia have united and struck work, demanding an increase in their fees. The Landrath, however, refuses to entertain their claims, and advises a strike of the patients as the best answer to the physicians' demands."

There was a time when a strike of patients anywhere would have been attended with a very great decrease of the rate of mortality. There is reason to suppose that in the present improved condition of medical science such would not be the case. The strikers, struck with fever, or other grave illnesses, would probably be struck down in rather alarming numbers.

What justification of a medical strike there may be in Switzerland hath not appeared, but in this country there is, in some quarters, not a little. The ridiculously low wages, not to say salary, begrudged, not to say granted, to Medical Officers by many Poor-Law Unions would amply warrant the establishment of a Professional Union corresponding to a Trades' Union, and consisting of sons of *ÆSCULAPIUS*. The medico-surgical Unionists could manage a strike well enough without committing any outrage on the Non-Unionists, or *Knobsticks*. There would be no need for the Doctors on strike to picket, and waylay, and beat the others on their road to the Workhouse, or across country to the recipient of out-door relief; and they could do without rattening them and fleehing away their physis, stethoscopes, and surgical instruments. In dealing with unworthy members of an honourable Profession, capable of underselling their brother-chips, the practitioners forming the Union would require to have recourse to no proceedings associated with Sheffield; they would find it quite sufficient to send outsiders and recusants of co-operation in a strike to Coventry.

OMINOUS INDEED!

ALL England, that reads the newspapers, will have felt the shock of a truly—

"**TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.**—Yesterday evening an explosion of a frightful character occurred at GLADSTONE'S Cartridge Factory, Greenwich Marshes, by which a large number of girls have been seriously injured."

Considering for what Constituency the PREMIER is Member of Parliament, the majority of people cannot but be, momentarily at least, startled and taken aback by the information in the first place that GLADSTONE has a Cartridge Factory in Greenwich Marshes, and, secondly, that it has been the scene of a terrific explosion. Nor certainly are they likely to be re-assured by the further intelligence that:—

"A few weeks ago the Government seized 395 cases of ball cartridge, each containing 20 lb. weight, which had been manufactured by MR. GLADSTONE for the French Government during the late war."

The obvious suggestion conveyed by this statement is, that there has occurred not only a terrific explosion in the borough of Greenwich, but also a not less alarming blow-up in the Cabinet. *Absit omen!*

ELEGANT ADVERTISING.

If you like, read this advertisement from the *Christian World*:—

CO-PARTNER WANTED, by a highly respectable Man, aged 30, member of Spurgeon's. A gentlemanly person required, a believer with about £50, and who can travel.—Address, &c.

Hm! In the first place a gentlemanly person would not wish to hear his partner talk in that exceedingly curt way of their minister and his flock. "Member of Spurgeon's." "One who regularly attends the ministrations of the Reverend C. H. SPURGEON, B.M." would be more gentlemanly language. Nextly, "a believer with about £50" reads rather Mammonish. It suggests that a sceptic with about £75, or a positivist with about £100, would not be unacceptable. Thirdly, "who can travel." Who *can't* travel with about £50? Mr. Cook will give you a return-ticket for the Pyramid for about that. Fourthly, the "and" is abominable English. We wish our esteemed friend the *Christian World* would edit its advertisements. We really can't be always doing it.

Dignity for Doctors.

It is suggested that a fitting honour to be conferred on meritorious Physicians and Surgeons would be that of the Order of the Bath. Nothing could be more suitable; but should the Bath be the Hot-Bath or the Cold?



GENEROSITY.

Noble Lord (whose Rifle has brought to a scarcely untimely end a very consumptive-looking Fallow Deer). "Tut—T, T, T, Tut! O, I say, STUBBS!—(to his Keeper)—YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET ME KILL SUCH A POOR, LITTLE, SICKLY, SCRAGGY THING AS THIS, YOU KNOW! IT POSITIVELY ISN'T FIT FOR HUMAN FOOD! AH! LOOK HERE, NOW! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. YOU AND MCFARLIN MAY HAVE THIS BUCK BETWEEN YOU!!!"

A SEAT ON A SAFETY-VALVE.

AN Income-tax partial see THIRDS oppose,
O WILLIAM the Earnest, O ROBERT the True!
A soul above fear of the Rabble he shows;
Is that to be said, British Statesmen, of you?

Or is it that you, whom mob-courtship doth move
With tribute from all due to load a part's purse,
Albeit your Honours both see and approve
The better arrangements, do follow the worse?

How bad are the worse, which poor fleeced Britons rue,
You have often confessed; but decline to advance
On that high path which upright financiers pursue;
They manage these matters much better in France.

For justice it is which disposes them there,
Political craft in this mighty free land,
Whose Rulers perpend not what impost were fair,
But what imposition tax-payers will stand.

It was not enough upon shoulders select
To pile your whole Budget; on folk thus oppressed
(As housebreakers use, the strong-box to detect)
The Screw has been put; they are over-assessed.

You fancy your Engine is working so well
By way of a Steam-Rack, 'twill yet more extort,
And bear any pressure your force can compel;
You sit on the safety-valve, therefore, in short.

O WILLIAM the Daring! O ROBERT the Rash!
Though deaf to remonstrance, to caution give ear,
Ere high-pressure boiler burst up with a crash,
And blow aloft Stoker and hoist Engineer.

SAD ALTERATION.

THE Dramatist has led us to think that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the "Heavenly Maid" is not so "young" as she was when CONGREVE wrote, and increasing years seem to have changed her mood and spoiled her temper. What other conclusion can we come to, when we find in an article on "Music" in one of the newspapers, in some comments on the performance of a young lady on the piano at a Monday Popular Concert, the disquieting statement that she "left her mark as usual on the audience, the music, and the piano"? It is some little relief to find the writer adding that "this last was more than once punished severely;" as it is a fair inference to draw, that whatever the sufferings of the piano may have been, the music, and, which is far more important, the audience, escaped with only one assault.

The Managers of the Monday Concerts should consider, before it is too late, whether they are not endangering the well-deserved popularity of their agreeable entertainments, by allowing performances which would seem to have rather too striking an effect upon the hearers.

Nocens Absolvitur.

THE *South London News* makes rather an unkind suggestion. Thieves enter tradesmen's shops, under pretence of selling something. The *News* thinks that people who would be exempt from such visits should "keep watch, and, on opportunity, hand the victims over to the police." This may be fair in South London, wherever that is, but in Fleet Street we do not dispense that kind of justice.

A HINT TO L. AND S. RAILWAY.

THE Real "Nine Hours' Movement"—to Brighton and back for Half-a-Crown.



TOO MUCH PRESSURE.

BOB THE STOKER. "LOR' BLESS YOU, M'NSEER! THAT'S THE WAY WE 'RAISE THE WIND;'—SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD!"

M. THIERS. "HÉ, MON AMI! PRENEZ GARDE! HE SHALL 'BLOW UP' ONE DAY!"



FRESH, NOT TIGHT.



fresh counsel—(laughter)—at least with a fresh jury—I say nothing of a fresh judge. (Continued laughter.)

The members of the Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Alliance must surely have been shocked, as many as those who read and duly considered the foregoing words, by the idea which they suggest of a generally Fresh Court of Common Pleas. This horrid image was enough to have unfixed their hair and made their excited hearts knock at their ribs beyond the use of nature. Sobriety is so specially characteristic of the Kermine that "sober as a Judge" is an adage; not, indeed, because Judges are supposed not to drink, but to be able to drink any quantity. Irreproachable with laxity in the discharge of their high functions, British Judges are at all times incapable of getting tight.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, with MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON, at the QUEEN'S THEATRE, to see "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Tommy. Pray, Sir, what and where was Pompeii?

Mr. Barlow. It was, my dear TOMMY, a Roman municipality, full of eligible villas, pleasantly situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, and within easy reach of the sea. It was "a place to spend a happy day," and "there and back" from Naples formed one of the chief excursions, at a very moderate rate, for the middle classes of Neapolis.

They had just commenced this instructive and entertaining conversation, when the curtain rising discovered to their eager eyes as artistic and effective a scene (with the exception of stationary painted groups, whose fixed attitude strangely contrasted with the movement of the actors in front of them) as it had hitherto been their lot to behold.

As the play went on, HARRY requested permission of MR. BARLOW to ask a question.

Harry. Did you not tell us, Sir, that the "e" in Pompeii was long?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, I did.

Harry. And did you not also tell us that one of the purposes of a theatrical exhibition, such as this is, is the advancement of education among all sorts and conditions of people?

Mr. Barlow. You are again correct, and truly I begin to perceive the drift of your remark. Therefore let me tell you that had any Eton boy said Pompeii, instead of Pompēii, he would speedily have been taught the force of an argumentum addressed, as was one of HORACE's Odes, *ad puerum*.

Harry. Surely too, Sir, a diphthong is long; so that the name *Apacides* should not be rendered Appy-cides, as if the name were an unspurred pronunciation of Happy Cides.

To this MR. BARLOW replied that doubtless these honest folks had cogent reasons for their mode of pronunciation, with which he advised HARRY to become acquainted, before taking upon himself to pronounce an unmitigated condemnation of them.

"You will now perceive, TOMMY," said MR. BARLOW, during the performance of the Third Scene of the First Act, "that the crafty *Arbaces* is anxious to entice the sentimental young gentleman, *Appy Cides*, to partake of the repast with him."

Harry. But, Sir, surely the young man's objection to accept the

invitation of the Egyptian, must arise from a sense of politeness on his part, which, as there is nothing edible on the table, I fancy, except one plate of fruit, will not permit him to deprive *Arbaces* of even a portion of a dessert that has, evidently, been only ordered for one.

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, I think you are right, and had *Arbaces* thought of it, I am certain he would willingly have extended his hospitality to a bag of nuts or some cakes of gingerbread. But you must remember that *Appy Cides*, or, as he seems to me, *Un-appy Cides*, is only the pupil of *Arbaces*, and does not appear at his tutor's table until dessert-time.

Tommy. If I were there I would go and eat everything, and then I would dance with one of the young ladies.

Mr. Barlow. I am sorry, TOMMY, that you are of that mind; and at another time—for I perceive that the good people in the pit, by their repeated cries of hush, and by the direction of their attention towards us, wish rather to hear the dialogue on the stage than my discourse, which is, after all, of a personal and private character—at another time, I was about to say, I will read to you an instructive story on greediness, entitled *Chores and the Convulsive Tailor*.

TOMMY looked on at the piece very sulkily for some time, being, indeed, intent upon the antique cups and goblets and upon the plate of luscious fruit which he had already noticed. But on seeing that neither *Arbaces* nor the sentimental young gentleman partook of anything that was provided for them, he began to have high opinion of their breeding, and before the scene was finished was heartily sorry for his error, and applauded all he saw and heard with increasing rapture and delight.

Mr. Barlow. You may, indeed, evince your gratitude to these worthy people, since they have done all in their power to entertain and instruct us. And, indeed, where all is done so vastly well, I know not what to commend most, whether the sonorous voice and dignified secondism of that twice-crushed Priest of Isis, the insinuating and unprincipled *Arbaces*, played by the remarkably upright and conscientious actor, MR. RYDER; or whether the gentle pleadings of the blind *Nydia*—MISS HOBSON is the young lady's name, my dear TOMMY, and I have no doubt she saw and appreciated your boyish enthusiasm—or the bearing of MR. BROWLD throughout a remarkably difficult and most trying part. But, HARRY, what is your opinion?

Harry. Why, Sir, I am very little judge of "these matters," but I protest that I feel mightily indebted to those clever gentlemen, MASTERS GORDON and HARFORD (I had well-nigh slipped into the error of saying MASTERS MERTON and SANDFORD) for the scenery which has so admirably served to illustrate this play. I am sorry that *Appy Cides* was killed, as, having become a Christian, there would, I am sure, have been every opportunity open to him as an estimable young curate of evangelical proclivities.

Tommy (during the cleverly arranged Amphitheatre Scene, Act IV.) I am glad to see, Sir, that in this scene where we have so much to admire, the tumblers—

Mr. Barlow. These, my dear TOMMY, represent the gladiators. And you must remember that on the stage, where every combat has to be carefully arranged both as to the number and fashion of the blows given and received, and as to who shall be, and who shall not be the conqueror, the contest of two determined champions, or rather of two champions whose course has been previously determined, cannot fail to be of a most thrilling and exciting character.

Tommy. O, Sir! they have given orders to let the Lion loose. O, Sir! the Lion is coming!

Harry. I do not believe that all these fine gentlemen and ladies would remain so still if there were, indeed, a Lion approaching.

Mr. Barlow. The Lion, my dear TOMMY, is a native of both India and Africa. When they are hungry, they kill every animal they meet, and will even devour little boys—

Here poor TOMMY's trepidation was increased to such an extent that he would have quitted his seat and the theatre, but for the sudden entry of the traitor *Culeus*, whose charge of murder brought against his master, the wily *Arbaces*, instantly distracted everyone's thoughts from the coming of the expected monster.

Both MR. BARLOW and HARRY were loud in their praises of the dramatist who had contrived to arouse in the breasts of the spectators such emotions of fear, by the absence of the Lion, as could scarcely have been equalled by his formidable presence.

"Indeed," said MR. BARLOW, "on reflection, I am led to consider the chiefest part in this piece to be the Lion's share in it. (He is spoken of at the commencement of the play, he is often alluded to throughout, and the bare mention of his name sensibly electrifies the spectators on and off the stage. From the very first we are incited to expect his appearance. He has not to roar to make himself dreaded. He has not even to be present, either on or off, the scene.)

Harry. This device is, in my humble judgment, worthy of high commendation in the play-wright, who has thus evinced his reverence for the words of the immortal WILLIAM, and whose plan is in cordial agreement with Bottom's opinion on this very matter,



A QUESTION FOR THE SHIRES.

"NOW, DEAR, WHICH DO YOU PREFER FOR THE 'TOPS'!—THE DEEPER SHADE, OR VERY palest PINK!"

which, my dear TOMMY, as you are as yet unacquainted with the works of SHAKESPEARE, I will repeat to you. "Masters," says Bottom, "You ought to consider with yourselves, to bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion, living."

TOMMY was so forcibly struck by this adroit application of a famous passage from the plays of SHAKESPEARE, that he determined, on the first opportunity to read all these dramas through from beginning to end. And having already set himself to the study of astronomy and mechanics, solely in order to make himself as proficient in the art of applicable illustrations as was his friend HARRY MERTON, TOMMY now found that he had at least one hour of the day fully occupied.

On their return from the theatre MR. BARLOW, ever anxious for the improvement of both his young friends, commenced reading to them the story of *The Magistrate and the Elephant*; but, seeing that both his young friends were fast asleep in their chairs, he lit his chamber-candle and retired for the night.

On entering his room somewhat suddenly, a pair of boots, artfully placed so as to rest on the door, which had been standing ajar, descended on his head; and the next instant, on his taking one step forward, he came in contact with a stout string, so skilfully fastened, as not only to throw him sharply on the floor, but, being cunningly connected with the fire-irons and the washing-stand, it brought down these articles also with a great crash and much confusion. Before he could arise from his painful position, TOMMY and HARRY had rushed up-stairs to render to their revered preceptor what assistance was in their power. Being questioned as to the hand they had had in this strange affair, MASTER TOMMY, with becoming modesty, acknowledged that it was he who had devised the scheme. "And," said he, "I protest I think it is no inadequate representation of what must have been the consequence in several houses during the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the *Last Days of Pompeii*."

So saying, both the boys withdrew themselves rapidly from their beloved tutor's apartment, and locked themselves into their own rooms. Soon after this, they were all in a sound slumber, which lasted until a late hour on the following morning.

VINDICTIVE TEUTONS.

THERE is a good deal of talk in France about revenge to be taken one of these days upon the Germans for having repelled and beaten their invaders. In the meanwhile, according to the *Post*, those barbarous Germans are trying to revenge themselves, in their heavy way, on the enemies who have been twitting them with stealing clocks and watches, by an—

"IMPORTANT RESTORATION OF SPECIES. — The *Courrier de Meurthe et Moselle* announces that the six millions of francs which had fallen into the hands of the German troops after the capitulation of Strasburg, and belonging to the Bank of France, are about to be restored to that establishment through its branch bank at Nancy."

This, of course, is a practical sarcasm at the expense of a nation represented by some of its orators and statesmen as having been aggrieved by being forced to restore pictures and works of Art which the First NAPOLEON and his gangs in uniform had pillaged from their neighbours. It is obviously meant to suggest an odious comparison between those who make restitution of even lawful plunder in hard cash, and those others who grumble because of having been compelled to replace Art-treasures actually stolen, and that in some cases from friends. This is clumsy German satire to be sure, but it tumbles down pretty heavily for all that on the heads of them that shouted "A Berlin!"

Sporting News.

THE lovers of manly British sports will be glad to know that there is a chance of seeing another good fight, or so, before the law is altered. A rattling mill is to come off in the north of the West Riding. POWELL, the well-known Cambridge Slogger, is matched against HOLDEN, of the above parts, who has not fought in public, but is known in the Chapel districts as a determined cove. As this will be nearly the last of the real old English fights, much interest is excited. The white chokers are with POWELL, and HOLDEN is backed by the humbler humboxes. Both men will do all they know, and a clinking good contest may be expected.



"CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

Uncle. "WELL, TOMMY, YOU SEE I'M BACK; ARE YOU READY? WHAT HAVE I TO PAY FOR, MISS?"

Miss. "THREE BUNS, FOUR SPONGE CAKES, TWO SANDWICHES, ONE JELLY, FIVE TARTS, AND—"

Uncle. "GOOD GRACIOUS, BOY! ARE YOU NOT ILL?"

Tommy. "NO, UNCLE; BUT I'M THIRSTY."

IN ANGELE HONOREM.

"A Meeting was held in the Hall of Columbia Market, on Monday evening. SIR THOMAS DAKIN in the Chair, to consider what testimonial of public respect and gratitude should be offered to BARONESS BURDETT GOUTTS."—*Daily News*.

SWEET names there are that carry sweet natures in their sound; Whose ring, like hallowed bells of old, seems to shed blessing round: Such a name of good omen, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, is thine; And here, our ANGELA's, for all in want and woe that pine.

The QUEEN has made her noble; but ere that rank was given, She had donned robe and coronet of the peerage made in Heaven: Baptised in purer honour than from earthly fountain flows, Raised to a prouder Upper House than our proud island knows.

The loftiest of that peerage are of lowliest mood and will; And this their proudest lordship, Love's service to fulfil: Chief Stewards and High Almoners of the goodly Heaven bestows— 'Tis theirs to see that Charity in Wisdom's channels flows.

For e'en that stream, ill-guided, can poison goodly ground— For health, sow fever broadcast, for blessing, blight, around: 'Tis not enough its waters to loose with lib'ral mind; If Reason lends not eyes to Love, Love strays—for he is blind.

This she has known, our ANGELA, for whom men ask, e'en now, "Fit tribute of our gratitude where shall we pay, and how?" If blessings clothed in substance, prayers made palpable, could be, When had Kaiser, King, or Conqueror, such monument as she?

But what can gold, or silver, or bronze, or marble, pay Of the unsummed debt of gratitude owed her this many a day?

NEGATIVE KNOWLEDGE.

We never knew a cabman with an eyeglass, or a chimneysweep with spectacles.

We never knew a lady buy a bargain at a shop sale, and not afterwards regret it.

We never knew a man propose the toast of the evening, without his wishing that it had not been placed in abler hands.

We never knew a waiter in a hurry, at a chop-house, who did not say that he was "Coming, Sir!" when really he was going.

We never lost a game to a professional at billiards, without hearing him assign his triumph chiefly to his flukes.

TO THE STATE COACHMAN.

(Suggested by a Passage in the new Q. R.)

"CANNING did not know that tadpoles Turn to frogs." Each fool explodes: But that Queller of the Yelpers Knew that patriots turn to loads.

GLADSTONE goes in for omniscience; Does the team obey the bit As when PAM's whip stung with banter, Or when CANNING's cut with wit?

WILLIAM! Punch, who likes you, counsels— Mix some humour with your zeal, Making humbugs think is hopeless: Be content to make them feel.

No Misnomer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, whose note is headed "Civil Service Grammar," writes a remonstrance because he has seen a Government Cart going about inscribed "Her Majesty's Stationary Office." He is evidently under a misconception as to what office is meant, for what man who reflects on the progress of the new Law Courts, the new National Gallery, the new Natural History Museum, the Wellington Monument, &c., can doubt for a moment that "Her Majesty's Stationary Office" is the Office of Works and Public Buildings?

What record, parchment-blazoned, closed in golden casket rare, Can with her love, in England's heart, for preciousness compare?

If we needs must find her symbol, then carve and set on high A heavy-laden camel going through the needle's eye; Gold-burdened, by a gentle yet firm hand wisely driven,— Our ANGELA's, that on it rides, riches and all, to Heaven!

Or if a painted record be by the occasion claimed, Paint up Bethesda's Pool, and round, the sick, the halt, and maimed, Waiting until our ANGELA through Earth's afflicted go To stir wealth's healing waters, that await her hand to flow.

PIG-AND-BARGAIN-DRIVING.

THE *Eastern Morning News*—what a pretty name—why not the *Down*?—hath a prosaic item: this:—

WANTED, a GROOM and Coachman, and to assist the Gardener. Wages, 18s. per week to commence with, to be advanced 1s. per year for every year he remains. Must understand horses and pigs, and be able to drive one, or a pair.

We do not think the wages too high. A celebrated Oxford Don, who could make Greek verses as fast as mill-wheels strike, yet who was not so ready with ordinary English, beheld, from the top of a coach, a drover striving to guide some pigs along the road. Wishing to be conversational, the Don observed to his neighbour, "A difficult Animal to drive is a Pig—one man—a good many—very." Here, observe, were the materials for a pleasing remark, but they needed arrangement. He was right, however. Pigs are difficult to drive, and the Yorkshire advertiser who wants a man able to drive one pig, or a pair, is right in offering him the above noble rise in wage. Correspondents will abstain from vulgar suggestions about a pig and a "hog"—we don't understand them.



"HERE BE TRUTHS."

Mistress. "BRING SOME MORE BREAD, MARTHA!"

Maid. "THERE'S NONE, MEM!"

Mistress. "O, NONSENSE! I SAW A LOAF IN THE PANTY."

Maid. "DID YE, MEM! I'M THINKING IT'S TIME YE WERE GETTING SPECES, THEN, FOR IT'S A CHEESE!"

"YOUR BONNET TO ITS RIGHT USE."

"LET me use my *biretta*,"

Says CARDINAL CULLEN,

"To fan Ireland's school-lamp,
That burns smoky and sullen."

"No," says England, "your motives

"Twere cruel to doubt,—

But what if your reverence
Should put the lamp out?"

LONDON GOLD DIGGINGS.

DEAR Old England! well may one exclaim, on reading in the *Daily News* a statement such as this:—

"VALUE OF LAND IN LOMBARD STREET.—A piece of land adjoining the Lombard Exchange, in Lombard Street, has been sold for £9000, or about £19 4s. 6d. per foot super."

It used to be affirmed that London streets were paved with gold, and, by the side of the above, the story hardly seems beyond one's power of credulity. Land worth nineteen pounds per foot must be wellnigh as good as gold to its fortunate possessor, and the man who owned an acre of it would hardly need to emigrate to any other diggings. Assuredly, to any *Fortunatus* who owns much land in Lombard Street, London may be looked on as the true Tom Tiddler's Ground.

The New Judge.

Mr. Punch hears that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN (one of our most accomplished Latin writers) intimated to the CHANCELLOR that the appointment of the new Judge for the Queen's Bench was a *Sine Quonon*.

WANTED—SIMPLICITY.

MR. PUNCH,

Is the English language a thing to be ashamed of? I put the question, because in a weekly literary journal, printed and published in London in the mother tongue, I have just read, not without some rubbing of eyes and much mental bewilderment, the following singular announcement:—

"INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The EMPEROR OF BRÉSIL was elected an Honorary Member."

I have never heard that Brazil has become a French possession, and I am positive that the Institution of Civil Engineers is not in Paris, but in Great George Street, Westminster. Why, then, Brésil? Crack this Brazil-nut for

Yours, unaffectedly,

Jno. SMITH.

P.S.—Can fish talk? I ask this second question, after seeing that another periodical publication contains an article with the heading, "Perch Frattle."

We Can't See It.

OF all the odd kinds of consolation under affliction, the last suggestion seems to *Mr. Punch* the oddest. We are mourning the demise of the no-horned Infant Hippopotamus in the Regent's Park, and we are told to be cheerful, for a two-horned Infant Rhinoceros has gone to Madrid. The doctrine of compensations was never pushed much further, even in a Scotch sermon.

Platonic Politics.

PLATO gives the best reason why Woman's Rights should be conceded, and Women be admitted to power. Listen, Dears, "Rulers should have Personal Beauty." Kiss ums own old *Punch*.

PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSICS.

(Letter from a Lady.)



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH you love to laugh, and we all love to laugh with you, I know that you are kindness itself when an afflicted woman throws herself upon your sympathy. This letter will not be quite so short as I could wish; but, unless you have my whole story, you will not understand my sorrow.

My boy, JOHNNY, is one of the dearest boys you can imagine. I send you his photograph, though it does not half justice to the sweetness and intelligence of his features; besides, on the day it was taken, he had a cold, and his hair had not been properly cut, and the photographer was very impatient, and after eight or nine sittings, he insisted that I ought to be satisfied. I could tell you a hundred anecdotes of my boy's cleverness, but three or four, perhaps, will be enough.

[More than enough, dear Madam. We proceed to the paragraph that follows them.]

His father, I regret to say, though a kind parent, does not see in JOHNNY the talent and genius which I am certain he possesses. The child, who is eleven years and eleven months old, goes (alas, I must say went) to a Private Academy of the most respectable description. Only twelve young gentlemen are taken, and the terms are about £100 a-year, and most things extra. The manners of the pupils are strictly looked after; they have no coarse amusements; and, to see them neatly dressed, going arm-in-arm, two and two, for a walk, was quite delightful. I shall never see them again without tears.

My husband was desirous that JOHNNY should have a sound classical education, and we believed—I believe still—that this is given at the Private School in question. One evening during the holidays, my husband asked JOHNNY what Latin Book he was reading. The child replied, without hesitation or thought—"Horace." "Very good," said his father, taking down the odious book. "Let you and me have a little go-in at Horace." I went to my desk, Mr. Punch, and, as I write very fast, I resolved to make notes of what occurred, for I felt that JOHNNY would cover himself with glory and honour. This is what occurred. Of course, I filled in the horrid Latin, afterwards, from the book, which I could gladly have burned.

Papa. Well, let us see, my boy, suppose we take Hymn number xiv. You know all about that? *Ad Rempublicam*. What does that mean?

Johnny. O, we never learn the titles.

Papa. Pity, because they help you to the meaning. But come, what's *Rempublicam*?

Johnny. I suppose it means a public thing. *Rem*'s a thing, and *publicus* is public. [Was not that clever in the dear fellow, putting words together like that, Mr. Punch? Will you believe it, his Papa did nothing but give him a grunt?]

Papa. Go on.

*O navis, referent in mare is navi
Pluctus. O quid agis?*

Johnny. O, navy, referring to the sea. I have known thee. What will the waves do?

[I thought this quite beautiful, like "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"]

Papa. Ah! Proceed.

*—fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides—*

Johnny. Bravely occupy the door.

You see a nun.

Papa. A nun, child. What do you mean?

Johnny. A nun is a holy but mistaken woman, Papa, that lives in

a monastery, and worships graven images. [You see he had been beautifully taught.]

Papa. But what word, in the name of anachronisms, do you make a nun?

Johnny. Nonne. O, I forgot, Pa, that's French. [Instead of being pleased that the child knew three languages instead of two, his Papa burst out laughing.]

Papa. Try this:—

*Et malus celeri socius Africo,
Antennaque gemat? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carina
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?*

Johnny. And celery sauce is bad for an African, And your aunts groan though there is no funeral, And they could not be more imperious If they had to endure a sea-voyage.

Myself. Darling! Why don't you say something to encourage him, Tom? It's delightful.

Papa. Yes, it's encouraging. Go on, Sir.

—non tibi sunt integra lintea;

Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

Johnny. You have no large pieces of lint.

Do not die, though they again press you to say apple.

Papa.

*Nili pictis timidis navitis puppibus
Fidit!*

Johnny. No sailor is frightened at the dogs in a picture he sees.

Papa. *Fidit's*, he sees, eh?

—Tu, nisi ventis

Debes ludibrium, cave.

Johnny. If it wasn't for the wind, You ought to play in a cave.

Papa. Ha! Well, here's the last; we may as well go through it.

Myself. Papa! don't be so cross.

Papa. Mind your letter-writing, will you? [But I wasn't letter-writing. I was making notes.]

Nuper sollicitum qua mihi tedium.

Johnny. Lately a solicitor was a great bore to me.

Papa. [To do him justice, he recovered his good-humour and roared.] A great bore, was he? They are bores sometimes. Now then—

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.

Johnny. I do not care for the light of the stars.

Papa. Hang it, JOHNNY, how do you get at "stars" in that line?

Johnny. *De*, of, *siderium*, dative, no, genitive plural of *sidus*, a star, Papa, and *levis* is light.

Papa. Finish.

*Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.*

What do you make of that? "With an infusion of nitre the vines are equal to Cyclops"—is that it?

Johnny. I think so, Papa dear. The Cyclops were great giants, who poked out the eye of Achilles with a hot stick, for throwing stones at their ship.

Papa. Go to bed!

Johnny. What for, Papa?

Myself. Yes, what for, TOM? I'm sure the dear fellow has done his best to please you.

Papa. You are right. It is I who ought to be sent to bed. All right, JOHNNY. Let us have a game at the *Battle of Dorking*—get the board. That's good fun. But £100 a-year, and *sollicitum*, a solicitor, isn't. However, we'll alter that.

And, dear Mr. Punch, he gave notice the very next day that JOHNNY should not go back to the Private School, and is going to send him to a College, to be starved, fagged, beaten, knocked down with cricket-balls, trampled down at football, and taught to fight.

Believe me, yours,

AN UNHAPPY MOTHER.

True Thomas of Chelsea.

It was MR. CARLYLE who first revealed the existence of Phantasm Captains, which many people refused to believe in, and laughed at the notion of. What do they say now that a Board of Captains in command over Captains and Admirals too is called by its own Secretary a Phantom Board? Surely that THOMAS of Chelsea is a true Seer, and long since saw through Simulacra which have, in truth, at last been discovered to be transparent Shams.



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STARE."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, with MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON, visits ASTLEY'S THEATRE, to see the Pantomime of "LADY GODIVA."

"THIS," exclaimed HARRY, "is an exhibition which affords me, and indeed appears to give to a vast number besides myself, the greatest gratification."

Tommy. I see, Sir, that *St. George* appears in this story with *Lady Godiva*; pray, Sir, who was *St. George*?

Mr. Barlow. There have been, my dear TOMMY, various opinions on this interesting subject, and some honest folks have sought to identify the celebrated personage in question with a Butcher, who served bad meat to the Christians in Palestine, while others have gone equally far towards proving that he was no Butcher, but an Arian Bishop of Alexandria. Whether Butcher, or Bishop, it was for a long time most difficult to determine.

Harry. But pray, Sir, why did not the antagonistic parties bring the case into a Court of Law so as to obtain a decision.

Mr. Barlow. Your own experience, HARRY, will, doubtless, one of these days furnish you with sufficient reason for the persons interested not having given employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. There was no claimant to the title living, and there was nothing beyond a title to be claimed; for, whether on the one hand (with EUSEBIUS) revering him as a Saint, or, on the other (with GIBBON) abusing him as "the infamous GEORGE," both sides admitted the object of their contention to have been long since deceased. He is, however, the patron Saint of England, and owes his great reputation in modern times to managers of Theatres at Christmas, and writers of extravaganzas and of Pantomimes, to whom his history is invaluable, as affording marvellous opportunities for great scenic display, and spectacular effect, while the Saintly Knight himself seldom fails to find an admirable representative in either a young lady of considerable personal attractions (as here at ASTLEY'S) or in some eccentric and grotesque gentleman like one of the lithesome PAYNES, or the agile MR. VOKES, whose extraordinary feats, with his legs, we have already witnessed at Drury Lane Theatre. I confess, however, that I do not perceive by what pro-

cess *St. George* has been brought into the comparatively modern legend of *Lady Godiva*.

Harry. It seems to me, Sir, that you intended us just now to remark some diverting jest in your use of the words "feats" and "legs," which TOMMY, I fear, has failed to comprehend.

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, you are quite right, and I trust that both you, and TOMMY, will be able to utter such pleasantries yourselves with a full appreciation of their value. I regret to notice that Miss SHERIDAN, who, with much discretion, performs the part of the *Lady Godiva*, is suffering from cold, and is, consequently, a little hoarse. This is natural at ASTLEY'S.

Then, turning to TOMMY, and smiling in his usual kind manner, MR. BARLOW said, "My dear TOMMY, although you have not yet mastered the amusing puns which I made in my recent discourse, you can, it may be, tell me why Miss SHERIDAN resembles a pony?"

TOMMY, whose whole attention was now given to the scene, expressed his intention of at once renouncing all attempts at solving this problem. Whereupon MR. BARLOW cheerfully replied that Miss SHERIDAN so far resembled a pony, inasmuch as she was, unfortunately, on that evening, "a little hoarse." HARRY laughed at this sally, and, indeed, considered his beloved tutor a prodigy of wit and ingenuity; but it was otherwise with TOMMY, who remained silent and depressed during the greater part of the entertainment; and, indeed, it was not until the very effective Transformation Scene that TOMMY'S unbounded pleasure and admiration once more found vent in the most unqualified applause, in which the entire audience joined.

Harry. These expressions of delight remind me of the story you read to me the other day, Sir, called *Agésilus and the Elastic Nobleman*. As TOMMY has not heard it I will—

But at this moment a vast assemblage of children on the stage, habited as soldiers, commenced the National Anthem at the top of their voices, which for the time put an end to further conversation.

On quitting the theatre, TOMMY, who from having been in a state of the greatest elation had once more resumed the sober and saddened aspect with which he had listened to his tutor's discourse during the play, took HARRY aside, and declared to him, with tears in his eyes, that from that day forward he would never rest till he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the jokes in the English language, and had perfected himself in the art of constructing new ones.

"Your determination, MASTER TOMMY," replied his young friend, "reminds me of the story of *Darius and the Corrugated Butcher*; but, as I am too fatigued to-night to remember its main features, I will defer the recital of it till to-morrow morning."

TOMMY evinced a great curiosity to know whether there were in this tale any puns, upon which he might at once exercise his intelligence, but on HARRY'S repeating his promise, he allowed him to go to bed without further question.

Being thus left to his own resources, TOMMY MERTON, in pursuance of his new resolution, went to the book-shelves and commenced a search which was not destined to be altogether fruitless.

MR. BARLOW had scarcely been in bed two hours, when he was aroused from a most peaceful and refreshing slumber by a loud hammering and knocking at the door of his chamber. Unable to imagine what had happened, and, indeed, fearing lest the premises should have unfortunately caught fire, he was on the point of gathering together such articles of clothing as he considered strictly necessary, when TOMMY burst into the room half-undressed, and bawling out, "I've seen it! I've seen it!"

"What have you seen?" asked MR. BARLOW.

"Why, Sir," answered TOMMY, "I had a mind to discover, before I went to bed, what you meant by your two jokes at Astley's. So, Sir, I got down your book of *Joseph Miller's Jest*s, a dictionary, and a grammar; and I find that the fun you had intended lies in the similarity of pronunciation in the case of the substantive *horse* and of the adjective *hoarse*, and also in *feat* and *feet* possessing a like sound."

"Well," said MR. BARLOW, pausing, with a boot-jack in hand, "you are indeed right. And if you will approach a little nearer—"

But TOMMY, anticipating the purport of his revered tutor's invitation, had speedily withdrawn himself from the apartment, being careful at the same time to lock MR. BARLOW'S door on the outside.

"To-morrow," said MR. BARLOW quietly to himself as he returned to his bed—"To-morrow we will talk over these things."

He now perceived that he was in a condition of unwonted restlessness; and it was not until he had twice repeated to himself the story of *The Laplander and the Agreeable Peacock*, that he fell asleep.

Doctors in Court.

MEDICAL men, experts and others, in the witness-box, are unfortunately apt to use technical terms for which there are no equivalents in plain English. For this pedantry the Judge usually snubs them. Quite right. There are no hard words or phrases, of which the use, by Judges or Counsel, is sometimes unavoidable, in Law.



AFTER THE PARTY:

Mater (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHIT'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN?—ONYTHING WRANG?"

Pater (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSIDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OUR JOHN IN THE GIG WHEN WE STARTET FRAR ADRISHAIG?"

OWLS THAT IS NOT HORGANS.

MR. PUNCH has—need he say it?—the profoundest admiration for the skill and zeal of the great Healers who have conducted H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES out of the region of bulletins. But he hopes that should any member of the Royal Family again need medical advice (which good fortune forefend for many a long day), no name belonging to a member of the illustrious trio may be signed to the *affiches*. It was not for Mr. Punch to complain while bulletins issued, but now all else is happiness, he makes his moan, or rather (as MR. ROXBURCK says Birmingham is always doing) makes his howl. How many thousand idiots have sent Mr. Punch jests on the names of the Doctors, he cannot say, but the changes have been rung, *ad nauseam*, on a "Jennerous diet," a "Lowe fever," a "bird of good omen—a Gull," until

But not one goose was gratified; ha! ha! Fire, not vanity, was fed. Still, Mr. Punch has suffered; and therefore he begs leave to suggest that all the three Doctors be raised to the Peerage. They have richly deserved it, and so has SIR JAMES PAGET (whose name happily does not help the small wits); but Mr. Punch's comfort is the thing to be considered. N.B. He likes to give those who are "blest in not being simple men" an occasional peep—as thus—at the circumjacent world of donkeyism.

MRS. MALAPROP has lately been studying Latin, with success. But, as a good Church-woman, she cannot hold with the rule *Festina lenti*. She disapproves of feasting in Lent.



"OUR JOHN" WAS IN THE GIG—WHEN THEY STARTED!

GUILDED LADIES.

LADIES, look at this proposal to promote what some of you may call the millineryennium:—

"A Guild of Ladies is proposed to be formed to promote modesty of dress to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian women."

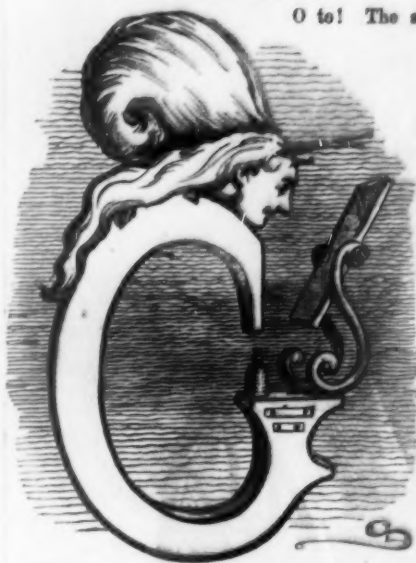
A guild formed to promote the sobriety of women ought to have SIR WILFRID LAWSON for a patron, and should be supported by every Teetotaler now living in the land. But the sobriety here mentioned is that of dress, not drink; and total abstinence from finery and flummery of fashion is doubtless the chief aim of the promoters of the guild. Well, if they succeed in reducing even chignons to reasonable dimensions, they will deserve the thanks of every one afflicted with good taste; and if they further are successful in reducing

the enormous bills which ladies owe their milliners, they will earn the heartfelt gratitude of many a poor husband, who can ill afford to pay them. All is not gold that glitters, but we may guess there is true metal, and not merely specious glitter, in these Guilded Ladies.

French and British Budgets.

M. THIERS has been censured by some of our contemporaries for his fiscal policy of seeking to impose heavy duties on raw materials. At any rate, however, France will not be saddled (like an ass) with an Income-tax; so the taxation to which that country will be subjected, will be comparatively light, even if it should have the effect of making butchers' meat as frightfully dear there as it is in England.

A TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.



O to! The anti-alcoholic manifesto lately put forth by the two hundred and fifty first-class Doctors is already producing the effect which a demonstration, fortified with names some having handles to them, seldom fails to produce on a portion of the generally intelligent British Public. It has caused "a movement." The *Daily News* announces that:—

"A movement has been started to establish a hospital in London for the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors."

The object of the movement does not appear

from the words in which it is stated quite so clearly as the thinking persons who may attach importance to it must desire. Do not, in fact, most Doctors, as it is, treat diseases "apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors?" Are not all patients but those labouring under diseases of debility, as a rule, enjoined by their medical attendant to abstain, totally or comparatively, from wine, beer, and spirits? In hospitals, where this abstinence can always be enforced, the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors is especially usual. Do the enlightened promoters of a movement for the establishment of a hospital, whereat diseases shall be so treated still more especially, mean to say that, in that new institution alcohol, in diseases in which it has hitherto been wont to be ordinarily administered as a tonic or stimulant requisite for their cure, shall not be given—and if so, why? Because alcohol is a poison? Then why stop at alcohol? Why not also proscrib, instead of prescribing, opium, henbane, hemlock, deadly nightshade, arsenic, and prussic acid; and indeed—for what active medicine is not a poison in an over-dose?—nearly every article in the *Materia Medica*?

Truly the great Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Against Alcohol, themselves even, leave some room for question as to their meaning when they proclaim that "it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by Medical Men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits." Believed by, and of whom? By the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Doctors of their Profession at large, or by Society in general of it, including them? One would like to know who the believers are, in order to be enabled to appraise the belief, and it would also please one to be informed whether or no the belief includes a confession, which the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty make for themselves. Did you, gentle reader, in the course of your experience, ever happen to meet with a victim of the Bottle who dated his intemperance from taking port wine or brandy, prescribed for him when convalescent, for example, from typhus fever?

One can indeed understand and appreciate the advice that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed and administered with as much care as any powerful drug," and peradventure this will create another movement, a movement of a speculative nature, for the manufacture of graduated phisic glasses, of various sizes, to replace the sherry, champagne, hock, and claret glasses now in use at table: a minim-glass to be the new glass for liqueurs and brandy. This practical improvement in Social Science may be shortly introduced by some of our leading medical men at their own tables. And when they exhibit alcohol, in whatever form, perhaps, in future, they will always take care to combine it with something very nauseous; gin, for instance, with the most horrible of bitters. This will effectually prevent the administration of alcohol from originating the formation of intemperate habits.

Doubtless, on the whole, the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty have spoken wisely; but the echo of their speech in some quarters has sounded

like cackle, and the "movement," which their utterance has set on foot among gregarious persons, very much resembles the march of an analogous kind of birds, under leadership, across a common.

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

SPLICINGHAM.

INTERESTING EVENT.—On Thursday the 25th inst. this pretty little village was early astir, and thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement, it being the nuptial morn of Miss SELINA SUNNISMILL, daughter of Mr. SUNNISMILL, gardener and florist, with Mr. ROBERT GRUBBINS, pork-butcher, both of this parish. The parents of the happy couple being held in high esteem, triumphal arches were erected, decked with appropriate mottoes, and the front of the bride's residence was festooned with early cauliflowers and other floral ornaments which her father had purveyed. The choral service terminated with the *Wedding March* of MENDELSSOHN, performed on the harmonium by Mr. JOSEPH THUMPER with his accustomed skill. An elegant *déjeuner*, consisting of pork-pies, pickled herrings, trotters, tripe, and wedding-cake, was then done ample justice to by a select party of guests; the bride's health being drunk in bumpers of champagne, expressly made for the occasion from her father's famous gooseberries, which gained a prize last summer at the exhibition of the Splicingham Pomological Society. After this affecting ceremony, the happy pair departed, in a shower of old slippers, on a trip to the metropolis, to spend their honeymoon.

WOBBLESWORTH.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.—The second of the series of Half-penny Readings was held last Tuesday evening at the Literary Institute, the REV. MR. MILDMAN being voted to the Chair. It will be noticed from the programme that something more than mere amusement is the aim of these small gatherings; and, as a means towards the better education of the country, we need hardly say we wish them all manner of success:—

READING, "Old Mother Hubbard" . . .	MISS BROWN.
RECITATION, "Humpty Dumpty" . . .	MASTER JONES.
SONG, "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star" . . .	MRS. ROBINSON.
RECITAL (in costume), "Grilling a Grilly" . . .	MR. SMITH.
READING, "The Humours of Jos Miller" . . .	REV. Z. SNOOKS.
COMIC SONG, { "O, did you twig her Ankles," . . . }	MR. LARKER.
RECITAL, "My Name is Norval" . . .	MASTER WIGGINS.
GLEE, "The Cock and Crow" . . .	WOBBLESWORTH WARRLERS.
READING, "The Bandit's Bride" . . .	REV. H. WALKER.
SONG, "I seek thee in every Shadow" . . .	MR. GROWLER.
RECITAL, "The Haunted Hottentot" . . .	DR. BLOBS.
COMIC SONG, "Jolly Miss Jemima" . . .	MR. LARKER.
CHORUS, "Ri fol de riddle ol" . . .	WOBBLESWORTH WARRLERS.

The company separated at the somewhat advanced hour of half-past nine o'clock, after spending an enjoyable and instructive evening.

DUFFERTON AND BLUNDERBURGH.

SPARROWSHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—The annual meeting of the Dufferton and Blunderburgh Sparrow Club was held on Monday last at the Goose and Gridiron, Dufferton, the President, Mr. BOONIE, again occupying the chair. It appeared from the report that, during the past twelvemonth, no fewer than 5937 sparrows had been slaughtered by the honourable members of the club. Complaints had been received of increasing devastation by fly, and slug, and caterpillar, and it was said that this was owing to the great decrease of small birds effected by the club. The Chairman, amid cheers, pooh-poohed these allegations, and, after presenting a new powderflask to Mr. JONAH JOWLS, for having made the largest bag of small birds in the twelvemonth, the Chairman humorously adjourned the meeting to the supper-room, where mine host served up an elegant light supper, the menu whereof consisted of sausages, black puddings, Welsh rarebits, and pork-chops.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has discovered "a fish which builds a nest." Wonders are only just beginning. Other Professors, envious of AGASSIZ's good fortune, will be stimulated to renewed study of the Animal Kingdom; and the result will be that at no distant day we shall see the great Zoological collections, here and in America, enriched by the addition of a glowworm which lives in a hive, a tortoise which hops from bough to bough, an oviparous rabbit, and a lobster whose diet consists exclusively of salad. The fable which deluded our childhood may yet be realised, and pigeon's milk take its place amongst the common articles of a free breakfast table.

NEW SCHOOL FOR NOBS.



END Mr. Punch, a happy change has come over the character of our Public Schools. The chief of them, I have been told, of what is called medieval foundation, were originally intended to educate the sons of poor gentlemen. But now, Sir, the purpose they have come to serve is just the reverse of that. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, signing himself PAVIDUS—evidently a mean, shabby, needy sprig of gentility, afraid, as his signature means, if I am not misinformed, which, by the tenor of his letter, he plainly confesses himself to be, of having to fork out more than he is able to write to complain, forthwith, of "the growing abuse of 'aps' and pocket-money allowance." This contemptible indigent fellow says:—

"It is within my knowledge that at one of the chief public schools—and I am told that the same rule holds good at the other schools of this class—a

boy who does not bring back 50 each half is set down by 'the house' as a 'duffer' and as of 'no use.' In other words, he is under the cold shade of his fellow-boarders, and is subject to constant and galling humiliation."

Very well. Let him be off, then. A first-class Public School is no place for him any more than a first-class carriage. Let the beggar who doesn't like it, leave it—go second or third class, and be taught the three R's under FORSTER'S Education Act. But now read what PAVIDUS has the insolence to say further:—

"It is not every lad that can bear lightly the gibes and jeers of the young cotton lords whose home ethics teach them to measure the quality of a gentleman by the amount of money he can spend. The result is inevitable. The 'see' shop gives credit. A loan is soon and easily contracted, and the boy, smarting under the results of his comparative poverty, begins his career of debt and deceit in order to hold his own among his more pecunious fellows."

MR. PAVIDUS, in his pride and poverty, seems very indignant at the idea of wealthy young cotton lords treating poor young pedagogue lords with contempt. I dare say he is some poor nobleman's relation himself, the HONOURABLE PAVIDUS, perhaps, or RIGHT HONOURABLE PAVIDUS.

When he wrote the above sneer at cotton lords probably he turned up his nose. That is, I mean, he tried to, for it is a nose that don't turn up by nature, I'm sure. I'll be bound it's one of those aquiline hook-noses which your bloated aristocrats are so vain of, none of your jolly button-mushroom snub. I fancy I see PAVIDUS—LORD PAVIDUS, perhaps—looking down upon myself, and sniffing at me, like a footman with too strong a bouquet in his buttonhole. He and his, and such as they, had best keep themselves to themselves. If our boys are too well-off at school for theirs, and yet theirs are above being sent to regular pauper schools, why don't your Nobs and Swells get up poor's schools of their own, poor gentlemen's schools, if they like to call them so? At such schools the rule might be that no boy was to come from home to school with more than five shillings in his pocket, nor be allowed above sixpence a week.

Dress and board could be cut down to the same plain, poverty-stricken scale. Such regulations would keep the high-bred paupers what they call select enough without any necessity, which they that pride themselves so on their pronunciation might perhaps imagine, for an entrance examination to try if new-comers could pronounce their h's. And so, poor nobility and gentry, being brought up in that frugal sort of way, would continue in it, because able to afford no better, and by-and-by, I dare say, get to pride themselves upon it, and make a merit and a boast of their despicable economy; so that plain living and dressing and eating and drinking will some day perhaps be considered the particular tokens of high birth and breeding, and of class-distinction between PLANTAGENET MOWBRAY FITZ-MONTAGUE NORFOLK HOWARD and

SHODDY.

TICHBORNE V. LUSHINGTON.

BOYLE'S *Court Guide* is, as all who dwell or have friends in the Court District know, as accurate and convenient a book of reference as possible. No library table can be without this manual. It is with great reluctance, therefore, that Mr. Punch, in the exercise of stern duty, devotes the new volume of the *Guide* to the vengeance of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL. But respect for the Bench compels Mr. Punch to offer this sacrifice. In the issue for January, 1872, on page 797, this may be read:—

"TICHBORNE, SIR ROGER C. D., Bart., 10, Harley Road West, Brompton, S.W."

Now Mr. Punch appeals to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and to the Universe to say whether the desire expressed by the former that there should be no comment on the Tichborne case, *pendente lite*, has not been scrupulously complied with. Dull as the season has been, there has been no yielding to the temptation to make smart articles out of the *Australian Romance*. Mr. Punch himself, who is above all laws, has set the most noble example to his contemporaries, and even when he has borrowed an illustration from the big trial, he has carefully avoided any expression of opinion as to the merits. But, in the *Court Guide*, the Claimant, or somebody else, has inserted an entry which prejudices the case. The name and title of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE are claimed as calmly as if the ownership were as well established as that of the name and title of SIR WILLIAM BOVILL, which appear in another page, or as Mr. Punch's own name and title would be cited, but that it pleases him to occupy his family mansion East of Temple Bar. This is Contempt of Court. The Attorney-General has stated his belief that the Claimant is a cunning and audacious conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, an impostor, and a villain. He may be all these things, and not SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be none of these things, and be SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be only so many of these things as are compatible with his being SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. No person, except an advocate, has the least right to state an opinion until the jury shall be finally locked up, and out of the way of being prejudiced. Whoever took on himself to decide the case, by sending to the *Court Guide* a statement that SIR ROGER TICHBORNE exists, and resides at the above address, did that for which he should be called on to answer at the bar of the Common Pleas. Roo-ey, too-ey, too-ey-ty too!

LIQUOR LAWS SUPERSEDED.

MOUTHING, spouting, declamatory, meddlesome agitation for the compulsory enforcement of total abstinence from invigorating, comforting, cheering, and restorative drinks on people to whom it would be intolerable, is the very staff of life to the United Kingdom Alliance. Therefore it is taking the bread out of their mouths to enter into combination for any purpose like that described by the *Post* in a paragraph announcing:—

"ANOTHER SOCIAL MOVEMENT.—The working-men of the West End have set on foot a new social movement, the main object of which is to enable them to hold meetings with their trade and friendly societies away from public-houses. A body of earnest working-men have been exerting themselves for some months past to raise funds for the purpose of building a central hall, in which the trade and friendly societies of Chelsea, Brompton, and Kensington may meet, instead of at public-houses. There are upwards of seventy such societies in the districts named."

If working-men generally take to courses like these, they will very soon vindicate their order from the accusation of drunkenness which Liquor LAWSON, DAWSON BURNS, and their followers, put forward as a pretext for soliciting the whole people to let themselves be placed under restraint, like idiots or babies. The sober and earnest working-men, drinking their beer in moderation, will show themselves to be really the same flesh and blood with the gentlemen who sip their claret soberly, and are so kind as to interest themselves in the promotion of schemes for withholding their poorer kind from indulgence in "intoxicating liquors." But then the occupation of the United Kingdom Alliance will be gone. That is to say, they will be deprived of all excuse for vociferating, plotting, and conspiring to have the pleasure of regulating the habits of others.

Parental Present.

THOUGH we have thus far entered on January, the window of a shop in Fleet Street still exhibits a card bearing the legend of "Presents for Christmas." This appears amid a lot of walking-sticks, where it is somewhat suggestive. Perhaps too many school-boys generally come home for the holidays would receive the most suitable Christmas-box a fond Father could present them with if he were to give them the stick. [Mrs. Punch. "Brute!"]



"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Young Person (on taking a Situation with Maiden Lady). "IN THE COURSE OF CONVERSATION, SHALL I ADDRESS YOU AS *MISS* OR *MUM*?"!!

THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

(See MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON'S evidence before the *Megara Commission*.)

A DARKLING place, of shadowy space,
Reached by a silent stair;
A skeleton clock, with a dusty face,
That marks time in the air,
To five grey ghosts, in blue and gold lace,
Each in ghost of a board-room chair.

Their red-tape is dust, their penknives are rust,
The ink in each standish is sere;
Their ghost-quills glide betwixt margins wide
Of foolscap, that blanks appear;
And their dead tongues' prose into dead ears goes,
And out at as dead an ear!

But on file and floor, and the tables o'er,
And in pigeon-holes well stored,
Are letters many, and papers more—
An ever-growing board!
No phantom of business, albeit before
My Lords of a Phantom Board!

So much work to be done, and, alive, but one
To utter five phantoms' will!
The hours they run, but on LUSHINGTON
The papers are pouring still—
And how record for a Phantom Board,
With a merely mortal quill?

Those letters come by messengers dumb—
A hundred thousand a year—
To this room or that, for ghost-clerks to thumb,
And be opened, here and there:
Who registers? None, all; all, some:
Who minutes? Ghost-hands in air.

So, registered or unregistered,
As haste or hap may be;
Minuted or un-minuted,
As ghost, or none, may be free;
The gathering letters have come to a head
That a Phantom Board can see!

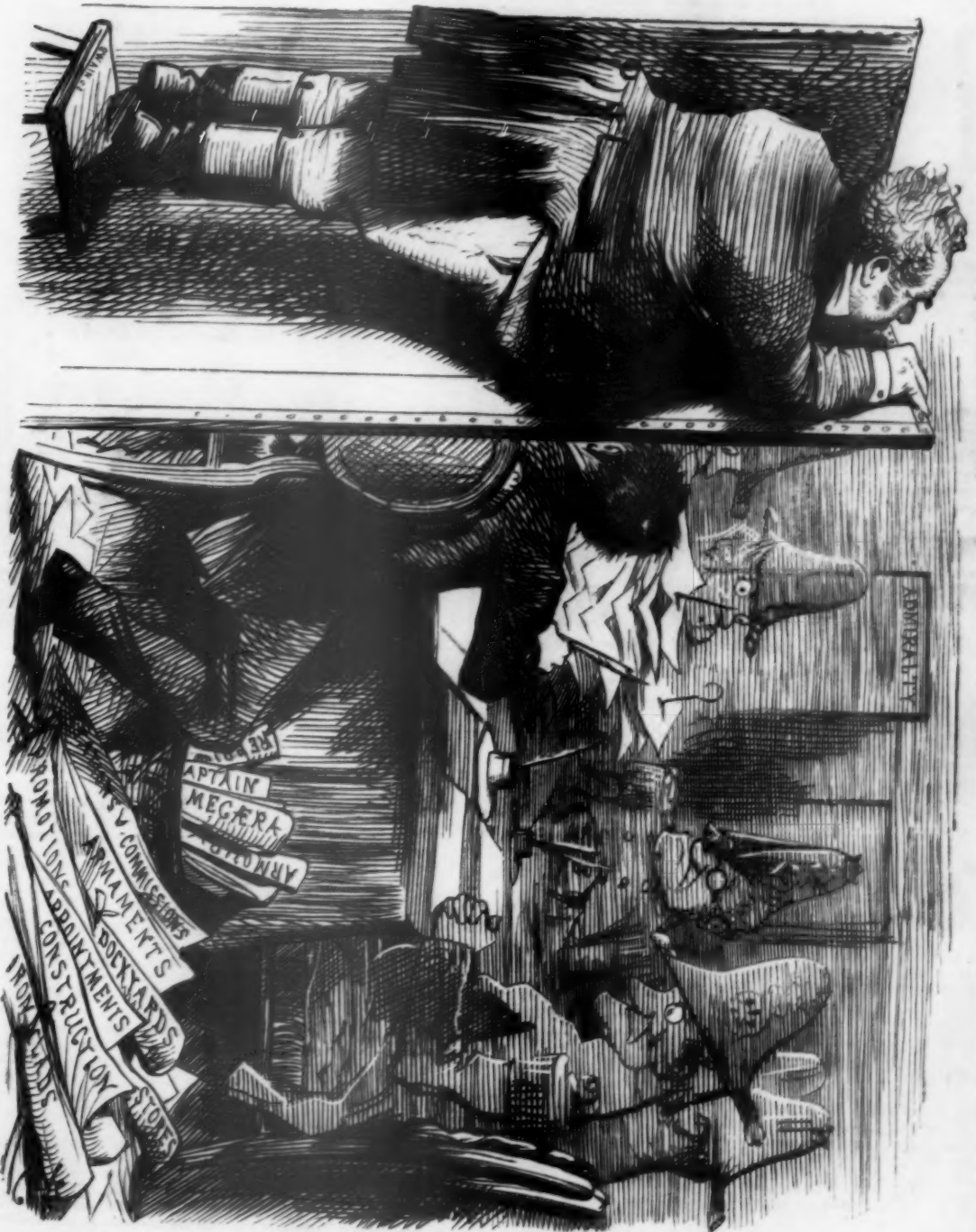
Alive but one,—Lone LUSHINGTON
Among that ghostly five,
And all this business to be done—
Needs must when phantoms drive!
"Enough to sign," he sighs, "not mine
To read, and still survive."

And while he signs, and signs, and signs,
Its ghost of work upon,
In its red-tape toil the navy to coil,
The Phantom Board sits on:
Easy to seize, your grasp 'twill foil,
Looms, shadowy, and is gone!

Gone but to meet, in order neat,
As ghost-like as before,
In the navy blue, and cock'd hat a-blue,
That ancient DUNCAN wore,
The Phantom First Lord at the head of the Board,
And, below, the Phantom Four!

Their ghosts of orders they have sped,
Their ghosts of minutes they sign;
But of ship ill-found, or fleet ill-led
The discredit all decline,
To the shrill "Not mine!" of their phantom-head,
Echoing their "Not mine."

JOHN BULL, outside, may groan and gride,
May fume and fret at will;
If he deems live heads his navy guide,



THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

MR. BULL. "GHOSTS, BY JINGO!"

[What else did he expect to see at the Admiralty, after Mr. VERNON LUSHINGTON's successful Revolution?]

THE
LAWYER'S
BOOK

His sea-behests fulfil,
The works and the words of these Phantom Lords
No wonder he taketh ill.

For our ships we know how the sovereigns go.
Hard cash in hard hulls should end:
Why troop-ships are worked till they rotten grow,
We cannot comprehend;
Nor why squalls that blow about REID & Co.
To the bottom should *Captains* send.

Some day, I think, with a sneeze and a wink,
Shocked wide-awake again,
JOHN BULL will make free with the Board-room key,
Gropes his way to the door, and then,
Round the Board-screen peep at the ghosts that keep
The seats of living men!

We wouldn't hold posts among those ghosts—
Nor of Sea, nor of Civil Lord—
That to build JOHN's ships, and to guard JOHN's
coasts,
Have borrowed his shield and sword:
If Ghosts can be kicked, kicked out of their posts
Will be the PHANTOM BOARD!

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MRS. LORIMER STACKWORTHY is busy with a new life of one of our earliest Queens, BOADICCA, based on contemporary documents and family papers, many of which are in cipher. The publishers, (SPORLE AND MUSSITT) will be glad to hear of an authentic portrait of the subject of MRS. STACKWORTHY's interesting monograph.

The article, in the *Pedantic Review*, on "Pies and Puddings," which has caused such a stir in literary and culinary circles, bears strong internal evidence of the practiced pen of PROFESSOR PÖRRINGER. That on "Extraordinary Ebullitions," in the *Impartialist*, is understood to emanate from DR. JULIUS TEEGER.

JEWINI's great classic Opera—*La Vecchia Madre Ubaidio*—will be revived next season at La Scala.

A new weekly periodical is announced. It will be printed, published, edited, written, illustrated, stitched, and sold exclusively by women, and the type, ink, and paper, will be supplied by manufacturers who employ none but female artificers. Men will not be allowed to interfere with this journal in any way, except as purchasers. The title is *Superior Wisdom*.

SIGNOR ZAFFERANO-COLLINA has resumed his (open air) Organ performances on Campden Hill. The Signor's repertoire has not received any accession during the recess.

In the course of the ensuing season, MESSRS. BRANE AND BOOKER will bring to the hammer the valuable Library formed by the late JONATHAN BELL DYER, M.A., F.A.S., F.E.L.S. It is remarkably rich in nursery rhymes, cookery books, gipsyana, and treatises on distentry and fireworks, and includes a unique series of privately printed publications relating to the County of Rutland.

The result of more extended investigations goes to prove that the *Oclopus* will not attack man, except in defence of its religion.

MR. GRANBY FUSFORTH has completed his arrangements for the delivery of a course of Six Lectures on "Winds and Windfalls," in the North of London. He will afterwards make a tour through Lambeth, Surrey, Southwark, and the Tower Hamlets, and will probably conclude his labours in the Old Kent Road.

Telegrams from Trebizond say that MADAME CORALIA VOLANTI has created a perfect furore there, by her extraordinary performances on the high rope.

Bertha's Black Box is the title of a new Serial Story, by a popular and prolific writer, to be commenced in an early number of *Alcatraz*. It will be illustrated by BANNOCKS.

MR. WYCHERLEY BISS has a farcical comedy in preparation which will be produced at the "Sheridan" in the course of the season. The plot turns on one of the principal characters mistaking a private mansion for an hotel. FACHY SMILES has a wonderful part in it.

MR. SALVATOR ROSE, R.A., is working hard to get all his pictures ready for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. Perhaps, the most striking is a scene from SMITH'S *Classical Dictionary*, in which AGAMEMNON is represented as blowing a horn, across the Prytæneum, to CRYTHEMESTRA, who is pacing the Beina, in the absence of her guardian on a secret expedition. *AGAMEMNON* appears in the background, detained by some law business, and the Chorus is endeavouring to convince him that he is in the wrong. This powerful painting, with its subtle nuances, its harmonious play of light and shade, its truthful rendering of the Furies, and the

splendid drawing of the Chorus's left leg, will carry conviction to all who can reverence a conscientious manipulation of another of the grand old trilogies of the Athenian stage.

The new metal, Fluozinium, is steadily making its way against the current of scientific prejudice. It has been discovered in almost limitless quantities in conjunction with tufa and hematite; and the most delicate persons may inhale its fumes with perfect safety. In specific gravity Fluozinium is superior both to nickel and cobalt; it will ignite nowhere but on the box, and not often there; and for porosity, fragility, and opalescence, no metal in our time has approached it.

The Dryrot Society have at the present time two more volumes of unusual interest ready for their subscribers, who, it must be said, regretfully, are much in arrear with their subscriptions. One is the *Foundation Deeds*, in abbreviated Latin, of the Monastery of St. Kilda, in Kincardineshire, dating as far back as the fourteenth century; the other, a list of all persons holding *in capite* a curacate of land and upwards, who were in fief to the Crown in the Border Wars. A few copies will be struck off on large paper, and six on vellum.

THE SPEAKER-ELECT.



THE details supplied by the newspapers give but an inadequate idea of the interesting rites and ceremonies which cluster round the election of a new SPEAKER, and have been observed, with undeviating fidelity, since those early times, when the original SPEAKER received the sanction of his Sovereign under the shade of the "Parliament Oak" in "Merry Sherwood."

From the first moment that he gets a post-card informing him he is to be proposed to the House for the vacant Chair, the SPEAKER-designate gives up the sports of the field, dinner company, and all other pleasures and amusements, and devotes himself,

night and day, to the perusal of the journals of the House of Commons, the investigation of the Standing Orders, and the study of the Constitutional History of England, Parliamentary precedents and privileges, and the Biographies of his predecessors.

He reads a fixed portion of *Hansard* every morning and evening. He sees no one but the Clerk of the House and his Assistants, who call to give him daily private tuition.

He forms a collection of the photographs of all the Members, that his recognition of them may be immediate and unerring.

During the week before the meeting of Parliament he visits all his old haunts for the last time, and takes leave of his friends, with whom, of course, as First Commoner, he can never again mix on the same familiar terms.

The day before his election he has his hair cut.

On the eve of the great event he retires to rest early, and on the morning of the most momentous day in his life he rises with the first streak of dawn in the east, and paces to and fro on Constitution Hill, to collect his thoughts and prepare his speech.

The Sergeant-at-Arms conveys him, attired in a full Court suit to Westminster, in a close carriage, with the blinds drawn down, and remains with him in a vault in the Victoria Tower, where he is provided with the daily papers, writing materials, and refreshments, until his proposer and seconder arrive to conduct him into the House. (There is a large looking-glass in the vault, before which he tries on his wig and gown, with the experienced aid of the Sergeant.)

The subsequent proceedings are pretty much as the papers have described them, except that the Proposer and Seconder wear woggles, and carry halberds; and that the SPEAKER stands up before he takes his seat in the chair, which is draped with the Union Jack, brandishes the Mace (decked with ribbons for the occasion) three times round his head, and in a loud voice, and in Norman French, invites the whole of the officers of the House to dine with him that evening at the Albion at seven.



INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

Theresa. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER! I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY; IN FACT, TO BECOME A SISTER IN AN ANGLICAN NUNNERY."

Charles. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BURY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONKERY!"

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BAZAAR.

MR. PUNCH has seldom been more disgusted—and that is saying a good deal in these days—than by the low, sordid, Philistine, anticosmopolitan agitation on the subject of the International Exhibitions.

He will endeavour to express himself calmly on the topic, but gives no pledge that he will not be induced to use strong language.

British manufacturers and vendors complain (he hates people that complain of anything) that the Foreigner is unduly and unjustly favoured by the directors of these Exhibitions. "Foreigner!" At the outset, that word is in itself offensive. All mankind are Brothers, more or less. But let that pass.

The Foreigner is allowed to bring to South Kensington whatever wares he pleases, and to exhibit them to the best advantage at handsome stalls, for which he pays no rent. To the Exhibition the British public is invited by every official blandishment—fête, flower-show, and music are among the attractions—and for several months the very best and most opulent portion of society is thus brought to be tempted by the Foreigner's productions.

Furthermore, the Foreigner is allowed to deprive the Exhibition of its character as an Exhibition, and to make it a shop. For he may sell anything which he has brought over (whether it be part of his show, or any other article which it has occurred to him as likely to be acceptable), and the purchaser may take it away at once. This is coarsely described as entirely departing from the theory that it was by the display and comparison of wares that the interests of Art were to be promoted. It is irreverently urged that the accomplished Prince who originally devised these Exhibitions would never have sanctioned their being converted into Shops and Bazaars.

The British manufacturers and vendors condescend to urge that this is not giving them fair play, that the Foreigner is helped in

JOLLY WET.

HOORAY! It rains, it pelts, it pours,
At work I shall be free from bores,
Who call and stay. The storm that roars,
The wet, will keep them all in-doors.

I've but to dread the Postman's knock,
A sharp but momentary shock,
I'll hope that it may bring no worse,
Than some attempt upon my purse.

Prospectus, Circular, or Puff,
Into the fire just won't I stuff,
And smile, as to myself I say,
"That postage-stamp is thrown away!"

INQUESTS QUITE UNNECESSARY.

ON Thursday last week, at a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates:—

"A communication was received from the guardians of the poor of the parish of St. Pancras, stating that there was an increase in the number of inquests held upon the bodies of persons dying in the workhouse, and that a majority of them were unnecessary; but the guardians were powerless to prevent such inquests being held, and were of opinion that if the fees receivable by the medical officers of the workhouses in the metropolis were abolished, a number of such inquests would no longer be held."

The insinuation against the metropolitan Poor-Law medical officers of a charge of obtaining fees under false pretences, does credit to the shopkeepers in limited lines of business out of whose inner self-consciousness it sprang. Of course the inquests held upon many of the paupers who have died in the St. Pancras Workhouse have been unnecessary. There, not very much more particularly than in other workhouses, can the majority of paupers be supposed to perish from special neglect. Most of them, no doubt, die of mere misery.

Victoria and Hahnemann.

"The QUEEN has been pleased to send a present of game for the patients of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton."

Similia similibus. HER MAJESTY treats, by promoting consumption. But the First of Lady Doctors does not "exhibit" infinitesimal doses. Truly Royal practice of homoeopathy.

every way to sell his goods, and that the Briton who pays rent for his own shop, and heavy taxes for the support of the State, is rendered all the less able to do so, by reason that custom is drawn away from him in favour of those who pay neither rent nor taxes.

Mr. Punch regrets to find that Leading Men of business take these narrow views, and that the representatives of some of the most eminent firms in England have met under the auspices of the LORD MAYOR, also a man of business, to assert that the system is unjust. It may be thought that when such men deliberately protest against anything, they may be supposed to have good reasons for their protest. But this is a commonplace way of thinking.

Let us try and rise above mere material views, and let the holy and genial rays of the sun of cosmopolitanism warm up our insular hearts. All mankind are Brothers, as has been already observed, and who would grudge his brother anything? Why should the British person be considered in the matter? Talk of his paying taxes—well, he does not like to pay them—and if he is ruined, he will not be called upon to pay them any more. That is a detail beneath contempt. What Mr. Punch is so ashamed of, is the chill and callous British nature, which refuses to recognise the holiness of universal philanthropy, and clings to old-fashioned ideas of a man's duty to his own family and his own nation. The Englishman who could see in the prosperity of the Rue de Rivoli no compensation for the ruin of Regent Street, is so low in the scale of civilisation that we blush to call him countryman.

Mr. Punch has no such sordid feelings, and his noble heart will leap with generous joy to behold the wealthy pouring out their gold on the counter or at the stall of his Foreign Brothers at South Kensington, and if his British Brother is, as he thinks, unfairly used and impoverished, let him find consolation in the thought that we are all the same "flesh and blood." Let him mention this to Mr. LOWE's tax-collector, and it is certain that the latter will, like STEWART's angel, drop a gentle tear on the charge he was going to make, and blot it out for ever.



PLEASURES OF HUNTING BY RAIL.

JONES'S NEW HORSE—FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS.

PAST AND PRESENT OBSTRUCTION.

WHERE now are the Parsons, with too high a hand
 Who whilom were wont things to carry?
 The sole Clergy known to the Law of the Land,
 With charter to bury and marry,
 Whose Pluralists lazily fattened, like swine;
 Their rubicund joles bloomed like roses:
 They were used so to soak themselves full of port-wine,
 That it purpled their overgrown noses.

O where and O where are those proud Parsons gone?
 O where and O where shall we find them,
 With the waistcoat so full, and the shovel-hat on,
 As our limners in their days designed them?
 A sinecure mostly the cure of the souls
 To which for attention not giving
 They never feared being called over the coals,
 They showed forth their fruits of good living.

To the Church they were stanch; they held on with a kind
 Of a power like horseleeches' of suction,
 Intolerant, bigoted, narrow, and blind,
 They but lived to persist in obstruction.
 They evermore voted for absolute rule,
 For coercion, restraint, and repression,
 And exclusion, by tests, from each College and School,
 They opposed every kind of concession.

Those Parsons of old are no longer seen here;
 Now no more do they hamper this nation.
 They are all gone the way of HERR BREITMANN his beer;
 They have ceased to obstruct education.
 The Church has grown broad, throwing open each door,
 Which, the bigot except, each one enters,
 And we now, in the place of the Parsons of yore,
 Behold cross-grained and jealous Dissenters.

A CARD.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES would convey, through his friend, Mr. Punch, warmest thanks to all his loyal and loving fellow-subjects for their sympathy, earnest interest, and kind inquiries. In due time H. R. H. hopes to make public acknowledgment of the national feeling which has been so nobly testified.

Meantime, by advice of his friend above mentioned, H. R. H. signifies that he would be particularly obliged if all Mayors, Beadles, Corporations, Cocked Hats, Town Clerks, Silver Maces, Respected Townsmen, and other Activities would kindly allow him some respite before the flood of Conventional Congratulation is turned on. Might he ask to be allowed the quiet and peace permitted to other convalescents? Would Addressers deign to remember that though he is a Prince, "a man's a man for a' that"?

Sandringham.

RESPECT THIS!

PUNCH.
Fleet Street.

Portsmouth or Brighton.

SHALL the Easter Monday Volunteer Review be holden at Brighton or Portsmouth? This question may have been decided in favour of Brighton by the Sovereign, or by the Shilling, which would have done equally well, to determine the choice by a toss-up; and sufficient for that, indeed, would have been "skying a copper." Brighton has downs adapted for the field of military manoeuvres, but so has Portsmouth; and as to either place, whether you regard the neighbourhood or the inhabitants, it is hard to say which is the more downy.

No Mistake in the Name.

As "A Thankoffering from India," a contemporary announces that on account of the recovery of the PRINCE OF WALES, a charitable donation of £200 has been sent to London by MR. COWAS-JEE JENAVOORER READYMONEY. Anybody would have given MR. READYMONEY credit for having earned his name, and now everybody must see that he well deserves it. Is MR. READYMONEY a Parsee? At any rate, he is the reverse of Parsi-monious.



THE CONNOISSEURS.

Groom. "WHEW'S BEER DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOM'BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HO'S?"

Keeper (critically). "WELL, O' THE TWE I PEFERS THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WUM'OODS'S DON'T FARE TO TASTE O' NAWTHIN AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE DEW TASTE O' THE CASE!"

NEWS FROM NAPLES.

MR. PUNCH received a letter stating that in the writer's opinion it might interest Mr. P.'s readers to know the state of the weather in Naples. If there be one thing in the world nobody out of Naples cares one farthing about, Mr. Punch supposes that thing to be mentioned above. But, *respicie Anem*. On examining the report enclosed by his Correspondent, Mr. Punch discovers that the subject is very interesting indeed. Here is the faithful reprint of an official document supplied to the *Naples Observer*. Emphatically we call the weather in question queer weather. We omit barometers and thermometers, and all that stuff.

STATE OF THE WEATHER IN NAPLES FROM THE 6TH TO THE 12TH JAN. 1872.

DATE.	OBSERVATIONS.
Jan. 6	Rain and p. m.
" 7	Rain right Clouded day.
" 8	Rain right off on day.
" 9	Heavy rain thunderstorm rain d.
" 10	Heavy rain swig right.
" 11	Clouded day.
" 12	Bright day.

Spiritualism for Sailors.

MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, speaking of that body of naval administrators, doubtless, with knowledge and in sincerity, calls it a "Phantom Board." A Board of Phantoms may be said to be a Board of Ghosts, and such a Board of Admiralty sending British seamen afloat in rotten *Megaras*, is a Board of Ghosts with power to add to their number.

EDUCATIONAL EPIGRAMS.

I.

ABOUT the Three R's views unite
As voices blend in song.
For the Fourth R, what some hold right,
That all folk else deem wrong.

Of those Fourth R's as yet while none
The right R proved can be,
To teach them all, therein where one,
Why can't good folk agree?

II.

Milk is for babes, wrote one that knew.
Sectarian Educators, you
Who dogmas teach which Doctors question,
Are you not giving babes strong meat,
So much too tough for them to eat,
The upshot must be indigestion?

AN OBJECT OF SYMPATHY.

CAN a man murder his wife? The point seems doubtful, to judge by the common experience of the Courts, and the general tone of public opinion, when a charge for this questionable offence is under consideration or comment. On the whole, it would seem to be desirable that we should cease to use the term "Murder" of Wife-killing, and create a special term for that offence—if offence it can be called. May we suggest either "Wife-icide," or "Spousi-icide," or "Uxori-icide"? It would be the correlative, in cases of feminine life-taking, of "justifiable homicide" in the case of male.

It was very touching to observe the general expression of newspaper sympathy with an individual lately convicted for having pushed a little too far, perhaps, the natural feeling of exasperation and impatience with a wife who may safely be assumed to have been a very aggravating person. "Poor monomania," "unfortunate gentleman," and so forth, are terms which testify to the natural tenderness of the public feeling towards one who is subjected to such painful consequences for so venial an act of temporary irritation.

We are glad to see that this touching and well-directed sympathy is confined to this unfortunate victim of a rash impulse. As for the woman who provoked him, we observe only a considerate silence, or the expression of a feeling equivalent to the well-known Cornish verdict—"Served her right."

A MODEST DEMAND.

THE season might be milder—it could hardly be more malevolent. But here is mildness:—

A WIDOWER of middle age, of quiet and regular habits, who has three children at boarding school, desires a HOME in the house of an independent Christian widow or single lady, whose object in letting apartments is chiefly society, who would accept merely nominal terms, and where he would be the only lodger. Nice house and servant desirable.—Address, with every particular, &c., &c.

What a charming person must this advertiser be, if we may judge from the high value which he sets on his society! No doubt he has been deluged with replies to his advertisement. What independent lady could possibly decline to offer him the home which he so modestly demands, and to sacrifice her independence by accepting him as lodger, first, and finally as lord, as soon as he inclined to offer her his heart? "Beware of widows, Sammy!" said the elder Mr. Weller. Beware of widowers, ladies! adds the wiser Mr. Punch.

The Weather and the Paths.

FOUL weather! Come on, my Macintosh
And my Boots; we'll never mind it,
While the rain the face of the Earth doth wash,
Though the dirtier still we find it.

Freshwomen of the Future.

It is proposed to transfer the Ladies' College to Cambridge. This addition, if made, to Alma Mater will, in case of future controversy between disorderly undergraduates and other inhabitants, be obviously an advantage over Town in favour of Gown. For even the Graduates and Dons of the gentler sex will all be Gownswomen.



"BREAKING THE ICE."

Gentleman (to Pensive Neighbour during the Quarter of an Hour before Dinner). "MISS WILKINSON, YOU LOOK SAD. PERHAPS YOU'RE TIRED!"

Lady. "O NO, THANK YOU."

Gentleman. "OR UNWELL?"

Lady. "O DEAR, NO!"

Gentleman (in desperation). "THEN—YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!"

BILL AND BUDGET.

NEVER mind though in two hundred millions, or more,
We be cast by perverse arbitration,
For "the People" will have to pay none of the score;
'Twill be all raised by partial taxation.
O ye million, those millions will touch none of you,
That of Income-tax pay not a penny;
To discharge *Alabama* claims fear not the serow
Will be put on "the Mamee" and "Mamy."

All alone had the Income-tax payers to pay
Abyssinian war's total expenses;
And the honour they have, by themselves, to defy
Those incurred for the nation's defenses.
Upon you, should our suit at Geneva be lost,
The untoward result of that action
Can no burden entail; they, whatever the cost,
Are doomed solely to make satisfaction.

Very likely 'twere cheaper at once to risk fight
Than to venture a ruinous payment,
Which would serve but to arm the unquenchable spite
Of the sunning, unscrupulous claimant.
For we fools having paid those 'cute Yankees in full
An indemnity heavy as France's,
A fresh quarrel they'd pick, and to war with JOHN BULL,
Go supplied by himself with finances.

We put down Ireland's Protestant Church; for Home Rule
Get a howl, of thanks Paddy's expression.
And what Statesman that's honest, not being a fool,
Ever hoped more from that large concession?
He who thinks to conciliate serpents, mistakes,
When with malice and envy they're frantic:
Deadly vengeance alone will eat such as come snakes
On this side, and beyond, the Atlantic.

SOLDIERS OR SUPERNUMERARIES?

THE late SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, in a recently published letter, expressed his opinion that the Volunteers are "a patriotic force, deserving great credit and encouragement," for the reason that "they may be of immense value among the measures for the military protection of the country." When, however, the illustrious Field-Marshal, of whom all that was mortal now rests in St. Peter-ad-Vincula, said the Volunteers might be of immense value, he hardly spoke in measured terms. For, speaking within bounds, he went on to say that "the service demanded of them should" from the nature of their case, "be of the simplest nature," and defined those services to be garrison-duty, and fighting behind fortifications.

The *Post* collates this appraisalment of the Volunteers with NAPOLEON's saying that he wanted "soldiers" in the field, but that "men" would suffice for the simple service to which SIR JOHN BURGOYNE limited the use of Volunteers. Well, but if the Volunteers are no better than "men, mortal men" (as another SIR JOHN than that one described his regiment) and "food for powder," what of another branch of the British land forces, on which we have been led to place reliance; namely, the Militia? Are those gallant fellows better instructed, better drilled, and more intelligent than the other; are they equally with them able to "fill a pit as well as better," and may we venture to trust that one pit which they are capable of filling is a rifle-pit?

ANATOMY EXTRAORDINARY.

Mrs. MALAPROP says she was once bled in the same place as ROGER TICHBORNE—in the temporary artery.

When we've hundreds of millions spent war to avert,
And more millions in war spent thereafter,
Forced to fight after all, having had to eat dirt,
Sight of scorn to the world—food for laughter,
Still the People may sing; the derisive contempt
Of mankind they'll put up with like sages:
From war charges to Yankee Bill added, exempt—
They can lose but their work and their wages.

NONCONFORMITY TO ANYTHING.

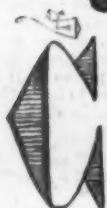
THE generality of persons consider that any religion is better than none; but those Dissenters who have now changed their old demand for "unsectarian" to a demand for "secular" education appear to be very much, on the contrary, of opinion that no religion is better than any religion, unless it be their own. But how much of any religion have those allies of educational secularists got? Nonconformists in general are commonly called "Religious Dissenters;" but those Nonconformists in particular seem to be more accurately describable as "Irreligious Dissenters." Their Dissent would seem to be Dissent *toto celo*. Those particular Dissenters can hardly include in their number any who are not altogether the reverse of Particular Baptists.

"CIVILISATION AT ST. PAUL'S."

THIS was the startling heading of an article which appeared a few days ago in the *Times*. What could it mean? men asked. What traces of lingering barbarism had been detected and effaced within the walls of the national Cathedral? Some readers surmised that the fees had been abolished; others asserted that the monuments were never again to be allowed to get dusty and dirty: while a few were sanguine enough to hope that the Corporation of London and the wealthy City Companies had undertaken the restoration and decoration of St. Paul's at their own expense. After all, it was found that nothing more was meant than the delivery, by the Dean, of the last of a series of lectures on "Civilisation" in the Cathedral.

THE UNCLE.

(An Uncle, stung by remorse, imparts terrible confidences to his favourite Nephew, whom, however, he subsequently binds to secrecy. * * * The breaks in the fragment indicate where the Uncle is struggling with his feelings.)



Come hither, boy! Come hither!

Have no fear
Of what thine Uncle murmurs in thine ear.
Thou art my Nephew!

I shall know no rest
Until my deeds of horror stand confest
In open daylight.

Dost thou love me, child?
I know thou dost: For have I not beguiled
Thy leisure hours? Hath not my half-crown
 Ofttimes unlocked for thee the joys of town?
Stand where thou art, and let thy hoop unroll'd
Remain till all I have to tell be told.
O Boy!—

I loved thy mother!—She, another!
Not me!—that other was my younger brother!
O beating heart, be still! down throbbing pulse!

(He resumes, after an instant's conflict.)

We had a house upon the hill of Tulso,
Within a breath of fiercely seething town;
Who sought our roof, went up; who left, went down.
'Twas ever thus. Thy father came and went.
I followed him, with murderous intent.
I was his shadow—nightly—day by day—
Ay!—year by year I saw him waste away.
A subtle poison mingled with his blood.
Yet was I what the world esteemed as good;
But loathsome all within.—

Nay, do not fear—
To thee I'm harmless as the love-sick deer,
Or as the Monarch of the Beasts, who gave
His thorn-pierced paw and fawned upon the Slave.

I killed thy mother, Boy!— Thy father too!
Thy brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles, who
Came in my way. But none I slew for hate,
And none for greed. I dealt the stroke of fate.
Of all our much-loved kindred we alone
Are left—you, Boy, and I! Shall I atone
For the irrevocable past, and be
Thy slayer, Boy?—

Nay, Nephew, fear not me.
Spurn not thine Uncle!

Ah! adown thy cheek
The pitying tear-drop doth forgiveness speak.
Go to the meadows, ply thy hoop and ball,—
Hark!—

'Tis the Colney Vesper bell doth call
Thine Uncle to the Hatch. So, boy, farewell!
What I have told thee—prithese do not tell!

[The Uncle disappears beneath the Hatch, and the boy continues his way thoughtfully.]



End of Fragment.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

THE other day there appeared a letter in the *Times* which the political world should not willingly let die. In type which will keep this document from filling excessive space with matter-of-fact detail, here it is:—

“MR. LOWE AND VICTORIA PARK.

“To the Editor of the *Times*.

“Sir,—The principals of this department having informed me that they consider that my letter to the *Times*, published on the 18th inst., under the above heading, and signed by me in my capacity of Honorary Secretary of the Victoria Park Preservation Society, was entirely inconsistent with that respect and becoming behaviour which are due by all Civil servants of the Crown to their official superiors, I have to state that I had no intention of giving offence to Her Majesty's CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I beg, therefore, to express my sorrow for having used the expressions contained in my letter, and I hereby withdraw the same.

“I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“Her Majesty's Customs, Jan. 30.

“FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH.”

Thus we see that it will not do for any subordinate Civil Servant to criticise, even in the delegated capacity of a Secretary to an Association, the public conduct of a Member of the Government. If he venture upon so near an approach to petty treason, his superiors are straightway down upon him with an admonition, the consequence of which is that he loses no time in eating the words which have flowed from his pen. What would have happened to Mr. FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH had he failed to attend to the suggestion which he received from the principals of his department? What if he had omitted to regale himself on the meal or mess of statement which he had been the instrument of making in reference to Mr. LOWE? Is it possible that, in reparation to the Author of Budgets, the Custom-House Clerk would have been presented with the Sack? Would his refusal to feast on “matter in the wrong place” have been as much as his place was worth?

The agitation for the rescue of Victoria Park, Epping Forest, the New Forest, and other Crown Lands, from sale and enclosure, is no doubt extremely annoying and vexatious to a Minister and a Government who, with a single eye to economy, would like to see all your now wooded or open spaces crowded with dwelling-houses, shops, and factories, and to behold groves of tall chimneys substituted for groves of trees. But those Right Honourable Gentlemen, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his colleagues, are, even if not too Liberal, too magnanimous, to be capable of any mandate of which, primarily, the retraction above-quoted can have been the result. No; it has, of course been purely the officious work of the principals of Mr. HEATH's department; his immediately superior servants, subordinate to the Queen's Head Servants, and at present out of livery.

An Easy Riddle.

WHAT Parliamentary Elections are those which are always conducted apart from the Public-house? The elections for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Election of the SPEAKER.



HOME RULE.

(A WILD DRAME OF THE FUTURE, BEDAD!)

[Committee of the Whole House.]

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

(New Session.)

STANDING ORDERS.

THE House of Lords shall meet at five, and adjourn not later than 5.40 P.M.

Two Peers (exclusive of the LORD CHANCELLOR and the Junior Bishop) shall form a *quorum*.

Robes and Coronets are not obligatory, and it shall be optional for those Peers who are entitled to wear badges of knighthood, to display their stars and ribbons, or not, as they please. Overcoats, waterproofs, and comforters; umbrellas, walking-sticks, and riding-whips, may be brought into the House, but not breechloaders, fishing-rods, or cricket-bats. No dogs will be admitted.

Any Peer wishing to go to sleep while the House is sitting may do so on obtaining the consent of the LORD CHANCELLOR. Leave will not be given to more than three Peers at a time. Any Peer snoring will be awakened by the Usher of the Black Rod, and on a repetition of the offence removed by that officer from the House.

Smoking will not be allowed near the Woolsack.

Peers may obtain credit in the Refreshment Rooms to an amount not exceeding one pound. This privilege will not be extended to Bankrupt Peers.

Bills sent up by the Lower House will be received with distrust and suspicion by the Upper House; and the greater the majority by which they were passed by the Commons, the greater the opposition they will encounter from the Lords.

To prevent hasty and unwise legislation, popular measures which have obtained the prompt and decided assent of the Commons, must be rejected at least three times before they are passed by the Lords.

Peers under the age of thirty will in future be required to attend lectures on Modern History, Political Economy, the Laws of England, Geography, and Elocution, and to pass an examination in these sub-

jects (to be conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners) before they can be allowed to take their seats.

With the exception of certain Members of the House of Commons, whose names may be ascertained on application to the SPEAKER, no Member shall address the House for more than half an hour.

With the exception of certain Members, a list of whose names may be obtained from the Clerk at the Table (price sixpence), any Member may address the House as often as he pleases during the Session.

No Member shall speak against time, or his own convictions.

No Member shall come down to the House with his mind made up as to how he shall vote, but he shall listen attentively to the arguments and facts adduced in debate, and be influenced by them and them alone as to the part he shall take in the Division.

No money shall in future be voted in a House consisting of less than a hundred Members.

Members presenting Petitions shall be required to make a declaration that they have read them through, that they are grammatically expressed, and that the signatures appear to be genuine and respectable.

A Book shall be kept, to be called the "Quotation Book," in which Members shall enter, at least twenty-four hours beforehand, any passages from ancient or modern authors which they may wish to introduce into their speeches; and no Member shall be permitted to make any quotation in the House against which a protest has been recorded, in the above-mentioned Book, under the hands of three or more Knights of Shires.

Stationery shall be continued to be supplied to Members, but they are recommended to be careful and economical in its consumption, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the Controller of the Stationery Office having it under consideration to charge each Member a fixed seasonal sum for paper and envelopes, and the use of ink-stands and blotting-cases.

To facilitate business, the House, on receiving an intimation through the SPEAKER that it is the wish of a Member that a speech which he had prepared should be taken as made, will sanc-

tion such a valuable saving of time and patience; with the understanding that the Member shall be at liberty to supply the public press with a copy of the speech for publication to his country and constituents.

From the day that the Ballot becomes law all Divisions in the House shall be taken by this method of voting.

No talking will be allowed in the Ladies' Gallery.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

MR. WHALLEY. To obtain leave to bring in a Bill to establish direct diplomatic relations with the POPE OF ROME.

MR. WATNEY. To obtain leave to bring in a Bill to limit the number of public-houses in England and Wales.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON. To move for a Commission to inquire into the expediency of abolishing all customs, duties, and imposts now levied on brandy, rum, gin, and other alcoholic liquors.

SIR CHARLES DILKE. To transfer to the Consolidated Fund all charges for the maintenance and support of the Royal Household.

MR. MIALL. To move for leave to bring in a Bill for the establishment of a Central Educational Board, to consist of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, the Heads of Colleges in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, MR. BERNARD HOPE, ARCHDEACON DENISON, DR. PUSEY, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, the REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MR. GEORGE DIXON, MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, and MR. MIALL.

MAJOR ANSON. To move an Address to the Crown, praying that a Royal Warrant may be issued, abolishing all Honorary Colonels.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. In Committee, to move a resolution to the effect that 10 per cent. be added to the salaries of all persons in Government employment.

MR. GLADSTONE. That it be an instruction to the Civil Service Commissioners to examine all future Under-Secretaries of State, Junior Lords of the Treasury, and Junior Lords of the Admiralty, and to report to the Treasury on their fitness for employment before they are allowed to take office.

MR. AYTON. Bill to empower the First Commissioner of Works and Buildings to negotiate with the Metropolitan Board of Works for the transfer of all the Public Statues in the streets of London to Hampstead Heath.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. Bill for the Reform of the Corporation of London.

OUR ADMIRABLE RESERVE.

As to the deencies of journalism, in the special point of reticence with respect to pending trials, we certainly are not as those Americans are. The Claimant's case, if proceeding in America, would have been discussed and prejudged in Yankee newspapers over and over again. Fear of commitment for contempt of Court being before the eyes of our Editors, withholds them from daring to publish remarks on a case *pendente lite* such as are heard in every company, and nobody scruples to make across a table. The ability to say such things with impunity must rather tend to lessen the great advantage of enforcing reticence on journalists. The jurymen engaged on *Tichborne v. Lushington* can hardly have gone anywhere since that suit began and not have heard it canvassed without reserve. Nothing they could have read in a newspaper, probably, could have given them the slightest additional bias. They must have heard plenty of observations as likely as any they could have read to affect their judgment otherwise than the plain statements and unimpassioned arguments of counsel can. This is a very great pity. The licence of private conversation must render the reticence of the Press almost of none effect. Ought not, therefore, everyone who speaks, as well as the person who prints, a word for or against a plaintiff or defendant, be liable to be committed for contempt of Court, too? Or would it be a better plan to keep the Jury locked up from communication with the outer world, perhaps, as in the *Tichborne* trial they would have had to be already, for above half-a-year at a stretch. If this incarceration of the Jury is of any use at all in a case of felony which concerns nobody, or very few, out of Court, it would be immensely more useful in an action involving enormous interests. Only, as we always say, in commending this wise precaution, when you look up the Jury, look up also the Judge.

Accommodation for the Army.

MR. SHEKELS says that he foresees one great disadvantage which must result from fixing the educational test for commissions in the Army too high. Young Officers have always heretofore got the greatest credit, and now in future they won't want any.

GIANTS IN THE WAY.

(Introit Sessio 1872.)

Tax fight draws near—the hour is here,
The silk to doff, the steel to don;
Breathing the breath of strife to death,
Set stiffly his high horse upon,
Against the giants in his path,
Grimly Childs GLADSTONE rideth on!

The Passage Perilous before,
The Passage Dolorous behind—
'Tis hard to say which survey more
Might lame his lance, or move his mind—
Thought of the year that dogs his rear,
Or that of foes in front combined.

A good knight he, in Learning's lists,
With pens for points, and ink for blood;
Bold to face Prehistoric mists,
Or fetlock deep, through mythic mud,
To dog Teutonic critics' twists,
Or probe Earth's youth, beyond the flood.

A stalwart warrior, too, confest,
In wordy war, where tongues are swords;
Headless what lance he lays in rest,
'Gainst Commons fierce or stubborn Lords—
The best to him is that which beat
And readiest help in need affords:

But Learning's gear avails not here,
Nor tongue-fence serves this Season's need;
Ne'er yawned defile more dark and drear
More threatening before knight and steed:
Beset with giant shapes of fear,
Allied in hate, of diverse breed.

Chiefs of the crowd, big, beetle-browed,
Not so well-knit as huge of limb,
The Giant Ultramontane proud,
And Giant Nonconformist grim,
Expectant wait, their mutual hate
Postponed in common hate of him.

"ALL FOR THE PRIEST" upon his shield,
As legend, Ultramontane bears;
"NOTHING FOR THE PRIEST," from chequered field
Of Nonconformist's buckler glares:
But cry and shield each keeps concealed,
As for joint onslaught he prepares.

Dark in their rear, more Giants peer,
Looming the larger for the shade
Through which their doubtful bulks appear,
In magnifying mists arrayed.
The Giant Bunkum, see prepare
The biggest bill e'er Bunkum made!

And Giant Job, and Giant Mull,
And Giant Muddle, and Misrule—
Giants that, by the Office-full
Find in Whitehall their home and school,—
Big brainless Giants, deaf and dull,
That botch the business of JOHN BULL.

Ere GLADSTONE quell this Giant band,
That with armed ambush lines his way,
He'll need as steady heart and hand,
As cool head, as e'er knight in fray,
And at his back a helpful band,
Of wills that hold, and wits that weigh.

I look around at foes before,
And weak or wavering friends behind;
I count the Session's chances o'er,
And more to chill than cheer I find.
But as *Punch* wished him well of yore,
Still the old "good-speed" comes to mind.

Beyond Suspicion.

OTHER as we hear of the "City Oratory," we never for a moment suppose that this implies any imputation on the City's Protestantism.



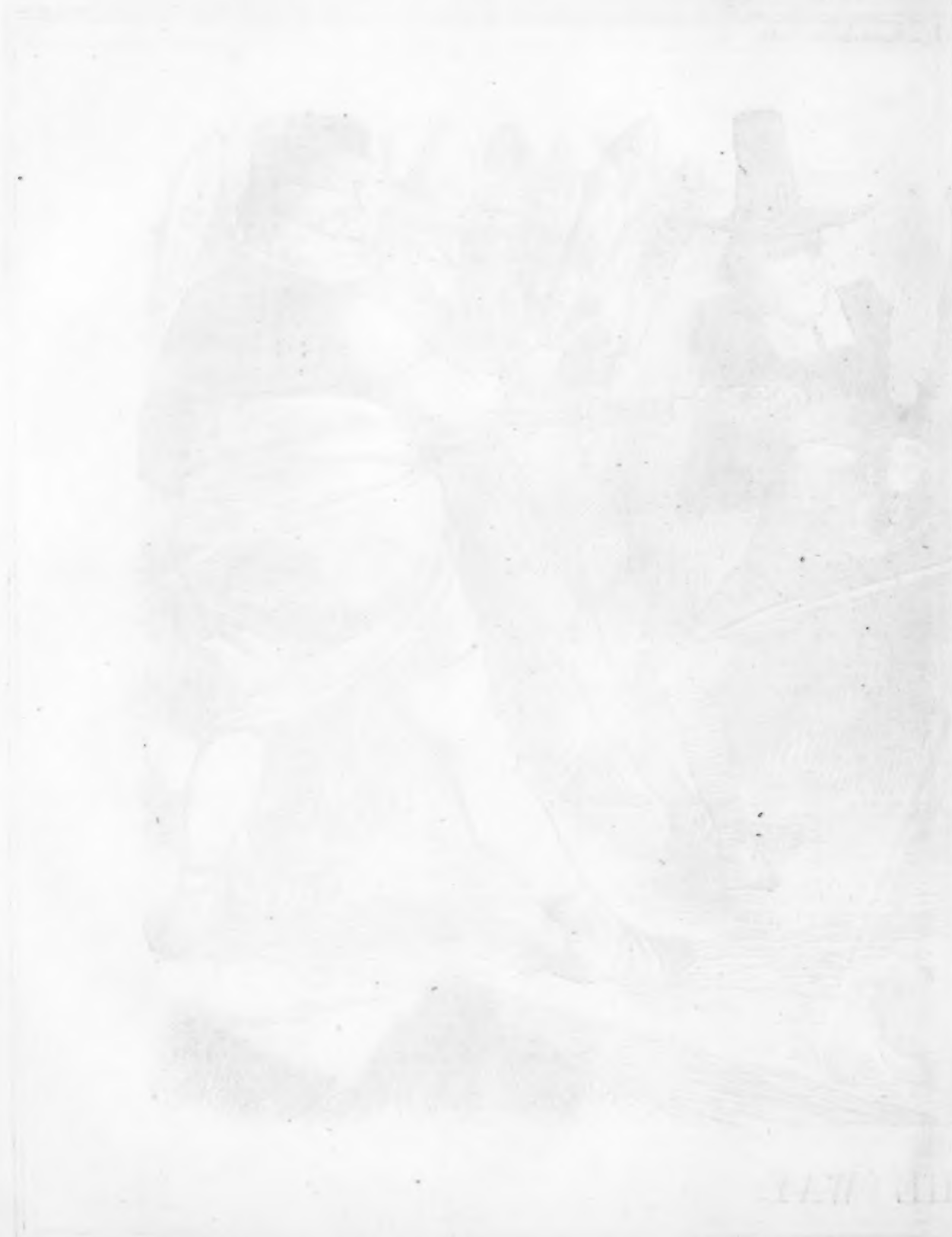
1875



GIANTS IT



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EVENINGS FROM HOME.



MR. MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD, TOMMY MERTON, and MR. BARLOW, visit the ADELPHI THEATRE to see "NOTRE DAME" and "SNOW WHITE."

Harry. Sir, will you give me leave to ask a question?

Mr. Barlow. As many as you choose.

Harry. The honest persons in this entertainment call Claude Frolo the "Wicked Archdeacon," or "The Archdeacon," or "My brother the Archdeacon," as the varying circumstances may warrant.

Mr. Barlow. This is indeed the case.

Harry. But then, Sir, did you not tell us the other day, that the good gentleman in a very remarkable hat, a square-cut coat, and with no buttons on his waistcoat, an omission intended, perhaps, to counteract the effect of so many small buttons on his gaiters and at his knees,—did you not say, Sir, that he was an Archdeacon?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, you have correctly repeated the information I gave you on that occasion, and I cannot but praise your thoughtfulness, which would connect that eminently respectable elderly gentleman (he carried an umbrella, if I remember rightly), with the "GOBLIN MONK," for such, I perceive, is the term applied to the Archdeacon in this play. But you must know that different countries have different ecclesiastical, as well as civil, costumes, and both the novelist and dramatist, but especially the latter, will always do well to choose such a subject as may furnish him with the most picturesque materials. Therefore, the adapter, my dear HARRY, of this drama has wisely not attempted to bring down the story to our own date and country; though I admit that the temptation to exhibit an Archdeacon in his gaiters and shovel hat, running round St. Paul's after a gipsy girl, chivying her up-stairs into the whispering gallery, thence up into the ball, where he would encounter the bell-ringer, when all three might climb, one after the other, to the summit of the golden cross, whence the Archdeacon should be thrown down—I say the temptation to exhibit such a sensational incident in modern days must have been almost irresistible.

TOMMY and HARRY now both expressed their regret that it had not fallen to the lot of their revered tutor to arrange such a version of Notre Dame for the Adelphi as he had just described.

Tommy. And whom, Sir, would you have made the representative of the Archdeacon in your proposed modern adaptation of *Emeralda*?

Mr. Barlow. I should indubitably have allotted the part of the Archdeacon in his shovel-hat and gaiters to that most conscientious and painstaking artist, MR. ROMER, of this theatre.

Tommy and Harry. Indeed, Sir, we are entirely of your opinion.

Harry. What you have just said, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Chares and the Contiguous Dutchmen*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard it, I will repeat to him. You must know then, MASTER TOMMY—

But at this moment, the Third Act commencing caused HARRY to postpone his instructive and amusing tale until another opportunity should present itself.

Tommy. And indeed, Sir, I do not know any young lady with whom I could sooner sympathise, under such distressing circumstances, than MISS ROSE LECLERE, who, you will see by the programme, now represents *Emeralda* the gipsy girl.

Throughout the two last scenes of the drama TOMMY evinced considerable excitement, which, indeed, when the "wicked Archdeacon," in the exercise of functions peculiarly unarchidiaconal, chased the enticing but unhappy young person up the stairs of the bell-turret, was increased to such a point, that, being of an innately generous and noble disposition, he was for jumping upon the stage and proceeding to the rescue of *Emeralda*, for whom he now expressed sentiments of the most profound pity. Nay, it was not until the "goblin" Archdeacon, after a severe struggle with the hunchback had been precipitated headlong from the summit of the tower, that TOMMY in any degree recovered his wonted serenity.

Mr. Barlow. You see, my dear TOMMY to what a pitch—and literally a pitch from a considerable height, as you will have already observed—your passions, if unchecked, may carry you.

Harry. I think, Sir, I perceive that you would have us remark the use of the word "pitch" in your latest observation.

Mr. Barlow. You are indeed right, and it will be well for our young friend TOMMY, who is now studying the art of skilfully playing upon words, to notice what amusing conceits can be extracted from the judicious application of this one word "pitch."

Tommy. I now see, Sir, that a dictionary and a grammar may serve as the foundation of much innocent recreation.

"Indeed," said MR. BARLOW. "I am sincerely glad to find that TOMMY has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be now in his power, and I do not despair of one day hearing him make a jest, and of his becoming capable," added MR. BARLOW, with considerable emphasis, "of appreciating the wit of others."

"Yes," said TOMMY, something elated by all this praise, "I am determined now to make myself as clever as anybody. I know more already than most grown-up people, and though in our house there are my Grandfather and Grandmother, as well as my Father and Mother, my Sisters, my Uncle, and two Aunts, besides the twelve black servants, yet I am sure not one of them can make a joke as well as I can." MR. BARLOW looked a little grave at this, and then asked quietly, "Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?"

"Nobody, I believe," said TOMMY, "except myself; and I protest, Sir, that I have experienced much difficulty both with my Grandfather and Grandmother, whom I have tried to instruct in such practical and verbal pleasantries as I have now, so frequently, witnessed in the most amusing pantomimes. I have, Sir, placed myself under a chair cover, and, on my knees being sat upon by either of my venerable relatives, I have vehemently embraced them with my arms, or have suddenly withdrawn myself from my concealment. I have told my Uncle that "a policeman was coming," and have lain down on the door-mat, after summoning my Aunt from the drawing-room with a loud rap at the door. I have failed as yet," continued TOMMY, modestly, "to do much with the kitchen poker made red-hot, but I trust that in time, by constant attention and untiring perseverance—"

At this moment, however, the time having arrived for the big drum (near whom they were seated) to join in the overture, with which the orchestra was ushering in the Extravaganza, further conversation was rendered comparatively impracticable. TOMMY, indeed, was highly indignant that any person should interrupt his discourse, and expressed, by signs, an earnest desire of conveying these sentiments to the honest musician who was within reach of his arm; and, indeed, he would have succeeded in his attempt, had not MR. BARLOW applied his finger and thumb so sharply to the softer portion of his pupil's arm, as for the moment to distract his attention from the object of his anger.

A few seconds after this the curtain drew up, and the Extravaganza commenced.

They were now vastly entertained by the acting and singing of MRS. JOHN WOOD, in the piece called *Snow White*, in which also MRS. MELLON performed much to their satisfaction.

On quitting the Theatre MASTER TOMMY was mightily offended with a poor and ill-clad man who refused to fetch him a vehicle, being, he said, at that moment employed by another party. He now became very passionate. In truth MASTER TOMMY thought he had a right to command everybody that was not dressed as finely as himself, an opinion which led him into some considerable inconvenience, and was now the occasion of his being very severely mortified.

"Sirrah!" said TOMMY to the poor man, "get me a cab." "I don't choose to," said the man. "Sirrah!" exclaimed TOMMY, "if I come to you I will make you choose it!" "You be blowed, my pretty little master," said the man. "You vulgar rascal," said TOMMY, who now began to be very angry, "I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh, which provoked TOMMY so much that he rushed at the man, who, stepping nimbly on one side, and extending his foot, tripped up MASTER TOMMY so quickly that in another second he rolled into the wet gutter which was full of mud. His fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his trousers covered with mire, and his shoes filled with the thick slosh.

The troop of spectators, who had attributed TOMMY's fall to cowardice, began to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage when they saw him, on rising, fly at his antagonist, and deal him a severe punch of his fist in the very centre of his body. They now gathered round the combatants in silence. After a short but severe contest, the linkman closed with his undaunted enemy, and by dint of superior strength, roughly hurled him to the ground. A second time did TOMMY rise and attack his adversary; but, alas! again was he doomed to disappointment.

While the contest was thus raging, HARRY and their beloved tutor



AN AGGRAVATED CASE.

Head Keeper (to Under Ditto). "WHAT D'YER WANT TO BE WALKING ON THE LINE FOR? WHY, THAT THERE TRAIN MIGHT 'A' SMASHED YER TO BITS! AND MASTER'S GUN IN YER HAND, TOO!"

were standing together at some little distance from the affray, thoughtfully watching the issue.

"I think, Sir," said HARRY, "that this contest reminds me of the story I once read of *Cryses and the Perverse Basket-Maker*. If you are not acquainted with it, Sir, I will tell it to you. You must know, then, Sir—"

Mr. Barlow. I think I perceive a Constable making his way towards the assemblage. It would be as well for us to withdraw somewhat farther from this spot.

It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. They who before had been hallooing with joy and encouraging the fury of the combatants, were now scattered all about the street. The Linkman, joining the crowd, fled as fast as his legs would carry him. Not so fortunate was MASTER TOMMY MERTON, who, being the last of the fugitives, tumbled down, whether through fear or weakness, and lay in the very path of the pursuing Constable, by whom he was straightway taken into custody.

MR. BARLOW and HARRY now followed, though somewhat reluctantly, at a distance, and indeed did not lose sight of them until they reached the corner of Bow Street, when, on MR. BARLOW observing that it was time for them to retire to rest, they bent their steps once more towards the Strand, and sought the quiet of their lodgings.

"What, Sir," inquired HARRY, "will they do with MASTER TOMMY?"

"Indeed," replied MR. BARLOW, after a moment's thought, "I do not know. Perhaps they will hang him. But as he has only himself to thank for any inconvenience which may arise, I will merely read to you the story of *Pausanias and the Persistent Tortoise*, and after that we will retire to bed."

HARRY left the room, in order as he said, to find the book in which the story occurred, but at the expiration of three hours, as he did not return, MR. BARLOW aroused himself from a slumber into which he had fallen, and taking his chamber-candle entered his apartment, and was soon fast asleep.

SARCASMS CRYSTALLIZED DURING A DREARY JOURNEY
ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

HE who from London takes the Sunday line,
Can get no breakfast, neither can he dine:
The trains, moreover, are most awful slow:
Let's drink the health of SAMUEL LAING & Co.

Another.

Travel like this should be described with smiles:
"Two hours and forty minutes—fifty miles."

Another.

Of "crawlers" London does not now complain:
They now compose the Brighton Sunday train.

Another.

"Sabbath-day's journey means a short one." Bother!
LAING makes it twice as long as any other.

Wanted a Lawyer.

THE Government, we all know, has an Attorney-General in Parliament, of whose predecessor more is likely to be heard there. They appear to be sadly in need of another Attorney at the Foreign Office, one capable of scrutinising deeds and preventing any such little oversight as that which is their last blunder, whereby they have committed themselves and the country in the Treaty of Washington.

The Counter and the Bar.

THE Publicans have for some time taken to sell tea, on the plea of "Defence not Defiance." There is another article of grocery which BUNG might also vend, and that appropriately—Tap-ica.



CHOICE OF EVILS.

WHICH IS THE WORST FOR THE MASTER!—TO SUBMIT TO MRS. MAGPIE'S PONY CONSTANTLY KICKING THE BEST HOUNDS, HER DAUGHTERS' NOISY CHATTER WHILE THEY ARE DRAWING THE WOODS, AND HER BOY'S PERPETUAL HEADING OF FOXES;—OR, TO AFFRONT OLD MAGPIE, WHOSE COVERTS ARE WELL PRESERVED, WHO PAYS A HANDSOME SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HUNT, AND INVARIABLY GIVES A BREAKFAST WHEN THE HOUNDS ARE NEAR!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SOME people appear to know a vast deal more about some other people than those same other people really know about themselves. For instance, hardly a day passes without one's finding in some foreign newspaper such a paragraph as this, which we venture to translate:—

"Here is a noble marriage. LORD PETRUS HOLLOWAY is betrothed to the only daughter of the MARQUIS DE BOSERY-CHARASSE, whose income is upwards of 50,000*l.* a year. LORD HOLLOWAY, by his mother's side, is the last descendant of the Lords of Ravenswood, rendered famous by WALTER SCOTT'S *Bride of Lammermoor*."

The journal whence we cite this, bears the title of *La Liberté*, and is named so rather fitly, judging from the many liberties it takes. Events in what they call "high life," and pronounce to rhyme with "fig-leaf," are continually related by ingenious French journalists, and, generally speaking, are as firmly based on fact as the story we have quoted. The paragraphs which follow are not one whit less truthful, or one atom more astounding, than those which constant readers of the Paris daily papers are invited to believe:—

The Parliaments of England have been summoned by the QUEEN, to assemble in their thousands at St. James's Palace, Windsor, for the purpose of electing a new President, or, as their official language terms it, "Mister Speaker." The Right Honorable LORD GLADSTONE has for some years held this office, and, as the immortal WILLIAMS says, has "won golden dominions from all sorts of feeble peoples." As the SPEAKER is obliged by the British Constitution to make a speech on every evening when the Parliaments are sitting, the office usually is given to a man of great loquacity, and for this reason a lawyer in good practice, like LORD GLADSTONE for example, has generally the luck to be elected to the place.

One of those eccentric pastimes which are known as "Foot Balls" took place the other evening at the rooms of Hanover, near to

Leicester Square. Foot Balls, as our readers are aware, are a kind of national dance, or sort of British cancan, in which he who kicks the highest wins the most applause.

A wife-auction was held on Friday last in Smithfield Market, and as usual was attended with considerable success. The LORD CHANCELLOR presided in his gorgeous robes of State, and announced the biddings with great vehemence of voice. Quotations ruled a little lower than the average of last season, but this may partly have been owing to the foggyness of the morning, which prevented the fair ladies from being fairly seen.

By tables lately issued by the Board of Health Control, it is computed that exactly four-and-forty thousand Englishmen die annually of the spleen. This complaint, it would appear, has not been proved as yet so fatal to the female sex. Still, eleven hundred ladies of the very highest family are yearly ascertained to have committed suicide, by jumping off St. Paul's or else the Statue of Duke Wellington, while under the dire influence of this national disease.

An interesting marriage ceremony was solemnised last Sunday, after mid-day, at the Cathedral Church of Wapping, between SIR GILES DE SCROGGINS, youngest son and heir-apparent of the HONORABLE EARL SCROGGINS, Companion of the Bath, and MILADI LUCY KNEEL, the only daughter of SIR KNEEL, of the Order of the Garter Knight. The noble bridegroom has an income of more than sixty thousand sterling, paid quarterly by his mother, the Old Lady of Threadneedlestreet. It is said that the fair bride is a lineal descendant of the famous MISS O. KNEEL, who, for her talent as an actress, was raised to the peerage from the stage of Drurilane.

A new club of fox-hunters comes to be formed in London West-end, under the appropriate title of the Gun Club. As every British noble sportsman aims to shoot the fox, it is expected that this Gun Club will have a grand success.

Those enlightened patriots, SIR DELKE and MR. HODGEN are daily gaining myriads of converts to their creed. But *la vieille Angleterre* is not yet ripe for a republic. Liberties are scanty where aristocrats abound. To bribe SIR DELKE it is proposed to raise him to the



PRACTICAL.

Hopeful. "WILL BREAKFAST SOON BE READY, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "YES, MY DEAR."

Hopeful. "WELL, PAPA, YOU MIGHT SAY GRACE JUST NOW, TO SAVE TIME."

peerage, by the title of LORD LESSER BRITON; and efforts are not wanting to persuade good MR. HODGER to accept the Stilton Hundreds, which will ensure throughout the Session his silence in the House.

The Great Titchborn Trial has, by order of the Claimant, been removed from Commonpleas Court to the Sessionshouse of Clerkenwell. The jury have been sitting for 180 days, and some of them have never shaved since entering the box. By Act of *corpus habere*, they are looked up every evening directly after dinner, and their cigars are all extinguished, by law of fire insurance, at the striking of nine hours. The costs of the proceedings are a million francs a day; and as the HONORABLE JUDGE COLEBIG receives a weekly fee, it is expected that his summing-up will occupy six months.

RESPECTABILITY.

CHRONICLING a fatal accident at Norwich, a daily newspaper reported that the persons killed had been "removed to the work-house." Later in the week this statement was corrected, thus:—

"We are requested to say that this was not the case, as they were respectable people, and not paupers."

Readers of CARLYLE will recollect that MR. THURTELL was described as a "respectable" person. That epithet, however, did not prevent his being hanged. Respectability at Norwich may be defined as that which may prevent a dead man being taken to a work-house. Were he living, it perhaps might fail of that effect. Yet, surely persons may be paupers, and moreover be respectable, in the truest sense.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A CURIOUS canine coincidence may, possibly, escape the reader's notice. At the recent Dog-show held in Dublin there were exactly 365 dogs exhibited, a dog for each day of the year,—illustrating the philosophical proverb, "Every dog has his day."

IMMORALITY OF FOREIGN RULERS.

It is said that there are French Statesmen who actually contemplate a scheme of raising £160,000,000 towards paying off the indemnity due to Germany by means of a Lottery Loan. Dreadful! Of all financial expedients which a Government can have recourse to, there is not one so demoralising as that of borrowing money by means of sanctioning lotteries. Why it is an encouragement of gambling! What is the wrongfulness of partial taxation to that? Certainly there is something a little tending to impair the morality of taxpayers in a tax which they resent as unjust, inequitable, and cruel. It tends to make them try to frustrate injustice by evasion. Fiscal imposition, they think, justifies antagonism by fraud; the victims and the taxmasters are playing a game of forfeits, wherein iniquity on one side makes cheating on the other all fair. This is rather improper, certainly, but a tax which, unrighteous and extortionate, aggrieves only certain persons, does not habituate the whole of the community to the resource of lying and cheating in self-defence, but only a part of them, namely those who are overtaxed. Whereas Lotteries tempt every one possessing the means of gambling to gamble. The unscrupulous Governments of Austria and Italy, and the benighted Pops, may demoralise those who own their authority by authorising Lotteries. Our own conscientious Rulers are far above the imitation of their deplorable example. Never, never, we are sure, will they be guilty of permitting a Lottery, although they are capable of upholding an income-tax.

Educational Crew.

UNSECTARIAN changing for secular boat,
School-boat, same wherein Atheists row, too.
Dissenters, with such fellow-sailors afloat,
O where do you expect that you'll go to?

A Capital Workman.

SPEAKING of the custom in Germany for the members of the Royal Family to learn some handicraft, as part of their education, the *Times* Correspondent writing from Berlin says, "His reigning Majesty, if I am not mistaken, is by trade a glazier." There must be some mistake about the Emperor's trade, for none can doubt that he has proved himself to be a "top-sawyer."

DISINTERESTED DOCTORS.

THE anti-alcoholic declaration of our principal Physicians and Surgeons records the singular disinterestedness of the Medical Profession. They, of all men, are best aware of the extent to which excess in spirituous liquors is the cause of diseases. They get their living by the treatment of diseases, and yet they recommend the imposition of restraint on the consumption of those liquors which they are largely produced by. Their unselfishness, if the liquor-trade is destroyed by law, will, however, have its reward. The self-abandonment to drunkenness rendered physically impossible, will doubtless be replaced by vicious courses under the influence of some other propensity than the passion for drink. Hence we are happy to think, grist will accrue to the medical mill all the same.

Health of the Premier.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that MR. GLADSTONE is recovering, slowly but surely, from the effects of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE's proclamation to his tenantry in North Nottinghamshire. The PRIME MINISTER, for a time, was much stunned by the blow he felt on finding that he had lost the confidence of such a distinguished member of the Legislature, but he is now much better, and able again to transact business.

The Doctors' Paradise.

ADVICES of the progress of the Looshai Expedition report GENERAL BROWNLOW as approaching "The Tookpillalls country." The Medical Profession are unanimous in their opinion that the inhabitants of this country must be a highly intelligent and civilised people, and they hope the General and his troops will put them to as little inconvenience as possible.



HIS day one hundred years, Feb. 6, 1772, did CHARLES FOX arise in the House of Commons, and being weary of the inactivity of the House, and desirous to have some sort of disturbance, that he might manifest his powers, did give notice that he should move for a repeal of the Marriage Act. When he gave this notice he had never read the Marriage Act, nor did he read it until some days after. You may like also to know that just then Town was talking of the arrest of the QUEEN OF DENMARK, sister to our King. She was charged by her husband with certain non-conjugalities. About a week later the Prussian Envoy came up to Mr. Punch, and said, with a sneer, "*Qu'est devenue votre REINE DE DANEMARK?*" Then, as now, ever prompt with reply, Mr. Punch answered, "with spirit," "*Apparemment qu'elle est à Spandau avec votre PRINCESSE ROYALE*"—who had been divorced, for good reasons. You will find all this, or about all this, in WALFOLK, not in the immortal and immoral letters, but in the "*Last Journals*," ably edited by DR. DORAN, F.S.A.

Mr. Punch presumes that by this time his reader, the World, knows him too well to suppose that he would hesitate at making any record or reference that occurred to him, whether it appeared to bear immediately on the matter in hand, or not. If, however, any person supposes that Mr. Punch is bound by any rule, the sooner that supposition is dismissed the better. This delightful Parliamentary narrative will, as heretofore, be varied and enlivened by anything that he may deem it fit to interpolate. He will bring forth from his treasury things new and old, as may seem good to his generous nature. By Dodo, who was the mother of Zoroaster, Mr. Punch will be no slave to Parliament or any other authority, save that of Beauty! Now you know all about it.

To-day, as here is pictured Parliament met. HER MAJESTY was not present, being wisely occupied in acquiring, amid the pure air of

the Island of Wight, strength for the Day of Thanksgiving, about to be mentioned.

LORD CHANCELLOR HATHERLEY read the Royal Speech, and Mr. Punch reluctantly notes that his Lordship read it very badly, stumbling, and pausing, and requiring to be prompted by the EARL OF RIFON. Mr. Punch would not, of course, have mentioned this had any infirmity been its cause, but LORD HATHERLEY can read his own judgments perfectly well, and therefore it is clear that the

Speech must have been vilely transcribed for him, or he had not studied it. As it is now the fashion to make every possible charge against Government, *Mr. Punch* delightedly shies his stone, and asks what is to be said for a Cabinet that can't even get a Queen's Speech properly read?

Not that the Speech was worth much elocution, for it was composed in a style that would have made WILLIAM COBBETT (they've been erecting a memorial to him somewhere) lay about the authors with his thickest cudgel. Also, according to the PREMIER, paragraphs had got misplaced. This is the way the Nation is served. However, let us preserve our sweet temper; we shall want it all, and more.

The heads of the Speech were these:—

1. Thanks for the restoration of the health of the PRINCE OF WALES, and announcement of Thanksgiving therefor, in St. Paul's, on the 27th of February.
2. Foreign relations in all respects satisfactory.

3. The name of the British Empire is dishonoured by slave-trading practices in the South Seas, and a preventive measure is promised.

[*Dishonoured is much too "gushing" a word, Mr. GLADSTONE.*]

4. France is objecting to Free Trade, but we are not to quarrel.
5. This must be given in full. The QUEEN says:—

"The Arbitrators appointed pursuant to the Treaty of Washington, for the purpose of amicably settling certain claims known as the Alabama Claims, have held their first meeting at Geneva. Cases have been laid before the Arbitrators on behalf of each party to the Treaty. In the case so submitted on behalf of the United States large claims have been included, which are understood on my part not to be within the province of the Arbitrators. On this subject, I have caused a friendly communication to be made to the Government of the United States."

[*May it be received in friendship, your Majesty.*]

6. The "EMPEROR OF GERMANY" [is that His Majesty's title, LORD GRANVILLE?] is to arbitrate on the St. Juan Water Boundary.
7. Ireland has been free from Serious Crime. [Are there Comic Crimes, and are the frequent agrarian outrages so designated?] Her trade improves.

[*Several of her Patriots are for sale, one hears.*]

8. Crime and the number of criminals in Great Britain have diminished.
9. The Estimates will be suitable to the Circumstances of the Country.
10. Revenue satisfactory. Pauperism decreasing.
11. Among the measures of the Session are to be Bills for Scotch Education, Mines Regulation [at last!], on the Liquor Question [Aha! Mr. BRUCE?], for improving the Superior Courts of Justice and Appeal, for establishing Secret Voting, for repressing Corrupt Election Practices, and for doing something in a Sanitary direction.
12. Parliament will be Assiduous, and the Sovereign will rely on its Energy, and on the Loyalty of the People.

[*In the latter, Mr. Punch assures your Majesty that every confidence may be reposed. The former he hopes to stimulate.*]

In the afternoon the Houses, which had adjourned, met again, and in the Lords EARL DE LA WARR (a brave soldier) moved the Address, which was seconded by VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT (a compliment to Ireland); and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, for the Opposition, was not very severe. He hoped that we should be spared all sensational and revolutionary legislation. The Foreign Minister, EARL GRANVILLE (we regret to say, leaning on a crutch, having gallantly declined the Duke's kindly advice to speak sitting) made some conciliatory remarks, but was soon obliged to resume his seat. LORD DERBY was glad that we were to have a quiet Session, thought that rose-coloured views of Ireland were taken, but supposed that Government, having alienated the Protestants, did not wish to alienate the Catholics also. He enlarged on Government "carelessness" on the American question, but distinctly declared that we are bound by nothing but what we intended to offer. Let us, however, be very courteous.

In the Commons heaps of Notices were given, but sufficient for the night is the wrangle thereof. We shall take them as they come, and as MR. THOMAS MOORE says, in *Lalla Rookh*,—

"Woe to the File that foremost wades."

MR. STRUTT, arrayed as a Leicestershire Yeoman—no, as one of the Yeomanry—moved the Address, which was seconded by MR. COLMAN, in the new court dress. Small wits might hint at STRUTT's *Sports and Pastimes*, and COLMAN's *Broad Grins*, but as both gentlemen spoke with becoming gravity, the allusion would be frivolous and impertinent.

MR. DISRAELI said that Ministers had been passing the recess in a

Blaze of Apology, so that Members had been unable to refresh their faculties by forgetting anything. He criticised several bits of the Speech, but not bitterly. He did not think the American paragraph adequate to the occasion. He himself had always sought to cherish cordial relations between England and America. The Government, and not diplomatists, were responsible for what had been done. He spoke at considerable length on this subject, and urged the Ministers to be very frank with the House, as it would be fatal to get into a Serbonian Bog of Darkness. We need hardly add that MR. DISRAELI's references to the PRINCE OF WALES were in the best taste.

MR. GLADSTONE would be ready, at the proper time, to defend everything the Cabinet had done. He alluded eloquently to the PRINCE OF WALES, and stated a firm conviction that the peril through which H. R. H. had passed would leave an enduring mark on his heart. On the American question the PREMIER spoke in a very determined way, declaring that there was but one mode in which the Treaty could be interpreted, and that at no time had Government acceded to a document under which the vast and unwarrantable claim of the States could be pressed. We shall demand to be "let off," or we shall fall back on our right to withdraw from the Arbitration. The claim is one which no nation in the possession of its senses could admit even in the last extremity.

Two Irish Members having emitted the conventional grumble that Ireland was neglected, the first night of the Session was over.

Wednesday.—MR. DENISON, the Speaker, explained that after nearly Fifteen Years of service his health compelled him to resign. Very pleasant things were said to him, provisionally, by MR. GLADSTONE and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE spoke out, *more suo*, and taunted the Cabinet with having been outwitted by smart American lawyers, against whom they ought to have sent out a shrewd attorney. He called the Treaty "an infamous document." Not one sixpence, however, he declared, amid loud cheers, would Parliament ever vote in payment of the Indirect Claims.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON, on the Liquor question, rather neatly asked whether MR. BRUCE were going to cast in his lot with the Public or with the Publicans.

MR. GLADSTONE replied to MR. OSBORNE and sundry other Members, somewhat qualifying his language of the previous night, but declaring that we should appeal to Grammar, and to the Doctrine of Intention.

MR. BRUCE's Bill is to be as stringent as that of last year. MR. PUNCH mildly whispers, "Hooray for a Bar-Fight."

Thursday.—In the Lords, EARL STANHOPE, intending to lead the battle on the great COLLIER ACROBATIC FEAT, demanded and obtained papers. MR. CROSS, a Conservative lawyer, gave notice of similar attack in the Commons.

MR. MILBANK wished to have it out with SIR CHARLES DILKE for his republican speeches, but the SPEAKER ruled that this would be irregular. However, the former intends to manage it.

To-day MR. GLADSTONE, with happy eloquence, moved the vote of thanks to the retiring Speaker, and MR. DISRAELI, with as fortunate selection of epithet, seconded the motion. MR. DENISON will become VISCOUNT OSINGTON, but will not accept the usual pension. [We wonder what his successor, the Hon. MR. BRAND—long a popular and capital whip—will do when he resigns amid general regret. For he is heir presumptive to the title of Duc de, which dates from 1807.] The SPEAKER made brief and touching response, not forgetting a gentleman's tribute to SIR ERSKINE MAY, Chief at the Table of the House. Long and loud cheering marked the passing of the Vote. To MR. DENISON, MR. PUNCH gives Benison, and *au revoir*, up-stairs.

Some debate, with a clever and practical speech by MR. TORRENS, as to the best way of neglecting the business of the House.

The Ballot Bill was introduced by MR. FORSTER, and the Corrupt Practices Bill by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had begged a holiday from the Tichborne Case.

Friday.—The House of Commons received the QUEEN's gracious permission to elect a New Speaker. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, in a speech that, for its scholarly symmetry and grace of phrase, deserves to be called an oration, proposed the RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY BOUVIER WILLIAM BRAND, with generous but discriminating laudation of that gentleman's public and private merits. MR. LOCKE KING seconded the motion, introducing his hope that MR. BRAND would contrive some means of abbreviating debates. At this arose some murmur. MR. BRAND, with due depreciation of his qualities and abilities, submitted to the will of the Commons, and was, according to ancient form, conducted, he gently resisting, to the Chair. Thence, the Speaker Elect returned thanks, and promised to do his duty to the best of his power. The PREMIER then formally, but earnestly, congratulated his old friend, and stated that he was to be presented on the following Monday to the QUEEN, who would ratify the choice of her faithful Commons. MR. PUNCH will receive MR. BRAND privately, and complete his inauguration, with libation.

VALENTINIANA:



AIN'T VALENTINE'S DAY and Ash Wednesday fall together this year. Such a coincidence has not happened before since the invention of printing, and will not occur again within the memory of man.

It is understood that the High Church party have held a meeting, at which it was agreed to recommend all little High Church boys and girls to abstain from opening their Valentines till the termination of Lent.

Very little is known of BISHOP VALENTINE's history, as all the copies of the *Memoir* of him, published by his Examining Chaplain, went to the bottom in the course of a storm in the Irish Channel; but he is believed to have had a disappointment in early life. The collections in the Print Room at the British Museum

should be searched for specimens of his original productions. They will be found to offer a marked contrast to the elaborate and expensive fabrics now in vogue, and the lace borders are at least a century and a half later in date.

The Bishop never married, and it was long the practice for betrothed lovers to repair on the morning of his birthday to his statue, accompanied by one or more of the oldest inhabitants of the place, and deposit at its base attested copies of their correspondence, a crooked sixpence or some other similar silver coin wrapped up in a newspaper, and garlands made of lad's-love, maiden-hair fern, and stout twine. Hence the custom of sending Valentines on this day.

The custom itself is one which exists, in some shape or other, in every country where travellers have discovered remains of stationery; and tablets or stones rudely incised with hearts, darts, altars, flames, Cupids, nuptial rings, and village churches in the background, and a date which the best scholars agree in considering to correspond with the middle of our February, have been found amongst tribes so savage that they had no knowledge of the use of writing materials, and were ignorant of gin.

No connection can be traced between BISHOP VALENTINE and the senior partner in the firm of *Valentine and Orson*—the families do not appear to have been even distantly related.

This being Leap Year, if a single gentleman receives a Valentine from a single lady, and can trace the sender through the Post-office, he will be entitled to consider her missive as equivalent to a proposal of marriage, and to accept it, if the lady can give satisfactory references as to property, connections, temper, accomplishments, and ability to manage a modern mansion.

One of the most familiar formulas used in Valentines is so old that no authentic manuscript of it is known to exist. We refer to the genial lines, which, through successive generations, have found a conscious echo in the breasts of all who are awake to the simple dictates of the heart acting in unison with the language of flowers—

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation's sweet,
And so are you."

In some of the later versions the third line runs—"the grass is green"—but this is looked upon as the gloss of some soured scholiast, which has crept, by a transcriber's error, into the received text.

The belief is universal, and nothing but the extension of the suffrage to women will ever overcome it, that if you are single, the first unmarried person you meet outside the house on St. Valentine's Day will exercise an important influence over your future destiny. Fortunately there is a simple way of evading the hand of Fate,

open to those who desire a greater freedom in their choice of a partner in wedlock—at least, if they are willing to remain indoors till the expiration of the spell at twelve p.m.

Another favourite dogma is, that if you dream of your sweetheart the night before Valentine's Day, you will be married before the year is out. But this insight into futurity is so fenced round with indispensable forms and observances, that it is almost impossible to fulfil the founder's intentions. To enumerate only a few of these—you must go to bed fasting, without a light, and lie due east and west between new sheets which have observed all the regulations of the Factory Acts; you must awake three times, and each time when you look out of the window, you must see a falling star, or hear the shriek of a mandrake (BLACKSTONE, indeed, lays it down that there must be a display of *Aurora Borealis* on the night in question, but this is disputed); and you must enclose the name of the person of whom you (thrice) dream, in a sealed envelope, with a motto outside, to the Mayor or Stipendiary Magistrate, before eight o'clock on the following morning, accompanied by a photograph and a sonnet.

It has been calculated, by a Fellow of the Statistical Society, in his leisure hours, that if all the Valentines which pass through the Post-Office during the month of February were laid one upon another, they would form a pile, four-square, as high as the Cross on the top of St. Paul's, and be equal to the cubical contents of the London Docks. But this requires verification.

PARALLEL UNDER PARLIAMENT.

In these days of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, saxifrage (not to say lithofractor), torpedoes, and Fenians, the Lord Great Chamberlain's limited service of searching for GUY FAWKES in the vaults under the House of Parliament is by no means an unnecessary precaution. This last time it afforded the party of explorers an opportunity, as the *Times* observes, of "turning their attention to the wonderful and admirable system of ventilation perfected by Dr. PERCY." The contrast thus suggested between the incendiary and the man of science is remarkable, and yet the name of the one may in some minds be associated with that of the other. The reader needs hardly be reminded of a certain PERCY who also was the hero of a famous Plot, and whom a certain Knight, as remarkable for apt sayings as for obesity, called "Gunpowder PERCY." Thus we make out a connection between PERCY and GUY FAWKES. There is something of everything to be found in SHAKESPEARE.



"ECONOMY."

WHY HAVE AN EXPENSIVE HAT OR BONNET, WHEN A SLIGHT ALTERATION OF THE COIFFURE WILL SUFFICE!

Cocoa for Children.

THE prices at which Chocolate is retailed to small boys range very low. It has been ascertained that as many as four large cigars of the material so called have been bought for a penny. Dirt cheap.



ADJUSTMENT.

Maude (to the Colonel from India). "UNCLE, WHY DON'T YOU WEAR THIS CHIGNON ON THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD?"!!

"FROM WHIP TO M. F. H."

(BRAND soliloquises.)

So our old M. F. H. from his post is retiring!
Well—good luck attend the good fellow, say I:
May my temper and tact find the Hunt as admiring,
When my time for the meet and the saddle's gone by!

At least 'tis a comfort, when on one's promotion
From Whip in St. Stephen's to Master, to know
That the man for the place, in the Hunt's John Bull notion,
Is the man who the steadiest and straightest can go.

Who the coolest in crushes, the blandest in blocks is,
Who alike through the busiest or blankest of days
Meets the babble of puppies, and dodging of foxes,
With the same pleasant face, the same straightforward ways.

Who, though mild as a rule, knows the time and the season
To be sharp on a skirter, or down on a snob;
Who can double-thong, too, when for whipcord there's reason,
And then holds as one *novus homo* and nob.

Who, when hounds are at fault, makes his cast to a moral,
And when the right line they have hit, keeps them straight;
Counters temper with tact, in the seed nips a quarrel,
And is wide-awake still, be it never so late.

The toil of the life no one knows till he's led it;
Of that Hunt to be Master is task for a Man;
For one of the two packs I whipped, with some credit,
And know what the work is, if anyone can.

I'd enough on my hands, with the pack I was whip to;
Those that whipped for the other will tell you the same:
But a fellow may walk nose in air, and a-tiptoe,
Who to govern both packs, and their whips, is thought game!

The Kennel can count many cross-grained subscribers,
With the wit to be "nasty," and more with the will;
But in spite of both screws and snobs, bullies and bribers,
The Hunt takes its tone from its gentlemen still.

Well, here's luck! May I manage as well as the Master
Whom the Hunt has just wished its good-speed and good-bye;
For the raws I may cause good intentions prove plaster,
Till as lightly the mace as the whip I can ply!

URGENT APPEAL.

WE are told that on the day the QUEEN goes to St. Paul's, the usual ceremony will be observed of the LORD MAYOR opening the gates of Temple Bar and presenting the Sword to HER MAJESTY. We implore the City authorities to have the gates well washed and scrubbed for the occasion, if they do not wish to see their Lord Mayor with distressingly dirty hands. Our recommendation might have gone as far as a pair of new portals, if we had not remembered that the Bar itself will probably be removed before the present generation has altogether died out—or, rather, when the New Law Courts are finished.

Dealings with Dutchmen.

OUR friend MYNHERR VON DUNK says, "England desires Curaçoa and Surinam." Not exactly, MYNHERR. As regards Curaçoa, we won't say. It is very desirable, though we much prefer Pallida Brandia. But Surinam, certainly not. That produces nothing, we believe, but the most execrable toad in the world, the nastiest of all the genus called *Nastikreechia*. We gave you Surinam in exchange for New York, in 1774. Would you like that back again in exchange for any other colonies?

"CHAMBER MUSIC."—Baby!



THE OLD "WHIP."

HON. HENRY BRAND (*the New Speaker*). "MY DEAR LORD OSSINGTON, YOUR ADVICE IS EXCELLENT. BUT I RATHER LIKE 'LATE HOURS;' AND AS TO THE 'BORES,' I FLATTER MYSELF AN OLD 'WHIP' KNOWS WHAT TO DO WHEN THE 'BABBLERS GIVE TONGUE'!!"

A GOLDEN BRIDGE.

MR. PUNCH, considering it his duty to step forward at the present moment, and to suggest an easy and honourable arrangement of the American question, has prepared the following Schedule of English Claims for Compensation. It is manifest that they are all absolutely just, and he is sure that the American Government will admit that fact. Therefore, all that remains to be done is this. Let Mr. HAMILTON FISH append his signature, and the words "All right" (he may add "old hom," or not, as he may think the American nation would desire) and then the two Governments have but to exchange receipts for their respective claims.

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT CLAIM COMPENSATION

	£	s.	d.
For twenty years of violent abuse poured upon England by the <i>New York Herald</i> , in the interest of Slavery, and up to the date when the Editor of that paper was informed that he must really be hanged if he would not desist from treason to the United States		0	0 2½
For similar abuse, in nobody's interest in particular, since the above date		0	0 0½
For encouraging the Fenians, and putting Canada in dread of a Fenian invasion		0	0 0½
For permitting the Irish American press to abuse England		0	0 0½
For inducing many persons in England to use the word "reliable" instead of "trustworthy"	20,000,000	0	0
For allowing Mr. G. F. TRAIN (our enemy) to be out of a lunatic asylum		0	0 6
For the use of the works of ancient English authors from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE downwards, and for calling them American authors	100,000,000	0	0
For piracy on Modern English authors, and for not calling a great many of them American authors	100,000,000	0	0
For spelling a great number of decent second-rate English actors, and sending them home with the idea that they were KNAVE and KNUDLE		0	7 0½
For insulting the King's or Queen's English by speaking it, for fifty years, namely	20,000,000	0	0
For eclipsing the harmless guile of nations by suddenly stopping the supply of capital nigger stories, which have now entirely ceased	1,000,000	0	0
For outraging humanity by not annexing Mexico, and putting an end to its atrocities	100,000,000	0	0
For putting us under an obligation by the graceful return of that Arctic Vessel. "Thy Love is worth—"	1,000,000	0	0 "
For attempting to destroy the monarchical principles of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, by treating him with so much kindness and hospitality that H.R.H. was induced to think well of Republicans	100,000,000	0	0
For persuading MADAMEBELL NILSON to leave London for America, and for still detaining that songstress	100,000	0	0
For inventing HERR BREITWASSER, instead of leaving to some Englishman the honour of inventing him	100,000	0	0
For incessantly re-producing pictures from <i>Punch</i> , and never acknowledging their source		No charge	
	£442,200,000	8	4½

This is our BILL.

GLADSTONE, PEACOCK & CO.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

EARLY on the following morning it arrived at TOMMY's turn to appear before the worthy Magistrate. His courage had been unquarable, but having had to yield to fortune, he had passed the night in one of the cells attached to the court. His nose was much swollen, while his eyes presented the appearance of a well-used painter's pallet. His hair was matted, he was daubed with mud from head to foot, and his face and hands were as black as those of any chimney sweeper.

The Magistrate inquired what was the matter, and TOMMY listened in amazement to the charge brought against him of being inebriated, and in that state assaulting the constables.

TOMMY, Sir, it is in vain to expect veracity from those whose interest it is to magnify their own importance at the expense of the characters of their neighbours.

The Magistrate. Is, then, what the constable asserts untrue?

TOMMY. Indeed, Sir, it is. And I protest I am vastly surprised at the statement which he has placed before your Lordship.

The Magistrate smiled at this, and after informing TOMMY that he need not call him his Lordship (which TOMMY, for his part, protested he must do), advised him to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash people who, though poor and ragged, might be bigger than himself.

The Magistrate. Before you meddle with any person, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition, otherwise you may fare like the Athenian philosopher, who, in attempting to extract the honey from the hive was stung to death by the bees; or like the Scandinavian warrior, who, when bathing, attached a strong hook to his leg, in the expectation of thereby catching a shark, but who was himself devoured by the very fish for whom he planned this snare.

TOMMY. I thank your Majesty for the two admirable illustrations which you have just given me, and I promise for the future to use more discretion in my treatment of the inferior creation.

He now expected his dismissal, but the excellent Magistrate observed that it was necessary for MASTER TOMMY either to defray the costs of this public trial with a sum of money amounting to forty shillings, or be given into the custody of the Gaoler, thenceforth to be transmitted for seven days to an adjacent prison.

At this moment MR. BARLOW entered the Court, and addressing the Magistrate, said, "Sir, no one can tell, however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now far below him. To be armed against the prejudices of the calculating infirmarian, and to extinguish real merit with those splendid vices which pass current in what is called Society, is, your Worship, one of the most difficult of problematical fallacies. What are the effulgences of justice but an ever-opposing law of rotation, formidable in effect, distempered in extirpation, and sometimes so incoherent that the noblest results of ungovernable fashion are but the inextinguishable products of a sublime and inarticulate resistance."

At this part of MR. BARLOW's address, HARRY, who had accompanied their revered tutor into Court, and had with difficulty restrained his tears, now burst out into such a fit of crying, and the Magistrate himself, and all the constables, were so much affected, that MR. BARLOW told them that perhaps he had better leave off for the present, and allow them to proceed to some other case. But the worthy Magistrate, upon whom the forcible arguments, and the majestic oratory of MR. BARLOW had combined to produce a marvellous change, now expressed his desire to hear somewhat more from him on similar subjects, and he proposed, therefore, to hand over him, and his beloved pupil, to the guardianship of the Governor of Clerkenwell until their reappearance was required at the Court.

TOMMY, who had so lately been the admiration of the brilliant circle in which he found himself placed, now appeared to have lost all his vivacity; his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face.

The Magistrate remarked with sincerest pleasure these signs of humility and contrition, and MR. BARLOW, taking this opportunity, said, "Sir, the passion for revenge, which marks the character of all uncivilised nations, is certainly to be condemned. The widest rivers need the biggest bridges. The noise of musketry is no certain sign of benevolence. The copious draught may be spilt in vain, and the trammels of a perverse Society can never be for any length of time mistaken for the bandages of inefficient cultivation. I perceive, Sir, from the attention with which you have listened to my discourse, that you have never heard the story of Zeno and the Voluptuous Weathercock. Know then, Your Worship—"

Here the Magistrate, who could no longer repress the stirring emotions of his mind, sprang up from the bench in a sudden trans-



SEVERE ON THE PIANISTES.

Cousin Lizzy. "I DON'T THINK, COUSIN JOE, WE WERE WALTZING IN TIME."

Cousin Joe. "THINK SO! PERHAPS NOT, IF YOU WERE KEEPING TIME TO THE BASS, AS I KNOW I WAS KEEPING TIME TO THE TREBLE."

port of admiration, and addressing MR. BARLOW and his two pupils by name, said, "You have the noblest minds that ever adorned any human beings, and as for MR. BARLOW, he appears to me to be a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen or princes. If the Linkman, the unworthy cause of this happy meeting, were here, no punishment that severity could inflict would be too great for so contemptible a creature. I have the greatest desire to hear the story to which you have just alluded; but, alas! the necessities of my position constrain me to certain official duties, to the discharge of which I must now proceed. However," added the Magistrate quickly, on perceiving that MR. BARLOW was about to deliver himself of some further observations, "I will order you a certain sum from the poor-box, and the constables will now receive my strict orders to see you, Sir, and your two young friends safely bestowed outside the doors of this Court. Clerk, call the next case."

MR. BARLOW and MASTER HARRY and TOMMY were now ushered by four constables into a separate apartment, where they each received a shilling apiece, and were then led to the door, and shown politely into Bow Street before either of the three had time to offer a single observation.

On their return to their lodgings in the Strand, TOMMY thanked MR. BARLOW heartily for his assistance, without which, he said, he could however have got on much better.

It now became a matter of consideration as to how they could best lay out the three shillings with which their good fortune had so unexpectedly enriched them.

Harry. I would expend the sum in goose and champagne.

Mr. Barlow. Good. And how would you lay out your shilling?

Tommy. Nay, then, I protest for my part that I am vastly inclined towards oysters and gingerbeer.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed, an epicure. But suppose we do really partake of these luxuries, not in our lodgings, but in a magnificent Palace?

Tom and Harry. Where may that be, Sir?

Mr. Barlow. At Sydenham.

Harry. I understand, then, Sir, that you allude to the Crystal

Palace, to which the admission is, I see by the papers, only One Shilling.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed right.

Tommy. Could not I and HARRY enter the Palace for Sixpence a-piece, or could we not creep in unperceived by some opening, so that we should then still have our Two Shillings remaining to us for some other diverting purpose?

MR. BARLOW explained to his two young friends that this method of procedure was, he had found by experience, wellnigh impracticable, except at such risk to the clothes as would render enjoyment impossible, and a tailor's assistance a necessary expense.

Mr. Barlow. I think your proposition, TOMMY, a singularly foolish one.

Tommy. Oh, Sir, I am sad to think you should consider me foolish.

Mr. Barlow. Tell me, my young friend, had you rather look as great a fool as you are, or be as great a fool as you look?

Tommy. Indeed, Sir, I protest that, for my part, I would be content to look as great a fool as I am (because I should then appear not in any way foolish or absurd); but I should indeed be grieved either to look, or to be, as great a fool as, Sir, it is agreed on all hands, you are."

MR. BARLOW, who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid character, bade TOMMY remain quiet for one instant, and was approaching his pupil with a pleasing smile on his countenance, when HARRY, interfering, reminded him that TOMMY was greatly improved in courage and the use of his limbs, and that on the other night he had proved himself so resolute an antagonist, that had not fortune been adverse, the Linkman would have been worsted by TOMMY's impetuosity, and that with so recent an experience, one blow from his young pupil's fist might successfully level him with the earth.

To this MR. BARLOW replied that to hurt TOMMY seriously, or indeed attack him in any way, had never been his intention, and that as they now seemed to be in a favourable humour, he would at once proceed to relate to them the story of *Hamet and the Languid Blacksmith*.



A BROAD HINT.

Baby (solemnly: he has been left at Grandmamma's for a few hours, and begins to find it rather "slow.") "GRAN'MA'! I WAN'T TO EAT TOO MUCH PLUM CAKE."!!

[Grandmamma feels the rebuke, and rings the bell.]

ODGER BENEATH NELSON.

THE Republican or Idiotic portion of the London Mob held a nuisance-meeting, on Monday night last week, in Trafalgar Square. The special object of this concourse was to make a menacing "demonstration" on behalf of licentious disloyalty of speech, especially as associated with the name of a recreant Barrow-Knight—as many of those who sympathise with him spell his title.

This assemblage presented some remarkable features. According to report:—

"The base and front of Nelson's Pillar facing the National Gallery were taken possession of, early in the evening, by large bodies of men, wearing pieces of white ribbon in their button-holes. These men were effectual, during the proceedings, in keeping off any pressure from without."

Have the Odgerists and Dilkeites, then, renounced and changed their colours? Meeting under the protection of men with white ribbons in their button-holes, they puzzle us. Red ribbons we could understand. White is the Legitimists' colour. The Internationals appear less tenacious of their flag than the COMTE DE CHAMBERLAIN is of his. How odd, too, was the employment of Republicans in white ribbons to keep off pressure from without, for the benefit of a rabble met on purpose to exert it on the Legislature and the Government!

As usual at these displays, intended, however, to create terror and alarm, and not amusement:—

"The various Republican clubs, with their Republican flags and banners and mottoes, and caps of Liberty, and music, assembled at certain given points, and marched to the place of meeting through the crowded streets."

Of course. The caps of Liberty were certainly very becoming—would have been perfectly so with the addition of artificial ears and bells.

MR. ODGER appeared in front of Nelson's Pillar at about eight

THE STATE AND THE SACK.

Lo! DENISON, by length of prate
Fatigued, vacates the Speaker's place—
He waives that Pension from the State,
Wont to reward the long-borne Mace,
Blest with the fortune, which will let
Him live the rest of honoured years,
In state to suit the Coronet
Which he shall wear 'mongst England's Peers.

Yet other Speakers may succeed,
Too poor the stipend to forego,
Of service good the rightful meed;
Then, lest a precedent should grow,
For form's sake, he who doth not lack
His Pension might he not still take,
And to the country pay it back,
In ways not few to find or make?

Ah, no! The Labourer may be,
Whilst labouring, worthy of his hire;
Nought more, when used up, worth is he—
Let him to beggary retire.
The Speaker's Chair, 'tis not more hard
To leave, and lose outright all pay,
Than, from employ in a Dockyard,
In like sort to be turned away.

And he who now resigns that Chair,
You heard our Patriot Premier state,
His country will not cause to bear
A burden of the lightest weight.
Virtue severe, that self denies,
Henceforth renounces e'en its due;
And Ministers may sacrifice
Their own retiring pensions too.

Expelled.

"THE Elimination of Alcohol" was the title of a paper lately read before the Royal Society. If by elimination we are to understand expulsion, the Publicans have indeed cause to be out of spirits, for the trial must be going against them, when such an eminent body as the Royal Society gives its attention to what looks very like a proposition for turning that unruly spirit, Alcohol, out-of-doors.

o'clock. As if to exhibit the contrast between the Shoemaker at the base and the Statue on the summit—

"A few minutes before that hour the lime-light was called into requisition. The arrangements for the representatives of the Press were anything but satisfactory."

Perhaps the satisfaction of the Representatives of the Press was little contemplated in making arrangements for producing an effect meant to tell more particularly on the Representatives of the People. When the "lime-light was called into requisition,"—by which the Representative of the Press means when it was turned on,—a Member of the Stock Exchange present (if curiosity could have attracted any presumably so respectable a man to such an assembly), may possibly have been moved to remark that a light was now thrown on the subject. Then he laid himself open to be rebuked for his unhappy vulgarity, and told that the lime-light was meant to illuminate not any subject, but only citizens.

GHOSTLY TRAVELLING.

MR. PUNCH.—The hair on my head is still erect. My flesh yet creeps. No wonder. I have just been reading of some experiments with "a Fairlie double Bogie locomotive engine." "A double bogie!" I should have thought one amply sufficient to arouse the wildest terror. But two—I am fairly staggered by this duplication of horrors, and shall take good care to avoid the line on which such awful machines are allowed, especially in the night time.

A NERVOUS MAN.

Conscience in Man.

THE Manx Legislature has passed an Education Bill including a Conscience Clause. It is gratifying to think that the lower orders of Man can afford to keep a conscience.



IRISH GALLANTRY.

YOUNG REGINALD PARRY, AN ENGLISH OFFICER QUARTERED IN LIMERICK, IS SEEING THE MISSES VAVASOUR, TWO OF THE LIMERICK BELLES, HOME ACROSS THE TOLL-BRIDGE. HE OFFERS THE TOLL-KEEPER HIS MONEY.

Toll-Keeper. "O, CAPTAIN, DO YOU THINK IT'S SO MANE I'D BE AS TO TAKE THE TOLL OF YOU WHEN YOU'RE AFTHER GOIN' OUT OF YER WAY TO ESCORT THE YOUNG LADIES HOME! SURE, THIN, I'M NOT SUCH AN INFERIOR BASTE AS THAT!"

ATHLETIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday last week a leading article on the great football match between Scotch and English, then to come off at Kennington Oval, appeared in the *Morning Post*. On "time" being called, during an interval in the contest, as the players were walking about together, an Englishman of their number mentioned that notice to a Scot, remarking, that, as the *Post* was specially the fashionable newspaper, football had evidently now come to be recognised as a game which our grandfathers would have called "quite the kick." When the sport was over, ARCHIBALD (not to say SAWNEY), again foregathering with his antagonist, burst out laughing.

PUBLIC MONEY AND LAND.

THE Dutch people are in great indignation because the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS has sold certain Possessions and Protectorates on the West Coast of Africa to QUEEN VICTORIA. Is it possible that, in any dealing with foreigners, the British Government have got the best of a bargain? The British Public, perhaps, would like to know whether, if the Ministers of the Crown can afford to buy land on the Guinea Coast, they cannot afford to refrain from selling Crown Lands in the New Forest and elsewhere, heretofore accessible, for enjoyment and recreation, to the People of England.

For the Fourteenth.

It is perhaps hazardous to attempt to limit the rhyming capabilities of any word in the English language, with such a wonder-working magician as MR. BROWNING amongst us, but it is believed that there is but one rhyme to be found to Valentine. It is no contempt of Court to say the Claimant knows it well.

DETUR PULCHRIBUS.

SPEAKING in a debate at a recent meeting on the Woman's Suffrage question, MISS EMILY FAITHFULL is reported to have attributed our Premier's inclination towards the acknowledgment of the political rights of women to the evidence of their increasing self-dependence afforded by the Census. That Census has very likely impressed MR. GLADSTONE a great deal in their favour. It is probable, however, that he has been still more powerfully influenced by that *communis sensus* which forms so large an element in his mental constitution. Common sense must have taught MR. GLADSTONE that if the Roughts are fit to have votes, so still rather are the softer sex; and that, inasmuch as the elective franchise has been conceded to the working-men at large, it cannot be consistently withheld from the better half of our own flesh and blood.

Aerial Rome.

THE Correspondent of a contemporary, writing from Rome with reference to the architectural improvements there in contemplation, observes that the new quarters of the city are as yet in *nubibus*. The Pope, therefore, were he minded to promulgate a Bull which would edify the Irish College, might declare the new buildings designed by the Italian Government at Rome *Châteaux en Espagne*; or, if infallibility had rather be accurate, he might define them castles in the air.

A PROVERB COURTIFIED.

MR. DISRAELI said on Tuesday that everybody in the House of Commons was acquainted with the PRINCE OF WALES, and his excellent qualities. This shows that H. R. H. is, in a happy sense, the Heir with Many Friends.



"CHAFF."

Apple-Stall Keeper (to the Boys). "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GAPIING AT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?" Street Boy. "NOTHIN'."

Apple-Stall Keeper. "THEN TAKE IT, AND BE OFF!"

Street Boy. "VERY WELL: WRAP IT UP FOR US IN A PIECE O' PAPER!" [Bolls.]

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

In the *Medium*, Spiritualist paper, the following story is related by a lady in a letter attested with her name. A certain clergyman being her guest, she says:—

"Every time we eat at dinner we had not only spirit-voices talking to us, but spirit-hands touching us; and last evening, as it was his farewell, they gave us a special manifestation, unasked for and unlooked for. He sitting at the right hand of me, a vacant chair opposite him began moving, and, in answer to whether it would have some dinner, said 'Yes.' I then asked it to select what it would take, when it chose *croquets des pommes de terre* (a French way of dressing potatoes, about three inches long and two wide. I will send you one that you may see it). I was desired to put this on the chair, either in a tablespoon or on a plate. I placed it in a tablespoon, thinking that probably the plate might be broken. In a few seconds I was told that it was eaten, and looking found the half of it gone, with the marks showing the teeth."

This, in our great-grandfathers' time, would have been said by buffoons, of whom there were some even then, to have been a "bite" indeed. In a still worse vein of ribaldry, the chair's potato-eating will perhaps be represented as the act of some invisible chairman, or charwoman, notwithstanding that the latter would naturally, even though in a supernatural way, have asked for plain 'taters, if she had not preferred fried onions. But, seriously, may not the morsel of savoury potato, eaten in a chair and under a table, have possibly been eaten by the cat? Many of our readers, if not of the *Medium's*, will peradventure discern a confirmation of this surmise in the conclusion of the letter which contains the above anecdote:—

"Should any party have a gentleman's hat, liquor bottle with silver stopper, also a small china tea-pot, which do not belong to them, I should be very glad to receive them, as they were taken from my house last Sunday evening.—Yours faithfully,

"CATH. BERRY."

A LARK TO THE LATIN.

WHAT a joke, ye Latin Nations,
What a spectacle for you,
That of British complications
Grave, with Yankee Doodle Doo!
See those Anglo-Saxon races,
Bloodshed much as they abhor,
Flying at each other's faces,
Like enough to go to war.

They who scorned your laurels gory,
Deemed your blood-won prestige vain,
They, who will not fight for glory,
Are prepared to fight for gain.
Not for Cause, or Faith, or Colour;
No, those men of common sense!
But for the Almighty Dollar;
Yes; for base pounds, shillings, pence.

Hard as working bees toil, honey
Hoarding, so completely they
Gave their minds to making money,
Which in war will flee away.
To make money of each other
Striving still, they disagree.
Brother at the throat of brother,
For his money may we see!

Plutus is their god of battle,
Money is their battle-cry,
They for money slave like cattle;
Wolves, at strife like, let them die.
Heretics and blood-relations
Then, more brutal and more blind,
Than the faithful Latin Nations,
More will also shame their kind.

An Extensive Concern.

For comprehensiveness, for enterprise, for pleasing variety, for an amiable desire to suit different tastes, we can confidently recommend a new company just announced, with the elastic title of "Church Bank Mill Cotton Spinning." A Society which embraces in its operations a Church, a Bank, a Mill, and a Cotton Spinning concern cannot fail to be appreciated, and to command the success which attends all undertakings based on broad and liberal principles.

Every housekeeper, if not every lodger, well knows that the cat is capable of running away with lobsters—or anything. MRS. BERRY may consider whether the spirits are really so likely to be snappers-up of unconsidered trifles as the cat is. At some future *séance* she will perhaps find that the cat has walked off with a walking-stick or an umbrella, or if not the cat, that Something has, or Somebody. If, instead of Somebody, it is some spirit out of the body, that disappears with property, of course it can be of no use for her to count her spoons before sitting down with a "circle" to a *séance*. Looking, however, to the probability of missing some of them thereafter, she might do well to secure the attendance of a Detective in plain clothes, because although the spirits who "know all mortal consequences" would penetrate his disguise and elude his grasp, for the incorporeal is not to be collared, yet *séances*, some of them, do seem attended with manifestations which might constitute cases for Sessions.

A Part for the Premier.

It is not generally supposed that MR. GLADSTONE has any peculiar aptitude which, were he a comedian, would especially qualify him to play *Sir John Falstaff*. But there is one speech of *Falstaff's* which it may be imagined that our PREMIER, with certain late promotions and a particular remonstrance on one of them, in his mind, would deliver with full expression:—"Happy are they, which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!"

Foreign Affairs.

MRS. MALAPROP is anxious to know whether this Don Juan Question between England and America has anything to do with poor LORD BYRON.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"Be the edge sharpened of my bored old BRAND."

Not that he is old, being in the prime of life, for he was born in 1814. As the late ROBERT BROUGH wrote of another person—

"We only say Old BRAND for fun,
He may be young and hearty—
Not twenty-five for aught we know;
We never saw the party."

That, however, would be another falsehood, did Mr. Punch speak in *proprid personâ*. They have heard the Chimes at Midnight together many a time and oft.

MR. GRIEVE—the "Judicious Grieve" mentioned in *Hamlet*—very properly asked MR. LOWE why he would not aid the expedition about to go in search of DR. LIVINGSTONE. MR. LOWE objected to being asked for reasons, but gave several, of the most unconvincing kind. Asked by SIR J. ELPHINSTONE whether he knew that DR. LIVINGSTONE was our Consul-General in the region where he is supposed to be—a question involving a grave consideration—MR. LOWE did not reply.

On the Second Reading of the Royal Parks and Gardens Bill, which is intended to protect the public and the animals from roughs, ill or well dressed, MR. VERNON HARCOURT denounced it as tyrannical; but a good deal of fun was made of his heroics by Members with practical knowledge on the subject. There is no interference with Meetings, but they are to be held under regulations. MR. AYTON defended the Bill ably, and the House voted the Second Reading by 183 to 36.

Lately, sundry Telegraph Clerks struck, and wished all their brethren to do the same. To promote this object, some of them in the country furnished newspaper correspondents with the information, which was not true, that the strike was becoming prevalent. The whole public service might have been stopped but for the courage of MR. SCUDAMORE, who delayed some telegrams. He has been assailed for this, and Mr. Punch would have assailed him also with the most meritorious fury, but for the conviction that, in the special circumstances, MR. SCUDAMORE did a laudable act. The inviolability of telegrams and other communications is a thing Mr. Punch would fight for like twenty thousand Fiends, but for public servants to use public wires for the confusion and discomfiture of the public is another matter. If Mr. Punch caught his servant at the Sacred Desk, using the Immortal Monogram paper, and scrawling, "Come and break Master's winders," it is possible that the domestic might not be entirely pleased with the result. When the Cabmen struck, everybody wanted to hang them, but their strike was far less a nuisance than the throwing of the telegraphs out of gear would have been. A pedantic adherence to rule by MR. SCUDAMORE, and people might have been unable to hurry to their dying friends, or to summon physicians, and all because some clerks wanted more salary. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL had not the courage to say this, when the excellent Member for Westminster, MR. W. H. SMITH, called on him to-day for a certain explanation, and therefore Mr. Punch says it for MR. MONSELL.

A Mines Bill and a Scotch Education Bill have been put before Parliament. The one seems to have merit. Wad we hae the presumption to understand the tither?

On the same evening it was the painful duty of the SECRETARY FOR INDIA, in the Lords, and of the PREMIER, in the Commons, to announce that, on the night of the 8th instant, the EARL OF MAYO, Her Majesty's Viceroy in India, had been assassinated at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, by a Mahomedan convict who was incarcerated for murder. Here, no other observation on the melancholy news should be made, except that those who had to state it did so in the most becoming manner, and that the brief responses of the DUKE OF RICHMOND and of MR. DISRAELI were touching from the simple sincerity with which they alluded to their lost friend.

Tuesday.—The LORD OSSINGTON, heretofore MR. SPEAKER DENISON, took his seat among the Peers.

MR. GLADSTONE gave a most wonderful explanation of what he had done about the Rectory of Ewelme. The law provided that it should be held by a member of the Convocation of Oxford, and MR. GLADSTONE gave it to a gentleman who was nothing of the sort, but the PREMIER told him to get himself qualified; and "If he has not done this, so much the worse for him," said the PREMIER, pleasingly. Mr. Punch rather admires the growing spirit of contempt for the mere words of Acts of Parliament.

Certain Sanitary Acts, on which strong-minded women expatiate publicly, but on which Mr. Punch's readers may not desire to find much disquisition in his pages, are being modified by the Government, in obedience to agitation by noisy and ignorant persons, and some persons who should know better than to talk nonsense. He must note this—and passes on.

Wednesday.—The Commons were engaged on a Bill regarding the Burial of Dissenters. They wish to have a right to be buried in the Church-Yards of the Establishment, with any ceremonies they may choose, or none. Apart from the general principle, there is affectation of belief that Nonconformists, bringing the remains of their relatives or friends to be laid in the earth would take the opportunity of delivering invectives against Church doctrines. As we said on some former occasion of the kind, "When will Englishmen understand one another?" The Bill was read a Second Time by 179 to 108, but of course will not at present become law.

Thursday.—The COLLIER night in the Lords. This was a good night, and one to be remembered. A Lord Chancellor was baited; and, though it was about as great a shame as the baiting the gentle old Lion, Nero, at Warwick, some years ago, it must be owned that there was sport. Posterity, you are rather a bore, my son. Everybody now extant knows what the question was, but you may be puzzled, and we suppose that we must tell you about it. Listen.

By a law of last Session it was decreed that no person should be placed on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council unless he had been a Judge. It was wished to place SIR ROBERT COLLIER, Attorney-General, on the said Committee, so he was made a Judge of Common Pleas for a few days. This gave him the quali-

fication, and then he was elevated. People think this an evasion of the law, and the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, not only thought so, but said so, in a very strong letter to the CHANCELLOR. The latter and his colleagues reserved their defence till Parliament should meet.

To-night LORD STANHOPE stated the case against Ministers, and of course did so in the temperate and judicial manner to be expected in a nobleman who writes History, and writes it admirably. LORD PORTMAN, Lord Warden of the Stannaries (from *stannum*, tin, if any lady wants a glossary—and there have been Stannary Courts in Devon and Cornwall for ages), a nobleman born 1799, and to-night designated by LORD SALISBURY as "a cautious old man" (his motto is "*A Clean Heart and a Cheerful Spirit*"), defended the Government, and praised MR. GLADSTONE a good deal. LORD SALISBURY was in great force, and "sadly satirical," as the ladies say. But he did not wish to censure the Ministers in a way to necessitate resignation, as just now we were floundering in mud into which they had dragged us, and out of which it was their business to get us.

Then two very "salvage knights" did battle. The DUKE OF ARGYLL called SIR A. COCKBURN's language "ribald," and LORD WESTBURY called the DUKE's unjust, indecent, and a proof of ignorance.

LORD ROMILEY defended the CHANCELLOR, and then the CHANCELLOR defended himself. He mentioned a good many interesting things, among them the fact that when at the Bar he had never had an altercation with anybody; that he was very proud of having done justice to BRADLEY, M.A., of whom two Conservative lawyers had spoken highly; that if he felt he had been guilty of anything degrading he would go and settle in Australia (Australian papers, please copy), and that he could not get anybody but SIR R. COLLIER, who had consented "to take the other Judges' leaveings." This highly conclusive speech did not give LORD CAIRNS much chance of showing his powers, but he managed to show that Government had made themselves absurd in the face of the world.

LORD GRANVILLE deprecated this sort of attack. Turn us out, if you like, and if you can, but do not be always censuring us.

On division, the Ministers had a majority of Two. But only 176 Peers voted. Nobody wants to do much damage to the Cabinet just now.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE said that no final decisions had been arrived at in regard to HER MAJESTY's return route on the

Thanksgiving Day. On the same day the LORD CHAMBERLAIN had announced, by a letter, that the Embankment route had been decided on for a long time. Lastly, it was settled, and wisely, that the Viaduct and Oxford Street route should be adopted, whereby there will be great defeat of Roughdom, and the garden and trees of the Embankment will be saved from destruction, besides that another half million or so of the QUEEN's decent subjects will be able to see Her. But it is delightful to observe how well our Betters work together.

There was a Ballet Debate, but nobody was in earnest; and if MR. DOWSE, the Irish Solicitor, had not been exceedingly humorous, the House would have been thinner than it was, and this would have been difficult, for at one time there were only two Members present. MR. DOWSE said one thing that was wise as well as witty, namely, that a man who had not changed his opinion for thirty years could have no opinion worth anything. Hear that, old Obstinates, who pique yourselves on having all your lives held the same opinions. A Count was tried, but men laid down their cigars (using evil language), and came in. The Bill was read a Second Time by 109 to 51.

As a delicate attention to the new SPEAKER, a little row was got up, just to give him a chance of showing that he knew his business, and he extinguished the strife with promptness.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT was emphatic on the Algerine character of the Parks Bill, and wanted to know why those who were "our flesh and blood" the other day were now called "roughs." MR. ARTHUR praised his own civility, and MR. GLADSTONE deprecated "the heroic style." You are not to laugh at your superiors, or quote *Quis tulerit?* or anything else that might be thought rude.

Friday.—The DUKE OF RICHMOND reduced the Thursday majority by one-half; that is, he discovered that the Government had only 88 supporters, not 99. LORD SALISBURY said that two Lords had been brought from Italy to vote. LORD GRANVILLE wanted the names of those Peers, as he would be very glad to see them.

It was announced in the Commons that the American Reply to our "Friendly Communication" would come on the First of March. 'Tis the day of Saint David. May it be omen that our American friend and Pistol means to "eat the Lead."

Those ill-treated Slaves, Coolies, and Jurymen, hail their wrongs pleaded. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE has some pity for the latter, and thinks of doing something for them. The Coolies must take things as coolly as they can, but they are atrociously treated.

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST."

BULL had made terms for a match

With UNCLE SAM:
Glad the first fair chance to catch,
An old quarrel up to patch,
Without coming to the scratch
With UNCLE SAM.

Close kinship BULL must own
With UNCLE SAM:
The same breed in blood and bone,
By good points and bad they're shown,
Both a little overgrown
In UNCLE SAM.

Among other points of BULL
In UNCLE SAM,
Debts to him he'll have in full,
But his purse-strings asked to pull,
In his ears sticks cotton-wool,
Does UNCLE SAM.

Like BULL, hard to persuade
Is UNCLE SAM,
When once down the law he's laid,
One word *contra* can be said,
That a moment should be weighed
By UNCLE SAM.

Like BULL, apt to forget
Is UNCLE SAM,
Rules for others he has set,
He is somewhat given to let
A good deal broken get
By UNCLE SAM.

BULL is wise and strong enough—
So's UNCLE SAM—
Though on points of honour tough,
Loud of speech, and even gruff—
To feel talk of war sheer stuff
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

"With Jews deal like the Jews,"
Says UNCLE SAM.
"The best rule of play to use,
Is, if allowed to choose,
'Heads I win, and tails you lose.'"
'Cute UNCLE SAM!

So if BULL a game begin
With UNCLE SAM,
It could scarce be thought a sin,
If for his rule he brought in,
"Heads you lose, and tails I win,"
Eh, UNCLE SAM?

But as Christian, not Jew,
Is UNCLE SAM,
While JOHN BULL is Christian, too,
Such sharp practice he'll eschew,
And his cards play frank and true,
With UNCLE SAM.

But if ere the first card's played
With UNCLE SAM,
BULL finds blunders have been made,
As to what is to be paid,
Why to say so be afraid,
To UNCLE SAM?

Whatever chance of row
With UNCLE SAM—
Who like BULL can't bear to bow—
Better deal with that chance now,
Than a minute's doubt allow
To UNCLE SAM.

As his stake BULL means to pay

To UNCLE SAM,
Should SAM win—as p'raps he may—
'Ere the game is under-weigh,
He must know for what they play—
He and SAM.

If BULL's penny points seemed pounds
To UNCLE SAM—
Howe'er strange the blunder sounds—
Better own it, than give grounds
For renewal of old rounds
With UNCLE SAM!

That we're fools, 'tis hard to write
To UNCLE SAM;
That his claims are Bletcherumskite,
SAM mayn't relish owning quite—
But aught's better than a fight
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

BULL has "d-d good-natured friends,"
And so has SAM,
Who regret each feud that ends
In peaceable amends;
Hail each scratch, to raw that tends,
'Twixt BULL and SAM.

But if JOHN BULL is wise
And UNCLE SAM,
They'll not black each other's eyes,
But their honest friends surprise,
By proving no allies
Like BULL and SAM.

If we cannot fix our stake
With UNCLE SAM,
Let's off match, and no mistake,
Nor such fools of ourselves make
As peace and heads to break—
Eh, UNCLE SAM?



HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Ethel. "Isn't it sad, Arthur! There's the drawing-room cleared for a dance, and all the dolls ready to begin, only they've got no partners!"

Arthur. "Well, Ethel! There's the four gentlemen in my Noah's Ark; but they don't look as if they cared very much about dancing, you know!"

Richard Southwell Bourke,

EARL OF MAYO, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

Born in Dublin, Feb. 1, 1822. Assassinated at Port Blair, Andaman Islands, Feb. 8, 1872.

"DEATH levels all!"—Untruth! half truth, at best:
Death, with his scythe and hour-glass, well might show
Touchstone and chemic tubes, wherewith to test
The qualities of those whom he lays low.

"Let nought but good be spoken of the dead"—
Happy the dead of whom that good is true:
And they most happy, on whose lifeless head
Death sets the crown which life proclaims their due.

Of whom, as they lie shrouded, stark and still,
Looking upon them in their marble sleep,
Men say, with bated breath—"We gauged him ill:
How large his worth, whom once we rated cheap!"

Of these is he, for whom laid, sudden, low,
By darkling knife and brooding sense of wrong,
Truest regard sets genuine tears aflow,
That from the roots of love well, swift and strong.

We took his gauge, as did the common fool:
By Report's shallow valuing appraised,
When from the Irish Secretary's stool
To the great Indian throne we saw him raised.

That throne, from whose height One had then stepped down,
Whom all revered, as Soldier, Statesman, Sage:
A stern, plain, King of men, within whose frown
No lie could live, who knew all work's due wage.

"Can dwarf," we asked, "in giant's armour fight?"
Painted his sovereignty as an eclipse
Enshrouding India in a sudden night;
And most men's scorn, like ours, was on their lips.

How should the slight man fill the strong man's place?
Rise from his small routine of petty toil,
A vast and various Empire's needs to face,
And move, unhampered by the mighty coil!

They gauged him better, those who knew him best;
They read, beneath that bright and blithesome cheer,
The Statesman's wide and watchful eye, the breast
Unwarped by favour, and unwrung by fear:

The wit to choose, the will to do, the right;
All the more potent for the cheerful mood
That made the irksome yoke of duty light,
Helping to smooth the rough, refine the rude:

Bidding the dusty paths of daily toil
With flowers of gladness and good-feeling glow;
On rusty wards of office pouring oil,
Making work's hinges with strange smoothness go.

Nor for this cheeriness less strenuous shown,
All ear, all eye, he swayed his mighty realm:
Till through its length and breadth a presence known,
Felt as a living hand upon the helm.



SMOKING THE "CALUMET."

JO-BA-THAN (*The Downy Bird*). "COME, MY COUSIN! LET US SMOKE THE PEACE-PIPE!"
WI-YUCK-EW-ART (*The Cheerful Roach*). "THAT IS NO PEACE-PIPE! THY COUSIN CANNOT SMOKE *THAT*!"
ROO-TI-TOOT (*The Wise Buffalo*). "HATH NOT OUR COUSIN 'THE DOWNY BIRD' BEEN AT THE FIRE-WATER OF THE PALE FACES?"



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All men spoke well of him, as most men thought,
Here as in India, and his friends were proud :
It seemed as if no enmity he wrought,
But moved, love-girt, at home or in the crowd.

What, then, our woe and wonderment to hear
Death had found way to this well-guarded life !
Love, Honour, State were there, but Hate, hid near,
Struck through their triple shield with felon knife.

If true regret and true respect have balm
For hearts that more than public loss must mourn,
They join to crown this forehead, cold and calm,
With laurel, well-won as was ever worn,

Only the greener that 'twas late to grow,
And that by sudden blight its leaves are shed :
Then, with thy honoured freight, sail, sad and slow,
O ship, that bears him to his kindred dead !

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



ASTERS HARRY SANDFORD
and TOMMY MASTON,
with MR. BARLOW, visit
the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Tommy. Why, Sir, is it called a Palace?

Harry. Did you not say, Sir, the other day, that a Palace was a residence for Royal Personages?

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, my young friends, I did; and I confess myself unable to account, with any degree of precision, for this building having been so styled, unless indeed it were intended to convey to the vulgar mind some notion of its vast proportions.

Harry. I have heard, Sir, that it was opened by the QUEEN.

Mr. Barlow. You are right, HARRY; and the worthy Archbishop invoked the blessing of Heaven on this undertaking, which was intended to promote the noblest purposes of recreation, to be combined with instruction.

Harry. The Shareholders, Sir, must have indeed experienced vast gratification on that occasion; and I protest, Sir, both for myself and MASTER TOMMY, that we shall be vastly pleased at being now able, under such especially exalted patronage, to witness a Pantomime, and a Ballet, which I perceive, Sir, form the chief attraction at the Palace during this season of the year.

TOMMY now evinced considerable surprise and astonishment at all he saw and heard. It seemed to him that ravishing strains of music were proceeding from pianos in various parts of the building, craftily concealed from view by various evergreen shrubs and artificial rock-work. He could not overcome a certain impression of awe, which at first prevented him from giving vent to his feelings in adequate expressions of delight, and it was some space before he perceived that there were any other persons in the Palace besides themselves.

TOMMY, who was of a bold and courageous disposition, now took the lead, and had scarcely preceded his companions by a few steps, when the attention of MR. BARLOW and HARRY was attracted to their young friend, who uttered so loud an exclamation of terror as to occasion considerable dismay to the occupants of a neighbouring refreshment-stall.

On coming up with MASTER TOMMY, they found him standing almost paralysed with affright in front of a group of the most hideous savages, entirely naked, and armed with formidable weapons.

When they approached nearer, MR. BARLOW, who, though an intrepid man, had been somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected exhibition, discovered that the savages were, after all, only models skillfully formed of wood.

TOMMY, who had never before seen anything like these creatures, was now much surprised and entertained, and commenced to ask his

beloved tutor for some information respecting these outlandish persons.

Mr. Barlow. They are a people totally unlike all you have been accustomed to in London, and, indeed, I cannot consider without a certain degree of admiration, the savage grandeur of man in his most simple state.

Harry. I perceive, Sir, that these honest folks are accustomed to very little clothing.

Mr. Barlow. They are, my dear HARRY, unacquainted with what we call the conveniences of life, and are utterly ignorant of running accounts, bill-stamps, and the new procedure under the Bankruptcy Act. But they dwell on the boundless prairies, where the finest horses run about wild.

"Dear!" said TOMMY, "that must be a fine country, indeed. I would have a horse for nothing."

MR. BARLOW now explained that, in order to do so, the art of catching, and then of riding the horse when caught, were, in the first place, absolutely necessary to be acquired.

TOMMY made no answer to this rebuke, but at once determined that he would seize the first opportunity of cultivating these arts.

Harry. I think, Sir, that TOMMY is hungry.

Tommy. Indeed, I have fasted so long that I think I could eat anything.

MR. BARLOW now summoned the waiter, who, with much civility, desired the two little boys to seat themselves at one of the numerous small tables near a screen representing the figures of all the Queens and Kings of England. Their revered tutor now bade the honest fellow to bring for himself and his two young friends a supply of the most nourishing food. MR. BARLOW contented himself with the leg and wing of a cold fowl, accompanied by half a bottle of the best Bordeaux, while TOMMY, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, entertained himself and HARRY with a variety of cakes and agreeable liquors.

When they had thus finished one of the heartiest meals they had ever made, they proceeded to inspect the amusements provided for them.

They were, however, only in time to witness the last scene of the Pantomime when the organ commenced playing, and MR. BARLOW informed them that, if they wished to see the Aquarium by gaslight, they could not in the whole evening find a more favourable opportunity.

Tommy. Sir, are there any whales in this Aquarium?

Mr. Barlow. Your question reminds me of the story of *Alfonso and the Volatile New Zealander*, which, as HARRY is acquainted with it, I will tell you another time when we are alone. The whale, however, will not be found in the Aquarium, it being somewhat too large and cumbersome a creature for so restricted a space.

Tommy. If he cannot be exhibited (and I notice, Sir, that we are charged sixpence for our visit, and sixpence more for the programme which you requested me to purchase), of what use is the Whale?

Mr. Barlow. He is eaten by the Greenlanders as a vegetable.

Tommy. But surely, Sir, a Greenlander is one who resides in a land of greens?

Harry. You will observe, Sir, that MASTER TOMMY wishes us to remark his diverting use of the word *green*.

Mr. Barlow. I am indeed gratified with this new proof of TOMMY's progress, and I do not doubt but that if he attends to the silent workings of his mind, and adheres closely to the study of his grammar and his dictionary, we shall, from time to time, remark, with sincerest pleasure the improvement in his general conversation.

As the evening began to advance, the lights were turned on to the full.

TOMMY now expressed the greatest admiration for the Codfish. And indeed when their silvery scales were illuminated by a gaslight from above, no spectacle could have been witnessed more gratifying to the numerous spectators who had by this time assembled in the Aquarium.

Tommy. Ah, Sir, the impressions I now feel are such as I shall never forget. See, Sir, how happy these beautiful creatures appear, and how admirably fitted they are both by their habits and dispositions for their present residence.

Mr. Barlow. Remember, then, my little friend, that, since chance, not merit, too frequently allots the situation in which men are to act, you should at least aim at appearing to all mankind as worthy of the advantages you enjoy as do these members of the finny tribes to the spectators whose moderate subscriptions go towards their support. From the spectacle presented by this Aquarium, those who have been placed in exalted positions may learn a valuable lesson.

Harry. Indeed, Sir, that is very true; and what you have just said reminds me of the story of *Aracées and the Oblivious Athenian*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard, I will proceed to tell him. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY—

At this instant the Octopus issuing suddenly from its concealment, displayed its form after so startling a manner that the crowd, who had been up to this time vehemently pressing against the iron rail



A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

Head of Select Establishment (awfully). "MISS MARY CAROLINE PAYCHE, THIS WAS FOUND UNDER YOUR PILLOW.—(Reads.)—'I do avow that I am thine, O wilt thou be my Valentine!—From your Spooney Cousin, G.'—SPOONEY COUSIN! ODIOSUS VULGARISM! WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU—INDULGING IN SUCH PERILOUS AND DISREPUTABLE PRACTICES?"

Miss Psycho. "PLEASE, MISS BACKBOARD, A SPOON IS INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED BY PUPILS COMING TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT."

in front of the glass case, now drew back in consternation, shrieking aloud, and exclaiming that the Octopus had broken loose, and was sallying forth to devour them.

Taking advantage of this momentary panic, MR. BARLOW and his pupils placed themselves in front of the tank, close to the rail, and in the best position for witnessing the gambols of the Octopus, which MR. BARLOW now began to explain to his young friends.

Mr. Barlow. You must know, then, that—

(This visit to be continued next time.)

HERETICAL HOAX.

WELL might His Holiness the POPE, in Consistory, addressing his assembled Cardinals in an Allocution, have made the remarks subjoined and relative to the following telegram, which appeared the other day in the *Daily News* :—

"ROME, Sunday.

"In consequence of the refusal of the KING OF SPAIN to agree to the proposals of the Holy See, the POPE has ordered the Spanish Bishops to oppose the Government at the forthcoming elections."

We cannot, Venerable Brethren, deplore with too great a superabundance of most sorrowful tears, the malicious, perfidious, monstrous, and altogether unheard-of fabrications, which, forged by the inveterate enemies of this Holy See, concerning Us, are daily transmitted by the afar-off-writing instrument of instantaneous annunciation, to the ends of the Earth, and especially to the flourishing kingdom of England. To such a pitch of audacity have some of these impious wretches arrived, that they have not scrupled to belie Us by the calumny that We, with a view to the attainment of Our Own ends, have been so far unmindful of justice towards our neighbour, as to enjoin our most faithful Spanish Bishops to oppose the

Government at the political elections now about to take place in the constitutional kingdom of Spain. Of which entirely false report, and, so to speak, most thundering bounce or banger, the malicious motive is seen in readiness. For it is manifest that these foul slanders, deservedly to be named most wild ducks, are calculated to damage and discredit, so as, were it possible, to destroy our spiritual authority in all countries whereof the people rejoice under a Constitutional Prince and Government. Particularly, if that People are of the Protestant heresy, must those wicked forgeries be the more likely to produce the most pernicious effects. For what, the Heretics will naturally inquire, they being falsely persuaded by atrocious defamations of Us, if We have not hesitated, with designing subtlety, in endeavouring to upset a Catholic Government approved by both King and People? How much the less likely then are We to stick at any machinations or intrigues by the abuse of our spiritual influence on our subservient Bishops presiding in a Protestant State? Nothing, then, can be more natural, and rather to be expected, than that the English People, believing that Our Bishops, instigated by Us, have been stirring up disaffection in the dominions of an alien Prince, will consider for themselves whether there are not certain similar Bishops nearer home, ready, on occasion, to do, if indeed they have not sometimes already done, the same. Which mistaken persuasion may chance to make things bad for our Bishops, and cannot but tend to confirm JOHN, surnamed BULL, in the pestilent, heretical, execrable, and detestable error of thinking that the more completely, securely, and utterly all Temporal power is dissevered from Our Spiritual authority the better.

Duty Made Easy.

THE Royal Parks Bill, now in progress, expressly legalises Public Meetings in the Parks. This provision, should it become law, will, whenever, in future, Revolutionists assemble in them for treasonable purposes, take a deal of responsibility off the hands of Government.



STATUE AT LARGE.

SOMEBODY HAS AT LAST MADE UP HIS MIND TO INTERFERE IN THE NEXT DISGRACEFUL TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING.

PUNCH'S NOTICE PAPER.

(For the Middle of Next Week.)

MR. WHALLEY to ask the PRIME MINISTER what arrangements, if any, are projected by the Government for the purpose of affording an asylum to His Holiness the POPE, in the event of his desiring to remove from Rome: and also whether there is any foundation for the rumour that the Government have determined to place Lambeth Palace at the service of His Holiness, and, so long as he resides there, to sanction the collection of what are known as "Peter's Pence" to be made once a month or so in Westminster Abbey.

COLONEL TOMLINE to ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER what is the daily average amount of the loose silver which he carries in his pocket; and whether he, the CHANCELLOR, considers it sufficient to enable him with certainty to lend a couple of shillings, or a florin, and a sixpence, whenever, through the scarcity of silver coinage in this kingdom, he, the Colonel, may be brought to the necessity of borrowing them, in order to defray his cab-hire to the House, or to purchase some refreshment in the course of a long sitting.

LORD ELCHO, on behalf of his brother connoisseurs, to inquire of MR. AYTON whether any and what measures he, as an admirer and kind patron of the Arts, had it in his generous contemplation to propose, with a view to the improvement, or, if not, the destruction of, the frightfully mis-shapen structure which, to our disgrace, is called the National Gallery; and, likewise, whether any and what steps are likely at his suggestion to be taken by the Government with a view to the removal of the ugly public statues which disfigure London streets.

MR. BERNAL OSBOURNE, in his office of Prime Punster, to move for a return of the quantity and value of the coals, over which the Government have been hauled, in the matter of their COLLIER.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT to ask the Secretary-of-War whether, in the event of the old Martello towers being put into complete repair, which would thoroughly insure the perfect safety of our coasts, he would be prepared to bring a Bill in to disband the British Army,

SOMETHING LIKE A NAME.

MR. PUNCH, during a long and brilliant career, has had the satisfaction of immortalising in his columns many illustrious, many remarkable, many appropriate, many lengthy names, but he does not remember ever to have incurred so large an outlay for printing ink as on the present occasion, when he deems it his duty to recommend his readers at once to begin to master the whole name of the KING OF SIAM, as a visit from that Monarch to these shores is not an improbable event. His Majesty's card will bear the following inscription:—"PRA BAT SONDSTON PRABARAMAIN TARAMAHA CHULALONKON KLAO PRA CHAO PEN DEN SIAM." The effect of this magnificent name, reverberating from flight to flight in some great mansion in the West, can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Punch's fear is, that the British footman will sink under it; that the British butler will make it an excuse for an advance of salary.

STRANGE PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDING.

ACCORDING to a statement in the *Globe*, the election of the new SPEAKER was marked by an occurrence which is believed to be unprecedented in the Annals of Parliament—at any rate, the journals of the House are silent on the point in their account of the ceremonies attending previous similar interesting occasions. The statement we refer to is as follows:—

"At the same instant the Sergeant-at-Arms ascended the House, and placed the Mace reverently on the table!"

We venture to hope, for the sake of those who may hereafter be called upon to fill one of the most important posts in the House of Commons, that this addition to its laborious duties will not be regarded as a precedent to be strictly followed in all future elections of a Speaker.

The most remarkable feature in the case is that, although we have caused the most careful inquiries to be made in the neighbourhood, not one of the many persons who must have been in Palace Yard or on Westminster Bridge at the time appears to have seen the Sergeant-at-Arms (with or without the Mace) on the roof of the House.

and for our national security, to rely upon our Navy and our glorious Volunteers.

MR. MIALL to inquire of the Prime Minister if there be any solid foundation for the rumour that the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON had, under pressure of the Government, accepted the position of Chaplain to the House, with a view to his election to the next vacant bishopric.

MR. DIBRALEY to move for leave to introduce a little Bill on the behalf of British novelists and dramatic, as well as other, writers, setting forth their losses, direct and indirect, occasioned by American pirates of the press; and to move that this same little bill shall be presented by the Government to the Government at Washington.

THE HOME SECRETARY to ask the Ladies in the Gallery whether they are advocates for Home Rule here in England, it being understood that the lady of the house is to be considered as the ruler of the home, where the practice of Home Rule is by Parliament established.

MR. NEWDEGATE to ask the SECRETARY FOR EDUCATION if he is prepared to move that a grant be yearly made by Government for the purpose of extending a knowledge of the classics beyond what is at present to be gained in parish schools; and, if so, whether he considers that, for scholars in low neighbourhoods, it would be needful to appoint and pay Professors of Thieves' Latin.

THE HONOURABLE MR. PUNCH to ask his most right honourable friend the newly-elected SPEAKER whether the Board of Works have had his chair re-stuffed, and whether other due arrangements have been made for the promotion of his comfort and convenience, and for the enabling him to take the needful refreshment of a nap in the course of a long sitting.

Diocese Extraordinary.

THE *Times*' Special Correspondent at Paris the other day stated that:—

"Yesterday, at the Church of St. Sulpice, the BISHOP OF BELLEY was consecrated."

The diocese over which this prelate will preside must be distinguished from a mere corporation.



OUTBREAK OF HUMANITY.

Jarvey (who has been well treated during the Drive). "'IT A 'ORSE ABOUT THE 'EAD! I'D GIVE A MAN A MONTH FOR 'ITTIN' 'ORSE ABOUT THE 'EAD! (Hic!) 'EAD'S PRINCIPLE MEMBER' 'UMAN BODY! IF 'MAN GOT'S 'EAD, 'CAN CARRY'S LEGS, BUT IF 'MAN AIN'T GOT'S 'EAD, CAN'T CARRY'S LEGS, DON'T CARE 'OO 'TIS'!"

THE THEATRICAL BALLOT-BOXES.

SINCE the opening of Parliament we are informed that the following suggestions have been dropped into the ballot-boxes at the Queen's Theatre:—

"Play Measure for Measure. Yours, H. A. BRUCE."

"I vote for *The Tempest*. G. J. GÖSCHEN."

"My idea is *The Merchant of Venice*. B. DISRAELI."

"I should say *The Comedy of Errors*. W. E. GLADSTONE."

"Try *Much Ado About Nothing*. SIR C. W. DILKE."

"First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, and I'll come and direct the supers at the Battle of Shrewsbury."

"EDW. CARDWELL."

"*A Midsummer Night's Dream*. By the way I hear it's likely to be a hot summer."

"H. BRAND."

"(Vice DENISON resigned.)"

"We think the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is best."

{ G. H. WHALLEY.

{ C. N. NEWDEGATE."

"Ah, Sir, *Tim of Athens* is your man. J. F. MAGUIRE."

"*Taming of the Shrew*, for example, or *Love's Labour's Lost*. If not, try *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*."

"PENZANCE."

N.B. The Management, in reply to several inquiries, begs to inform its numerous Correspondents, that, having searched the works of the immortal Bard, no such work can be found as the Tragedy of *Mustard and Cressida*.

FRIGHTFUL SAVAGES.

WE read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with a distaste not often caused by the contents of that capital paper, that there is in India a sect which holds the following monstrous doctrines:—

"According to RAM SINGH, the cardinal virtues of the believer are meekness, patience under provocation, and resignation to the will of Heaven. He denounces lying, stealing, and impurity as deadly sins, excluding all guilty of them from the sect, and forbids the selling of daughters in marriage. Men are enjoined by him to work for their livelihood; and Brahmins, Sodas, Bedis, and other priestly orders, who live on the alms of others, he declares to be impostors."

Revolted! Why, these people are no better—not one whit better than the early Christians. Here is a sect that must be extirpated. Imagine such a faith spreading! The sooner guns are got out and these pestilent heretics are blown away, the better.

Malapropiana.

OUR good friend, MRS. MALAPROP, is surprised to hear that a little children's story she remembers in her childhood should have become a subject of the gravest political discussion. She says she never dreamed, when she was reading the *American Nights Entertainments*, that such a fuss as she hears talked of would be ever made in Parliament about the Ali Baba case.

"Over the Sea."

THE man of all others whose name and countenance the promoters of improved Channel communication between England and France should at once secure is undoubtedly—M. JULES FERRY.

HEAVY READING.—A Ship's Log.



"THE UPPER TEN."

Stationary Cabby. "HULLO! WHERE ARE YE OFF TO?"

Second Cabby. "HOME, OF COURSE. A FOUR-WHEELER IS QUITE RESPECTABLE ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY THAT WOULD BE OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS."

"THE" TUESDAY.

ADVICES from Venice state that the trade and manufactures of that city had received a remarkable impetus, in consequence of the extensive orders received from London for the far-famed Venetian masks. In our own port, the stevedores and dock-labourers were employed night and day, for several nights and days, in discharging the gondolas which arrived from the Adriatic, laden with these ornamental poles. They were the invention of an early and artistic Doge—the one who has left a pleasing account of the hospitality he experienced from the LORD MAYOR, in the Venetian Parlour at the Mansion House, when he visited London on business connected with the heavy import duty then existing on Venetian blinds.

We are glad to be able to announce that no opposition will be offered to the payment out of the Corporation funds of the bill for riding lessons, incurred by those members of its body who took part in the procession on horseback. The manager of the Riding School which they honoured with their patronage, speaks, with honest pride, of their condescension and good humour in the midst of the most trying circumstances; and declares that he cannot remember ever to have had more docile and assiduous pupils. He takes credit to himself, and deservedly so, for dissuading them from engaging circus horses for the occasion.

Urgent private business has compelled the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to quit town. In the hurry of departure he omitted to leave his address; no letters, therefore, from unreasonable people, especially those addressed in a feminine hand, can be forwarded to him.

The police executed their difficult and delicate duties in a manner which, we are sure, cannot fail to have attracted the notice of their superiors. At one moment it was feared that a misunderstanding, arising out of a perambulator which evinced a disposition to defy the carriage regulations published in the papers several days previously, might have led to awkward complications; but, happily, it blew over without assuming any more serious proportions than the loss of a little temper and some varnish.

"WOMAN! SPARE THAT BIRD."

MEN would not be what they are but for women. Great men have mostly been the sons of gifted mothers. The progressive improvement or deterioration of Man will essentially depend upon the continued ascent or decadence of Woman. Elevation, in ideas of ornamental art, from the absurdities of savage finery ever upwards towards the expressions of perfect grace, is a visible criterion of rising intelligence and morality. Chignons, and many other embellishments which ladies have adopted of late, are ominous of a noble Posterity. Among prognostics of this kind may be mentioned certain objects of natural history, which have recently, as the *Globe* observes, come into use by way of decorations for valentines, pincushions, and ladies' hats. To wit, the skins of divers and sundry song and other little English birds, namely, chaffinches, greenfinches, ordinary and golden-crested wrens, hedge-sparrows, robins, yellow-hammers, linnets, tomtits, and kingfishers; whereof the last-named have been threatened with extermination, owing to the demand for them by ladies' hatters. But though these newly-fashionable and favourite garnitures are certainly the tokens of a most hopeful rise in civilisation, that benefit is attended with this disadvantage, that our beautiful small birds are in course of being improved off the face of the earth. Therefore, it is to be wished that our fair countrywomen would vouchsafe, whilst not ceasing to cultivate sociology with taste, to exchange the ornithological specimens now in vogue for another sort, which, whilst involving no sensible loss, would be equally becoming; as, for example, bats, toads, frogs, lizards, efts, snails, moths, dragon-flies, chafers, grasshoppers, crickets, cockroaches, and beetles.

Songs on Solemnities.

STERNHOLD and HOPKINS both were poets great;
NICHOLAS BRADY, too, and NAHUM TATE:
Compared with Minstrels, in these latter days
Who pen, occasionally, songs of praise;
Great relatively, by the like degrees
Of bulk with those from mites which distance fleas.

NEW TITLE FOR OLD COUNTRY DANCE.—"Just like ROGER—DE COVERLEY."

The animals in the Zoological Gardens were fed twice.

The strict limitations under which ladies' tickets were issued to the two Houses of Parliament have, we regret to learn, brought a host of troubles in their train which only the hand of time can allay. Several matrimonial engagements have been broken off, and letters and presents mutually returned; and one Member writes to tell us that a breach has arisen between himself and his aunt, the possessor of vast property, unencumbered, and entirely at her own disposal, which he fears can never be healed.

The Tichborne Jury would have enjoyed the day immensely, but for the untoward circumstance that one of the shorthand writers engaged on the trial occupied a seat close to those they had secured. This so painfully reminded them of what they have still to undergo, that even the sight of the Common Councilmen on horseback, in their mazarine gowns, failed to kindle a smile on their jaded faces.

Statistics, carefully compiled, leave no doubt that the greatest amount of contentment and satisfaction, on the twenty-seventh, was experienced by those loyal subjects who enjoyed "an uninterrupted view of the whole length of the Old Bailey."

Mr. *Punch* regrets that in the pressure of business last week, it did not occur to him to supply some trustworthy information respecting St. Paul's. He has been distressed beyond measure to learn that in the conversations of well-dressed and seemingly refined persons (many of them in high-priced seats) on Tuesday last, an amount of ignorance broke out which he has thought it his duty to communicate to the Committee of Privy Council on Education. He will, therefore, content himself in this place with remarking that St. Paul's is not a noble specimen of Gothic architecture, that it was not the work of SIR INIGO JONES, that SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was never a Royal Academician, and that the Cathedral was not burnt to ashes by the Puritans under the command of OLIVER CROMWELL, and rebuilt by QUEEN ANNE'S Bounty—an act of munificence on the part of that Sovereign which the people of London commemorated by subscribing for her statue, still a conspicuous ornament of the area in front of the sacred edifice.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 19.

—His Grace of ARGYLL, having heard through a "mutual friend" (a common friend, *Punch* assumes that his Grace meant) of himself and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that some words in the Duke's speech on the Collier business were personally offensive to the Judge, apologised by saying that he had a perfect right to discuss the Judge's letter, and its publication, and that there were several words in SIR ALEXANDER's letter that were open to objection. Then it seemed to occur to the Duke that this was not exactly an exhaustive apology, so he regretted having used the language in question.

On a Bill of LORD SHAFTESBURY's for punishing misbehaving clergymen,

the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH made a most humorous speech. He pictured "the three greatest fools in a district" resolving to indict a parson, and three old women in the Channel Islands conspiring against a clergyman at Westminster. He fairly laughed the Bill out of the House, though the grave ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, while smiling at his episcopal brother's wit, supported the measure.

The idiotic allegation of the Republican folks, that the land of the country is in the hands of only 30,000 people, was exploded by LORD DERRY, who puts the number at 300,000. The DUKE OF RICHMOND said, that if the same rate of blunder that had been made in counting the landowners of Herts had been followed in regard to the whole kingdom, the number really would be about 900,000.

Members were very bothersome to MR. AYTON all the week about getting tickets to St. Paul's for their wives and other ladies. Of course the screw was put on at home, and nobody can blame an unfortunate M.P. for being pertinacious, in such circumstances. But it is difficult to see that a Member's wife has any more right to a ticket than any other lady. The State knows nothing about Members' wives. MR. AYTON, for an amiable man and a bachelor, was very forbearing, but there were dreadful groanings at him.

MR. GLADSTONE admitted that he had written a letter to the London Correspondent of an American paper, on the Treaty question, but humbly pleaded that the gentleman had offered to "interview" him. The excuse was felt to be ample.

Then we had the Collier business over again, this time in the Commons. MR. PUNCH declines to hunt this hare twice. MR. CROSS moved a vote of regret, doing it with moderation, and being ably supported by MR. GOLDNEY. Then SIR ROUNDELL PALMER defended the Government, and contended that the appointment was strictly legal, and that being so, it ought not to be challenged on the ground that acts were to be judged by anything outside the statute affecting them. MR. PUNCH was like the butler of the *Brothers Cheeryble*, "unconvinced." There was a prolonged debate, but what was chiefly to be noted was, that the Hon. MR. DENMAN opposed his Liberal friends, and said that he could not look his children in the face if he could be thought to have supported his party at the expense of his conscience. The PREMIER "mounted the elevated courier," and was very emphatic and eloquent. But on division the Government got but 268 to 241, majority 27. Yet it was a grave question, and Ministers have a working majority of upwards of 80.

Tuesday.—There is a great plan for boring through London, underground, from Kilburn to Limehouse, and it is known as the Mid-London Railway. It was opposed by MR. BRESFORD HOPE, but the

BRUCE sent it to a Select Committee, where the Metropolitan Board will also oppose it.

CITIZEN SIR CHARLES DILKE gave notice that next month he means to call attention to the Civil List.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE procured the Second Reading of a Bill for enabling Clergymen to permit anybody to preach in their churches. MR. GLADSTONE, however, thought that the plan must be jealously watched, as a National Establishment could hardly sanction teaching in its places of worship by men who owed it no allegiance, might not believe its doctrines, and could not be subject to its rules.

Wednesday.—A Game Laws debate, but as the subject is referred to a Select Committee, that is, shelved for the Session, no more need be said about it now. The same papers that reported this, reported one of the most brutal outrages that even poachers have committed, six or eight having fallen on one keeper (LORD VERNON's), and beaten him nearly to death.

Our pen trembles at the words, yet we have written them often enough. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill came in again. Weary of the old arguments, some Members used harsh language instead, and though we do not commend this sort of thing, it was a relief. The Second Reading was, of course, carried; the numbers were 186 to 136.

Thursday.—The Lords gave the Chancellor leave to join the Thanksgiving procession, HER MAJESTY's approbation of his presence having been signified by LORD SYDNEY.

A Bill for giving Tramways to Manchester was rejected, at the wish of the inhabitants, as signified by their representatives. MR. PUNCH knows that such roads exist in some of the plebeian localities of the Metropolis, because he has read of quarrels between the conductors and omnibus men, but not having demeaned himself by examining such vulgar conveyances, he is unable to say whether they are meritorious or not. But if Manchester objects to them, no doubt they are not wanted there. Indeed, he hardly understands how they can be, for Manchester has a system of mammoth omnibuses which carry about ninety people inside and a hundred and eleven out, and are pleasing objects to behold, except when they are going to run over you.

More bother about Ladies' Tickets. The trouble the Fair Sect give, when there's anything or nothing to see, is perfectly fearful. Poor MR. AYTON said that the CHAMBERLAIN would do his best, but there were seats for only "870 odd persons" of the Parliamentary sort—(why he called them odd we know not)—and manifestly, if every Member of the 659 brought a lady—but what was the use of his talking like that when it was a case of sight-seeing? These lines will not be read until all is over, but MR. PUNCH much wonders whether, for the sake of accommodating one another, any ladies will have left their crinolines at home. He supposes not, being aware of the highly considerate nature of feminine humanity when other folks' comfort is concerned. Does he appear to write savagely? Ah, my dears, if you only knew what he has been bearing ever since the day was fixed.

Excelsior, to use an American Poet's indifferent Latin. To-night did the Secretary for War, MR. CARDWELL, expound his plan for the Reorganisation of the British Army. Briefly, these be its heads:

1. United Kingdom to be divided into Military Districts, to which MR. PUNCH has, in another of his columns, given a name so obviously the right one that it is sure not to be adopted. There will be Forty-nine in England, Nine in Scotland, Eight in Ireland, in all, Sixty-six.
2. Each District is to hold a Brigade.
3. Each Brigade is to be composed of—
Two Battalions of the Line,
Two Battalions of Militia,
The Volunteers of the District.
4. One of the Line Battalions is always to be on Foreign Service.
5. The other is, like the pig that did not go to market, to stay at home, and to be a Depot to its foreign brother.
6. Qualified Militia officers to be nominated to Battalions.
7. Volunteers to be trained with the rest of the Brigade, and to be under exclusively Military Control.
8. Buildings to be erected in every District, for Staff Quarters, Barracks, and Depot.
9. Each Brigade to be commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel.
10. The Guards to be deprived of their Privileges.
11. Cost, about £3,500,000.
12. The whole of our land forces, if complete, would give us 467,000 men; but of course we have nothing like this, at present.

Now, the leading idea of this scheme is perfectly sound and good. The House received it with satisfaction. But until after the Thanksgiving Day, it is impossible for MR. PUNCH to bring his giant mind down to the consideration of details. He must, however, express the joy with which he beholds the Volunteers, the Household Guard, taken in hand by the State, and about to be



SUNDAY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

JIM DATES goes out for a Walk with his Young Woman: his pal, JOE NORRIS, happens to be walking with his Young Woman in the same direction. "ULLOA, JIM," says JOE, "OW ARE YER?" "WHY, JOE," observes JIM, "OW'S YERSELF!" And instead of introducing their future Wives (whom they leave standing apart), the two Friends gaze at each other with the sheepish grin of conscious imbecility. Then, having nothing more to say, they part, and resume their respective walks with their Young Women as before.

treated as a grand institution, instead of something at which Regulars may smile—good-humouredly or not.

Good behaviour is always rewarded in this world, if we wait long enough. Sometimes, certainly, the "wait" (as the actors say) is considerable, but we should never be discouraged, never be weary of well-doing. This night the Members who had sat patiently to listen to MR. CARDWELL's important but somewhat elongated Army Lecture, were richly repaid. For after that there was a splendid gladiatorial encounter between the two great champions. Roused by some observations of MR. HARDY's in connection with the Parks Bill, but in much closer connection with MR. GLADSTONE's conduct in the Park Rail-breaking days, the PREMIER "let into" the other gentleman with a fire and a fury delightful to all but himself. Hot and Hot MR. GLADSTONE gave it to MR. HARDY. But PELIDES was not to have it all his own way. MR. DISRAELI rose, and in his best tone of deliberate sarcasm, accused MR. GLADSTONE not only of having done nothing to assist the Conservative Government against the disorderly, but of having addressed a tumultuous mob from his own windows. Well, it was too good fun to be lost, though there are, happily, so many ways of saying the same thing, that some of them depict it as a very different thing from the fact, and MR. GLADSTONE's proceeding on the occasion referred to was of the most harmless kind. He bowed, we believe, to a crowd that was cheering him. In a way, this is an Address. Remember the song in *Rejected Addresses*—

"MR. JACK, your Address," says the prompter to me,
"So I gave him my card." "No that ain't it," says he,
"Tis your Public Address." "O," says I, "never fear:
If a dress you are bothered for, only look here."

It was a pity that MR. GLADSTONE did not think of this as a retort upon his gay assailant. Had he quoted it, however, it is to be hoped that he would have given the exquisite lines more accu-

rately than the reports made him cite the "Some Tall Cliff" passage the other day. Could W. E. GLADSTONE have forgotten his GOLDSMITH?

Friday we shall dismiss with deserved brevity. The Commons had a long debate on the case of the NAWAB OF TONK, of whom we hear at irregular intervals. The Indian Government deposed TONK in the interest of his subjects, and he considers that he has a grievance. The House, by 120 to 84, considered that TONK had been served rightly.

MR. GLADSTONE made a careful, but satisfactory answer on the subject of Irish Education. He will not disturb the National System. *Bon.* If any furious Roman Ecclesiastic fulminates in consequence, it would be most improper for the PREMIER to answer in the words of the stout old Scottish Knight, in one of JAMES HOGG's ballads—

"I'll take my chance, thou Priest of sin,
Thy absolution I disdain;
But I will noose thy shaven chin,
If thus thou talk'st to me again."

There! No more quotations, no more politics, no more nothing until after the Day. We mentally "shut up."

The Fair and the Unfair.

THE University of Edinburgh still refuses to allow Ladies at that seat of learning to graduate in Medicine. An Act of Parliament is requisite to compel its ruling Trades' Unionists to do them justice. If Ladies, Medical Students or other, do not obtain that, it is perhaps because they are unrepresented. This is a consideration which seems rather to entitle Women to the Suffrage, which they may obtain in time, although the authorities of Edinburgh University seem determined not to let them win their rights by degrees.



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

(OR, AT LEAST, FOR EVER SO LONG AFTER "THE TUESDAY.")

TO TEMPLE BAR.

O, TEMPLE BAR, a prouder Monument
Art thou than all, though some their heads far higher
Point to the sky, through London's whole extent:
Ev'n than the tall Memorial of her Fire.

Beneath thy festooned arch ere now hath passed
How oft a Monarch with a pageant gay,
Or a Lord Mayor in glory doomed to last,
But to the next November's thrice third day!

And when, upon a visit of high State,
Approached thee has the Monarch of the Land,
How many a City King hath, at thy Gate
Attended, to his Liege thy Keys to hand!

On top of thee famed Rebels' heads, by Love
And Mercy cut off in the days ago,
Have Loyalty commended from above
To crowds that gazed on Royalty below.

And now hast thou been whitewashed, Temple Bar,
But not as catiffs plunged in hopeless debt;
Not as poor penniless insolvents are:
No, thou, though whitewashed, art not bankrupt yet!

And when some Hero, not perhaps unborn,
Is borne, through thee, to his Cathedral tomb,
A coat of blacking may thy face adorn:
But we rejoice; we will not discount gloom.

And are there those who fain would pull thee down—
Thou that maintain'st thy Westward crossing free?
Linked, as thou art, anew with England's Crown?
They shall not, Temple Bar. Perpetual be!

Moral Reflection.

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."—Reflection.
Lucky for the *Demi-Monde*.

Thanksgiving.

FEBRUARY 27, 1872.

CURL thy lip, Cynic; Scoffer, whet thy wit,
On this mixed mob of London, drawn one way;
Content, for wearying hours, to stand or sit,
The while a Queen and Prince ride by to pray.

E'en this poor pageant falls with such rebound
Into our stagnant lives of toil and gain,
The creaming mud-pool breaks in ripples round,
And all its whirl of mud-life seethes again.

A Queen, and Prince, and Princess, and their Court,
And coaches, passing to St. Paul's to prayer;
To settle scores with Heaven, in stately sort:—
A Show for once! and our shows are so rare!

So crowd up, Cockney small-fry—sit or stand,
As empty or full purse the chance affords:
Upper ten, to St. Paul's!—Your seats are planned:
Streets for street-folk: the Church is still the Lords'.

How Heaven must thrill! a Queen! a Prince! in State!
And London's millions gaping while they kneel!
No Papists we, our faith in gew-gaw fête
To blazon; hiding most, where most we feel.

Or if, by order, now and then we pray,
And fast, with Primate for our fogleman,
It is to point the world the narrow way—
What land pays e'en Heaven's debt, as England can?

So twangs the old sneer, so flies the old shaft,
Sharp but innocuous, shrilling through the air:
The keen Satanic laughter has been laugh't:
Yet the Prince prays, and England joins in prayer.

Is not ashamed, is proud, to line the ways
While her QUEEN passes, and, before the crowd,
Vassal for once, at her Lord's footstool lays
Her Crown, and bows her knee, not elsewhere bowed.

Happy the Queen that can, love-guarded, go,
Still, through a prayerful capital, to pray;
Happy, among these million hearts to know
Not one but beats in tune with hers to-day.

Happy the nation that the nation's self
Honours, so symbolised, with loyal will:
For whom—Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph—
The Sovereign is embodied England still.

Happy the nation, that the wholesome leaven,
Temp'ring command, doth in obedience own;
And, while Earth's Sov'reigns are viceroys of Heaven,
Bows to the self-same power, on either throne.

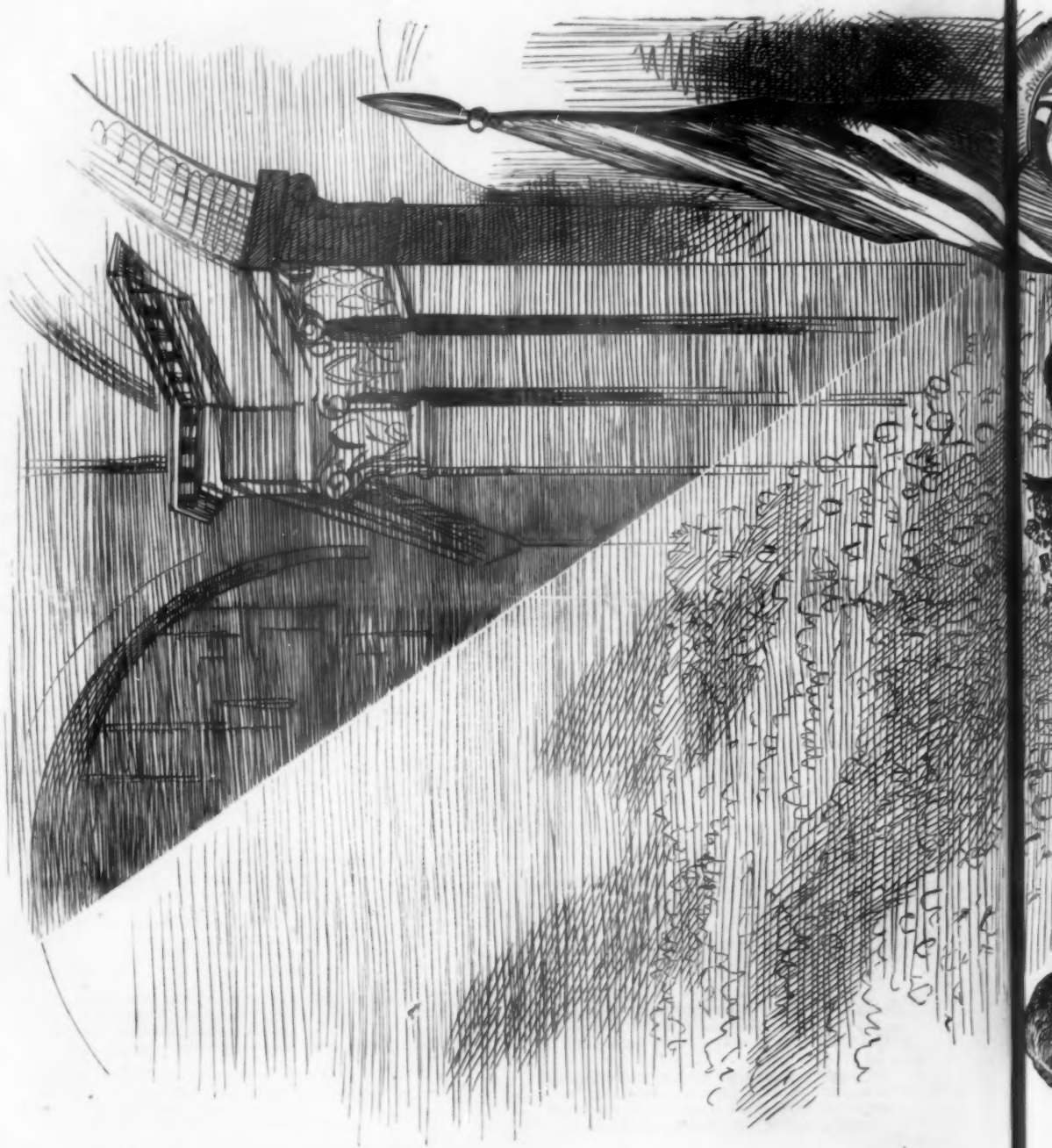
Happy the Prince to whom the lot betides,
Leaning across the grave's unfathomed gloom,
To touch the hem of the dark veil that hides
The portals of the world beyond the tomb.

To touch that veil, yet come back to the light
Of mother's love; wife, babes, again to see;
And learn the sorrow of the long-drawn night
By the glad morning's prayerful ecstasy.

Happy, to whom the lesson comes so soon,
How weak the barrier that parts life and death,
How small the time for toil 'twixt night and noon,
How ill life's work for playing can spare breath.

Happy all three—in spite of scoffing wit—
Queen, Prince, and Folk, that can kneel side by side,
In one love, faith, allegiance, mutual knit—
A triple cable, strong through storms to ride.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 2, 1872.





“THANKSGIVING.”

FEBRUARY 27th, 1872.

"WITNESS" 1871
1871 THE TOWN



EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(Visit to the Crystal Palace continued.)



SIR," said TOMMY, "I hear many persons around us calling this strange creature the Octopus, while others say Octopus. Will you teach me, Sir, which is correct?"

Mr. Barlow. You are aware that I am always ready to improve you. You must know, then, TOMMY, that the Greeks, who were remarkable for their intelligence, possessed an alphabet with two o's in it, the one being short, the other long.

Tommy. This is, indeed, wonderful! and I protest I should consider this to be the long and short of the matter.

MR. BARLOW laughed heartily at

this sally, and professed himself much struck with his young friend's progress in this sort of entertaining conversation. "You are now," said MR. BARLOW, "beginning to practise those quips and quaint conceits which have rendered the great wits of other times so justly famous. When the Roman people—"

"Indeed," said TOMMY here to MR. BARLOW, "I am sorry to interrupt the story, but I shall be much obliged to you if you will tell me something further with regard to the two kinds of o's, and this extraordinary creature."

Mr. Barlow. This is not so easy to make you understand at once: I will, however, try to explain it. The Greeks, my dear TOMMY, called their short o, *omicron*, and their long o, *omega*. Now the word *octopus* is thus written in Greek—

Here the honest Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company stepped forward, and bowing to the company with an air of dignity which surprised them all, addressed himself to MR. BARLOW, only requesting to be informed if he would like to be furnished with a pencil for the purpose of illustrating his instructive remarks on the wall of the Aquarium. "For," said the excellent gentleman, "I can refuse nothing to persons to whom I am under such extraordinary obligations." MR. BARLOW was much charmed with the generous conduct of one, who, till then, had been to him in no other relation than that of an entire stranger, and hastened to accept the offer with every expression of esteem and gratification.

While this conversation was passing between the worthy Secretary and the beloved tutor of MASTERS HARRY and TOMMY, an innumerable crowd of men, of women, of children, had surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the instructive entertainment which MR. BARLOW was preparing to afford them.

Mr. Barlow. The word *Octopus* was written by the Greeks thus—

ὀκτώ-πους,

and signified "eight-footed;" the *ὀκτώ* being eight, and *πους* being a foot. Now the final *ω* of the first word is an *omega*, and as long as my arm. Therefore, TOMMY, you will be correct in pronouncing this word *Octopus*.

The Secretary. Indeed, Sir, your remark is very just, and, in future, I, for my part, will as readily call *October*, *October*, as *Octopus*, *Octopus*.

Tommy. I perceive, Sir, that the *ω* in front of the foot is long; the big toe is undoubtedly meant, and not the little toe.

Mr. Barlow. You are, indeed, right, and as you have discovered that a grammar and a dictionary will afford you much harmless diversion, you need now only add a Lexicon to your bookshelf in order to obtain such a facility for making jests in the Greek language, as shall leave no doubts on the minds of your auditors as to the extent of your scholarship and learned research.

Tommy. Then, Sir, I perceive that in future I must call this creature the *Octopus*, and not the *Octopus*.

"That," said HARRY, "I could have told you before; but I had a mind you should find it out for yourself. The longer the *ω* is, the more correct will be your pronunciation."

MASTER TOMMY thanked his young friend heartily for his advice, and protested that, for his part, he would be glad if he could make HARRY himself utter an emphasised "o"; to which his companion returned that he should vastly like to witness such an attempt, in order that MASTER TOMMY might have some experience of what he (HARRY) anticipated would be the result. TOMMY now said that he had only been jesting, and begged him to think no more of the matter.

Mr. Barlow. As to the Octopus, it is the Marine Humpty Dumpty, or Aquarian Mister Nobody. He has an eye ever open for business, and, when not otherwise engaged, he sits with his eight legs in his mouth, as a matter of purely personal convenience. His powers of suction would astonish Mr. BRUCE, horrify the teetotalers, and delight the publicans.

Tommy. Can this strange creature be tamed?

Mr. Barlow. All animals can be tamed by kindness. And I do not doubt but that were the right method of being kind to the Octopus discovered, he would prove a most diverting and affectionate companion. When domesticated, I am convinced he would be agreeable to visitors, suspicious of strangers, playful with children, and formidable to burglars.

The Secretary. Has this interesting animal any further peculiarities with which you are acquainted?

Mr. Barlow. Yes, he is the Marine Anonymous Libeller, who sneaks away under cover of the venomous ink which he has discharged in the face of his enemy.

The Secretary. We are much obliged to you, Sir, for these curious particulars, which are perfectly conformable to all I have heard and read upon the subject. And, indeed, much of this may be found in our Catalogue of the Aquarium, price sixpence, which I recommend all persons who are anxious for their own improvement at once to purchase.

Mr. Barlow. Your advice, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Phar-nabazus and the Posthumous Venetian*, which, as no one here has probably heard it, I will proceed to narrate. You must know, then, Mr. Secretary, Ladies and Gentlemen—

Here one of the officials entered, and signified to the honest Secretary that the evening was so far advanced as to render the partial extinction of the gas necessary as a preliminary step to the departure of the visitors. It was not, however, until the Secretary had explained that the last train for London would leave in ten minutes' time, that the delighted crowd broke up and hurried towards the transept.

On the platform of the Railway Station, HARRY availed himself of the few minutes' leisure which the late arrival of the train permitted, to go round to the various persons in the crowd who had listened to MR. BARLOW's instructive discourse, with his hat in his hand, in order to collect such subscriptions as the gratified audience might feel disposed to bestow. But in this attempt he soon discovered he had been already forestalled by his young friend TOMMY, to whom the honest folks professed they had given all that their scanty means permitted, or their generosity prompted.

The arrival of the train put an end to further discussion, and though their revered tutor endeavoured five times during the journey to recount to them the story of *Leonidas and the Insnip Dutchman*, he was invariably interrupted by the shrieking of the engine, the motion of the carriage, the rattling in the tunnel, the cries of the porters, or the demand of tickets. It was late when they arrived at the terminus, whence they immediately sought their lodgings, where they were soon wrapped in sound and healthy slumbers.

FATHER THAMES' TEA-URN.

DR. M'CORMACK, Medical Officer of Lambeth, has signalled his translation from Southampton to the other Borough by analysing the Lambeth Water, drawn from the main at Kennington Cross. He has also tested the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies' water. According to the *South London Courier*, the result of DR. M'CORMACK's researches on the South London water is a report that it is "totally unfit for human consumption," contains "moving organisations," which swim in so much filth besides, that, in fact, "both Companies are supplying to their consumers extensively diluted sewage." By this our South London contemporary appears to mean sewage extensively diffused. This is as it should be, in as far as some of those consumers are concerned. The South London water is just the very right stuff for the fraudulent South London Grocers to make their own tea with, and drink it.

The Kingdom is to be Divided into Military Districts.

So announces MR. CARDWELL, Oxford Druid. In compliment to him, we propose that they should be called Druidical Circles.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE REGULATIONS.

(As recommended by the "National Chamber of Trade.")

THE whole time of a Civil Servant must in future be given up to his official duties, with such concessions for meals, exercise, and sleep, as a Medical Board may consider absolutely necessary.

He will be required to reside within fifteen minutes' ride or walk of his office; and any time, over and above this maximum, which may elapse between leaving his home and seating himself at his desk, will be deducted from the time allowed for exercise.

He will be entitled to fifty-four days' vacation in the year; namely, every Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday.

A Staff of Policemen, in plain clothes, will be engaged to make frequent visits to the different public offices (on pleas of instituting inquiries, seeking information, exhibiting new inventions, &c.), to see that the Clerks and other individuals in Government employment are seated at their desks and absorbed in their duties. These detectives will make a daily report to the Lords of the Treasury, embodying the results of their surveillance.

No Civil Servant will be suffered to devote any portion of the time allowed for meals, exercise, and sleep, to any business, calling, or avocation, mercantile, literary, or otherwise, for profit, emolument, or gain, without the consent in writing of the Head of the Department to which he is attached, countersigned by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It is the duty of all Civil Servants first to think of the London tradesman, then of themselves and their families. No person, therefore, in the employment of the State can be permitted to deal with any Co-operative Stores, Society or Association, Wholesale House or Establishment, on the plea of limited income, large family, the benefits of cash payments, the advantages of genuine goods, or any other such specious pretext; but must confine himself to retail tradesmen and shop-keepers, showing a preference for those who give credit,

or at the utmost, five per cent. discount for ready money, and are the possessors of country residences, carriage-horses, conservatories, and a choice cellar of wines.

Any Civil Servant, who may have the good fortune to find himself with a surplus in his pocket at the close of the year, when all rates, taxes, and other claims upon him have been discharged, will be expected to lay it out at once in jewellery, plate, porcelain, engraved glass, articles of *luxe* or *virtù*, liqueurs, new drawing-room furniture, or in some other way which may be beneficial to his tradesmen; but on no account is he to indulge the selfish instincts of his nature, by investing the money for the good of himself, his wife or his family.

No Civil Servant is so far to forget the dignity of his calling and the reasonable expectations of the shareholders, as to travel in a third-class railway carriage. If alone, he may avail himself of second-class accommodation; but when accompanied by a lady, he must enter no carriages but those of the first-class. The practice of taking return-tickets is one not to be encouraged.

The substitution of electroplate for silver, the consumption of low-priced wines, the resort to the cheaper seats at public entertainments, the wearing of imitation seal-skin apparel, and the use of omnibuses in lieu of cabs, by Civil Servants, their wives and families, are all degrading practices which, though, in the present defective state of the law, they cannot be positively forbidden, will in future be regarded with grave suspicion and distrust.

From and after the passing of these regulations, it is hoped that no Civil Servant, who remembers the duty he owes to his tradesmen, their wives and families, will so far demean himself as to wear any article of clothing for a longer period, at the outside, than six months—tailors, hosiers, hatters, boot-makers, &c., being creatures of delicate suscepti-

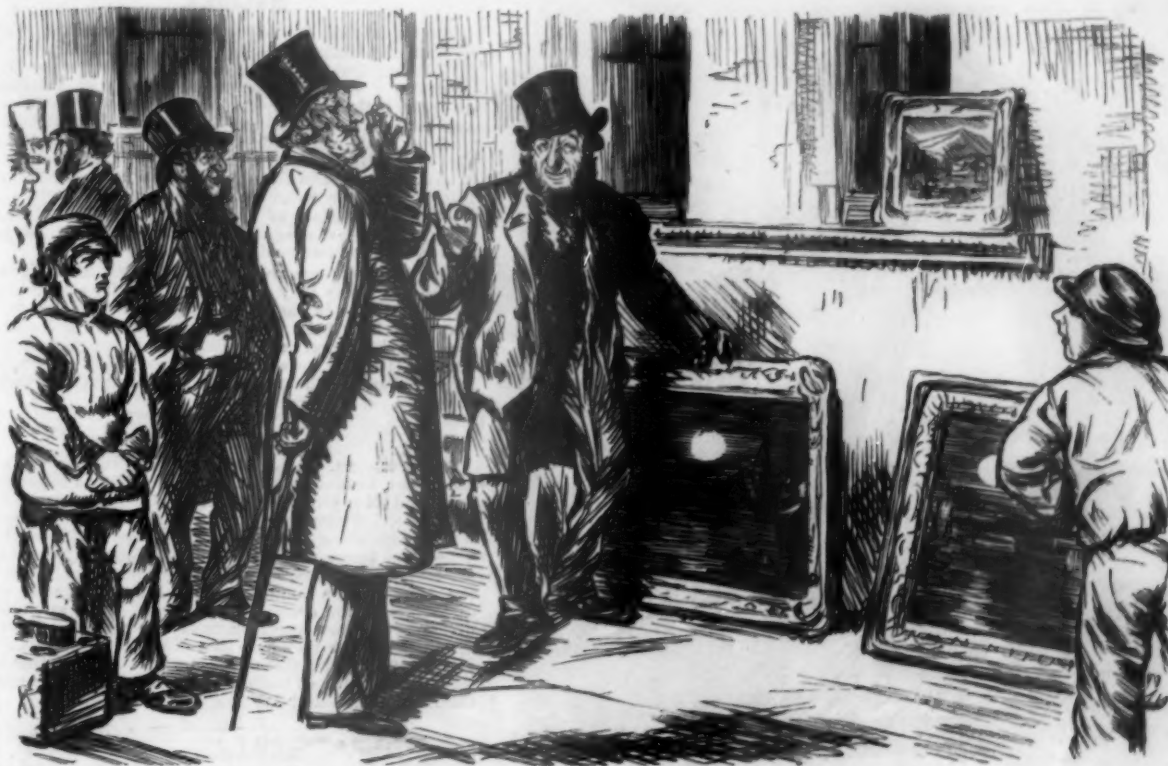
bilities, who would feel very acutely any decrease in their annual returns and profits, and the slightest consequent diminution of those enjoyments which await them, after the cares and labours of the day are brought to a close.



ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS.

Customer (he has been Bidden to a Wedding, and can't make up his Mind in the Matter of Trouser Patterns, but at last says). "O, THERE! THAT'LL DO, I SH'D THINK!"

Tailor. "PARDON ME, SIR; IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE 'BEST MAN,' THE SHADE IS HARDLY TENDER ENOUGH!!"



THE "NIMBLE NINEPENCE."

City Gent (after a critical inspection). "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT 'MOONLIGHT'?"

Picture-Dealer. "I'LL SELL YER THE TWO A BARGAIN, SHIR! CHEAP ASH DIRT, SHIR! SHEVENTY-FIVE GUINEASH APRICOSH, SHIR! I'LL WARRANT 'EM UNDOUBTED SMETHERS'S. SHEVENTY-FIVE—"

City Gent. "O, COME, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU—THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PAIR."

Picture-Dealer (closing with alacrity). "DONE! WITH YOU, SHIR!!"

(City Gent is in for 'em!)

A DOUBLE MEANING, INDEED.

A DEPARTMENT should be added to Her Majesty's Mint, and placed under the direction of an Officer duly qualified to superintend the coinage of the Queen's English. Some smashers have lately been trying to pass the base word "Cablegram," meant to signify message by submarine Cable. Such another "rap," as a name for instantaneous photograph, "Pistolgram," when some barbarians tried to put it into circulation, was immediately nailed to the counter.

MR. KARSLAKE, in the *Times*, has proposed to replace the jumble "Cablegram" with the concord, "Haligram" or "Thalassogram." In preference to either of these two expressions the term "Onogram" is suggested by a gentleman dating from the Reform Club a letter signed "Nominalist." Whether or no "Nominalist" would be quite a fit and proper person to be Master of the Etymological Mint, some judgment may be formed from his following statement relative to the formation of "onogram":—

"I have not by me here a Suidas, or even a Liddell and Scott; but every schoolboy knows that *on* is Greek for (among many other things) a good stout rope or cable."

It may be doubted whether amongst the various meanings of *on* that of cable is one verily and indeed known to every schoolboy. But thus much is certain, that every school-boy who knows the Greek letters, knows, or may know with the help of a Lexicon, that the primary meaning of the word *on* is simply Ass. Further comment may be deemed superfluous, unless it may be remarked that Onogram might, and most naturally would, be understood to mean anything, for instance a letter, written by a donkey.

A CRYING EVIL.

"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON, with a significance doubtless apparent to his hearers, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." So they do still, but perhaps not more particularly or habitually, and for less cause, than the Tories or than the Radicals, or than the Party of Treason. It is impossible for any railway traveller, of what politics soever, who is in any measure endowed with the perception of difference and resemblance, and with the sense of hearing, not to compare the enunciation of railway attendants, in calling out the names of stations, with that of newsboys who simultaneously cry the papers. Nor can the least reflective passenger, even if belonging to the less thoughtful sex, fail to connote the probabilities that,—whereas the Boys, who name every separate paper audibly, with laboriously distinct intonation, are interested in effecting their papers' sale,—to the Men by whom the stations are announced, in a low voice and inarticulate abbreviations, the exit of every passenger from the train at his proper destination, is not a matter of as much concern.

Queer Bargains.

"SALE of Incubus Stock!" He must be a hopeful draper who expects to allure purchasers by such a horrifying announcement. Ladies would, surely, shun a shop which makes no secret of having a surplus stock of nightmares to dispose of! An advertisement headed "Great Sacrifice of Skeletons in Cupboards," could hardly be more startling.



OUR REPLY.

"YES, DEAR, NO DOUBT IT IS A RELIEF TO BE FREE FROM ABSURD INCUMBRANCES, BUT WHY DID NOT THIS OCCUR TO YOU ON THE 27TH FEBRUARY!"

AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will not encourage any inquiry with a view to the abolition of the Income-tax. But, he told a deputation the other day:—

"He certainly believed that the administration under Schedule D might be improved. But the real remedy was to keep the tax as low as possible; and, in order to keep it low, taxes ought to be put on other things."

Excellent. The lower the Income-tax, the better. Its perfection would be zero. In order to reduce it to that point, could not taxes be put on other things—of which MR. SHERIDAN has mentioned some? The delegates from the Chambers of Commerce respecting the Income-tax obtained from MR. LOWE the very best answer they could possibly have expected, next to a promise to provide for the repeal of the Income-tax in his next Budget.

Shakespeare for Schoolboys.

In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, a question is asked by *Malcolm*:—

"What is the newest grief?"

To which *Rosse* makes answer:—

"That of an hour's age doth hiss the Speaker."

Such grief was awfully unparliamentary.

Black and White.

OUR other great explorer of Africa, SIR SAMUEL BAKER, is now engaged in labouring to suppress the Slave Trade in the very heart of that inland, as M. LESSERPS has rendered it. This enterprise is opposed by the Powers of Darkness, both material and spiritual. It is altogether a case of Pull BAKER, pull DARKEY. Success to BAKER.

MELIORA.

THERE is said to be nothing more sensitive than Capital, but Patriotism appears to be equally so—Patriotism, that is, as defined in conversation by DR. JOHNSON. The other night, a meeting of Patriots, delegates to the number of 200 or so, from sixty political and social organisations of Republicans and Revolutionists, held, under the presidency of MR. OGDEN, at the White Horse Tavern, Castle Street, Oxford Street, to arrange measures for opposing the Parks' Regulation Bill, unanimously voted the following resolution:

"That, considering the conduct of the Government, a demonstration to protest against the Parks' Regulation Bill be held in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 3rd of March."

These Patriots are particularly alarmed at a clause of the Bill which they credit with virtually prohibiting public meetings in the Parks. They will probably find that they have been too nervous. In the meantime, however, the PREMIER and Government are to be congratulated on the menace of a demonstration to be held in Hyde Park for the purpose of denouncing one of their measures.

Hopeless.

A PARAGRAPH in the Parliamentary Intelligence of the *Times*, headed "Occasional Sermons," and referring to a Bill MR. COWPER-TEMPLE has obtained leave to introduce, led many persons to hope that Parliament was at last about to interfere to protect us from the young, the inexperienced, the inefficient, the injudicious, the tedious preachers, by prohibiting them from delivering more than a limited, a very limited, number of discourses in the course of each year. These sanguine dreamers are now suffering from the reaction of disappointment, for they find that MR. COWPER-TEMPLE's Bill has an entirely different object in view, and that it leaves us all still at the mercy, alike of the youngest Curate and the oldest Archdeacon.

Kleptomania.

A SAD case of depravity, which has come to light within the last few days, is causing great distress to a most respectable family long resident in the neighbourhood of London. One of its members, a Lady hitherto of irreproachable character, has lately taken to steel pens.

A GENIAL NOTION.

As the Waterside business would be virtually suspended on Thanksgiving Day, and the Banks (that is to say, banking-houses) would be shut, the *employés* in the Custom-House, COLONEL BERTSFORD was kind enough to suggest in the House of Commons, should be allowed a holiday. This benevolent proposal would doubtless have been acceded to if the Government had only been certain that there was no fear that, in the absence of Custom-House officers, any smuggling would go on in the river. And then, because it might be believed that Thanksgiving Day would be respected equally by smugglers and by thieves, a holiday might also have been given to all the Policemen.

AN AWKWARD FLATTERER.

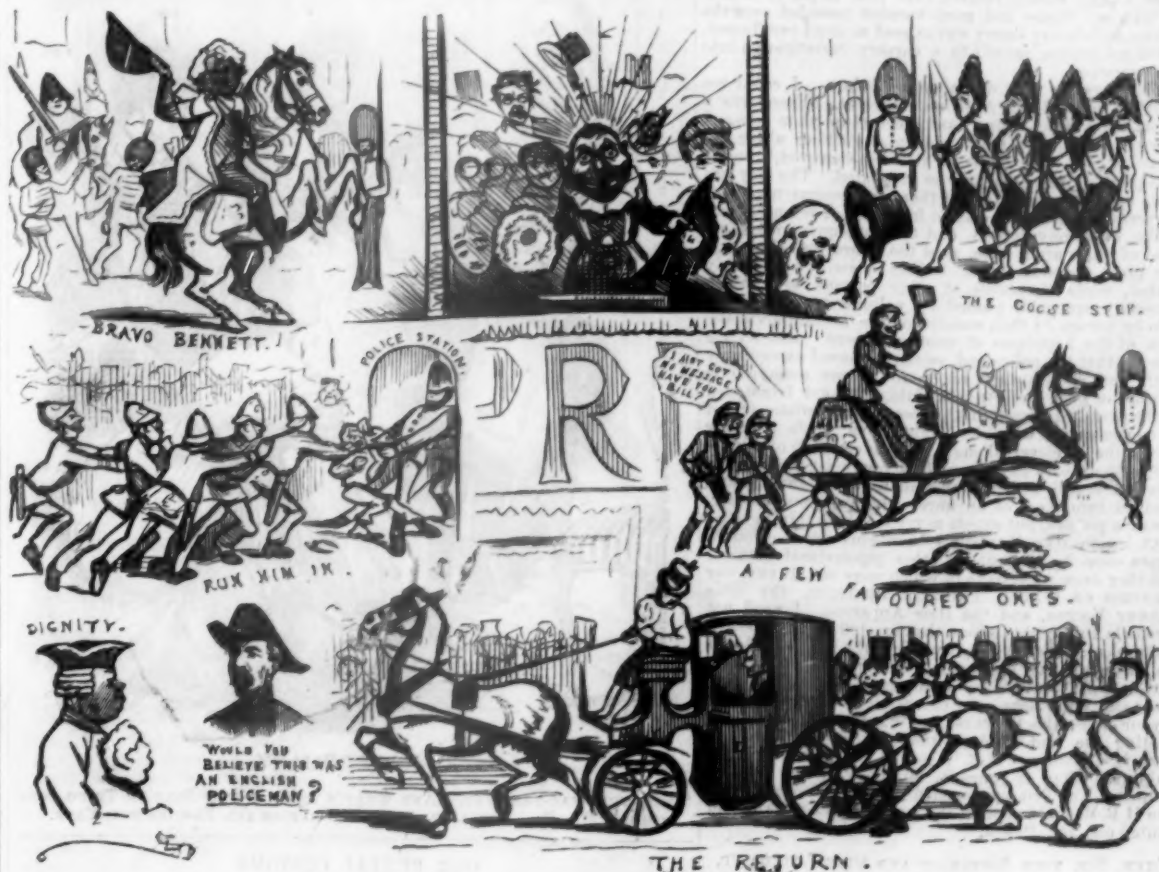
In an article in the *Débat*, relative to Legitimism, attributed to M. EMILE DE BONNECHOSE, the historian, occurs a statement that VILLEROI, the tutor of the Grand Monarch, "showing from an elevated site to his royal pupil, LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, the villages and landscapes spread out before him, said, 'Sire, all that is yours.'" Something like this had been spoken and done elsewhere some time before, to far another than the King of France; but perhaps MARSHAL VILLEROI was not a conscious plagiarist.

Drums and Fifes.

MR. CARDWELL proposes, in re-organising the Army, to unite all the forces of the country in "one harmonious whole." Hitherto, in military affairs, that description has only been applicable to some of the bands.

"El Eco de Ambos Mundos."

A HANDSOME-LOOKING journal, with this title, has been sent to Mr. Punch. He wishes it all success. But he thought that the above words meant PUNCH FOR EVER!



FAINT RECOLLECTIONS OF THE 27TH.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

(From a Specially Incompetent Correspondent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN, in your charmingly courteous way, you allotted to me a front seat on your beautifully decorated Leads, that I might witness the Procession on Thanksgiving Day, you gracefully said that you hoped I would favour you with some sort of report of the proceedings. On my representing that my share of the proceedings would probably be limited to entertaining the ladies around me with brilliant conversation, and to partaking of your hospitality in the way of refreshments at every possible opportunity, you epigrammatically replied "Shut up!" I assumed this to mean that you were unconvinced by my argument, and I intimated this. You rejoined that an account by a single close and accurate observer of incidents that came under his own eyes was worth more than any general description, which would be amply supplied by the newspapers. When you pointedly added, "No 'copy, no card," I felt that the discussion had terminated.

I will therefore inform you, with as much brevity as is consistent with exactness, of what I did and saw on Thanksgiving Day.

My suburban residence was quitted by me at 9.30. I had previously partaken of a moderate breakfast, consisting of several chops, a few sausages, and some marmalade, with admirably strong coffee. Kindling an excellent cigar (your own gift, or at least taken from your own box), I entered an open carriage, and proceeded towards Hyde Park. I was accompanied by a member of the Royal Academy, whose companionship I had solicited, partly for the charm of his variegated conversation; partly because I thought that his artistic eye would detect any pictorial combinations which might deserve my notice. In the first respect I was not disappointed, for he con-

versed with as much liveliness as could be expected from a person who had offered his family £10 if they would let him stay away from the Show, but his only artistic remark was, that some crows in one of the Park trees looked very black against the sky, and that they had got up there to see the Show for nothing.

Little that was interesting occurred as we crossed the Parks, except that my friend threw an empty cigar-light box away, and it hit a policeman, who at first looked at him in a savage manner, but then seemed to recognise him, from which I drew inferences of my own.

When we had got a good way along the Embankment, we were stopped by a group of police, and informed that we could go no further. Why, we could not comprehend, as there was no other vehicle between us and Blackfriars Bridge. But on my displaying your credentials, the officers became most polite, deeply regretted that we could not go on, but we had reached the City, into which no carriages must pass. But they offered to carry us forward on stretchers: such was their courtesy. This proposal we declined, not liking to take them off duty. Therefore we walked on, and threading divers sinuous lanes, found ourselves at the foot of St. Bride's Tower.

St. Bride's Church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present building, one of WREN's master-pieces, was completed in 1703 at the cost of £11,430. The steeple was struck by lightning in 1764. WYKIN DE WORDE, the famous printer, was buried in the old church. So was MARY FRITH, better known as "Moll Cutpurse." CURIEL's *Corinna* is here. But doubtless you know all these things, and many others. I have but just discovered the facts, in a scarce volume called the *Handbook of London*, published by MR. MURRAY.

As my friend could be of no further use to me, I here lost sight of him, and obtained the delightful sitting which you had allotted to me upon your Leads. Like the Claimant, I am delicate about alluding

to ladies whom I have danced with, or sat by, and therefore I shall merely remark that your Leads presented a Galaxy. Grace and good-humour presided over the scene, and the dry sherry was as good as any I ever tasted. I did not confine myself to a cursory investigation into this question.

There was a very dense crowd below. I could see part of the Ludgate Arch on my right. There was a great many flags, none handsomer than your own. I saw several Special Correspondents, stalking along the guarded line, "monarchs of all they surveyed," and I was pleased to see literature so venerated. The day was fine, but rather cold, and it therefore became necessary to recruit nature at no distant intervals. I recruited here.

My own conversation, and the consequent cheerfulness of those around me, sped the hours, and there was the great satisfaction of feeling oneself comfortably seated, while thousands of other persons were being hideously squeezed, pushed by policemen, and backed into by horses. I then understood the Scotch Calvinistic idea of the happiness of another sphere. But let me observe that the police and soldiers behaved exceedingly well, and were always ready to rescue some idiotic woman, or some unfortunate child, that got frightened in the press. I regretted the loss of my artistic friend at one moment, when he might have made a clever sketch (he is clever, though an Academician) of a little girl, with drapery in extreme disarray, hoist horizontally over the crowd into the arms of a gallant soldier, and received into those of an unreasonably furious mother. 'Twas a picture, but artists never see these things.

At length HER MAJESTY'S beauteous cream-coloured horses came by (I omit all other processional details), and they drew a carriage in which were our QUEEN, our PRINCESS OF WALES, PRINCESS BEATRICE, the little ALBERT VICTOR, and the Heir Apparent. I need not chronicle the mighty shout that greeted them, or speak of the pleased face of the Sovereign, the gentle smiles of the Princesses, or the genial look of the PRINCE OF WALES, pale from illness as he was. But *this is what I saw and must note.* As the carriage drew near, Sir, to your office, the PRINCESS OF WALES remembered the greeting she had received there when she made her entry into London. H.R.H. looked up, and beheld the sculptured effigy of yourself, fatuously waving a lovely bouquet. The Princess touched her Royal Mother (I am sure H.R.H. has forgotten the word mother-in-law) and pointed out *Mr. Punch*.

THEN, SIR, YOUR SOVEREIGN AND MINE LOOKED UP, AND LAUGHED A RECOGNITION.

I remember no more. I extracted myself (if with too little ceremony I humbly apologise to the ladies who were beside and near me), and I rushed into your chamber, where a splendid lunch awaited your guests. To knock off the top of a bottle of exquisite champagne, and to quaff a tumbler thereof at a draught, to swallow a few dozen of the most delicate natives, and to quaff much more of that dry and fragrant nectar in honour of the QUEEN, of the PRINCE, of the Princesses, of the ladies, who I felt at that moment were all Princesses, and of yourself, was the work of a moment.

It is possible that you may know better than I do how the rest of that great and glorious day was passed by

Your faithful Contributor,
THE FREMIOUS BANDERWATCH.

"THAT'S GOOD."

IN the House of Commons "Paper" for Leap Year Day was the following amazing item:—

"PUBLIC COMMITTEES FOR THURSDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1872.

Hour. Room.
"2. Habitual Drunkards (to choose Chairman, and consider course of proceeding) . at three 16-

Mr. Punch forgot to look into Room 16, to see how the Habituals were getting on. He wonders whom they chose. Their course of proceeding, of course, was to lay on messengers to the Refreshment department, with orders of more or less coherence. Well done, Collective Wisdom.



XXIX. FEBRUARY.

"YES, THIS WAS THE WAY. AND WHAT'S MORE, IF THIS SORT OF THING CONTINUES, MR. P— WILL BE OBLIGED TO REFUSE ALL PARTIES THIS YEAR."

OUR BRUTAL CUSTOMS.

AN "ANGLO-INDIAN," in the *Times*, complains of the vexatious detention which he, and a lot of other passengers who arrived, the other Saturday night by the *Malta* at Southampton, endured owing to the brutality of the Customs' authorities of that port. From what "ANGLO-INDIAN" says, it certainly does not appear that those officials are accustomed to execute their odious office more offensively and injuriously than the rest of their tribe, who, however, everywhere, are well known to make a point of inflicting on travellers, whom it is possible for them to impede and plague, no less of delay, trouble, and annoyance than they possibly can. A competitive examination in civility is desirable for candidates for place in the Customs' department of the so-called Civil Service. If existing Custom-house officers had to undergo that ordeal it is to be feared that they would be nearly all of them plucked.

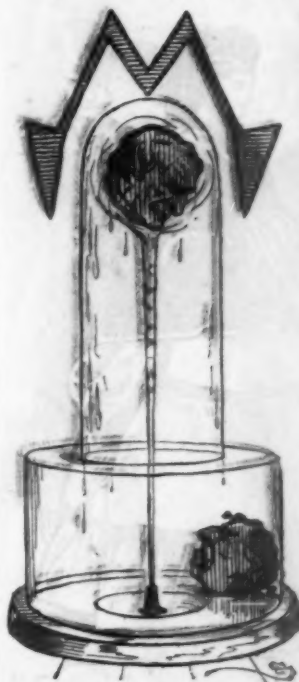
YOKES FOR YOKEFELLOWS.

How pleasant to impose, or to maintain,
Restrictions which our own wills nought restrain;
Laws binding, to be sure, on me and you,
Their hardship who don't feel, whilst others do.
To wed their late wives' sisters some men want.
We, if we might, would not; we say they shan't.
Teetotallers, strong liquors we eschew
To please ourselves; would force our neighbours to.
Niggards or meddlers, fain mankind to school,
Thus, under moral aims, mask lust of rule.
And Acts to curb the People whilst they scheme,
Cloak with benevolence their self-esteem.

Slightly Confused.

MRS. MALAPROP, on Thanksgiving Day, was charmed with the Common Councilmen in their Magazine gowns. The same mistress of the English language much admired the appearance of the soldiers, especially the Lancets, but felt greatly disappointed that the Prince's doctors were not in the procession.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 26.—Before proceeding to the scant Parliamentary detail with which Mr. Punch proposes to favour the world this week, he will note for the convenience of the Historical Student who will thankfully explore these mines of information and wit, that this Week was marked by two events.

First, on February 27, HEN MAJESTY went to St. Paul's, to offer thanks for the deliverance of the PRINCE OF WALES from great peril.

Secondly, on February 29, HER MAJESTY was subjected to outrage by a wretched Irish youth who presented a harmless pistol at the QUEEN.

What Mr. Punch has to say on both subjects is elsewhere said, and here he makes simple record of them, in explanation of subsequent narrative.

The proceedings in Parliament have been nearly devoid of other interest than what was derived from allusion to the above topics.

This day MR. GEORGE BENTINCK invited the SPEAKER to say whether the *Morning Advertiser* had not been guilty of breach of privilege. Our contemporary stated that there was a thing called the

"SPEAKER'S List," lately invented, a paper prepared by the Whips, who set down the names of the Members to be invited to speak, of course to the exclusion of others. And if a Liberal Member spoke or voted wrongly, he was "gagged by Messrs. GLADSTONE, GLYN, and DENISON."

The new SPEAKER said that he had never seen anything of the kind, and that he should always call on Members with the utmost impartiality.

MR. GLADSTONE, for himself and MR. GLYN, said that they had no knowledge of the practices of which they were accused.

MR. GLYN, for himself, broke a fifteen years' silence to state that the late SPEAKER had often asked him who wanted to be heard, and he had handed in some names, but he denied all the rest. He thought that MR. BENTINCK might have made his charges when the present LORD OSSINGTON was in the Chair to answer him.

MR. NOEL, Conservative Whip, gave a similar disclaimer.

MR. DISRAELI said that the late SPEAKER often made inquiries, in order that every section of opinion should be represented. For himself, he had always been anxious to develop Conservative oratory, and any young Member had always found a friend in him. He thought that Members below the gangway should be encouraged to relieve their smouldering emotions by expression.

The subject dropped, MR. BENTINCK, if not clever himself, having enabled clever men to speak adroitly. This, perhaps, is the extent of MR. BENTINCK'S mission.

Then we talked till half-past one about the best way to get on with the business of the House.

Tuesday.—Thanksgiving Day. Neither House sat.

Wednesday.—The Commons talked about Salmon. This noble fish is greatly ill-treated, and considering what a glory and a charm to a table he is (at least early in the season), it is a base thing that he should be oppressed. The way he is hindered by Millers and their Weirs from getting up to the spawning-ground is atrocious. Why can't the millers pull down their water-mills, and have steam-mills, which do the work much better? There are 500 weirs through which the Salmon cannot get. Would we had a Mermaid-Rebecca to do their business! A Bill, in partial emancipation of the poor Salmon, has been sent to a Committee. We never respected Meg-o'-the-Mill so much as during the debate.

"She's gotten a carle wif a pock full of silver,
And broken the heart of the Barley Miller."

And very right too, if he had a weir that insulted our finest fish.

Thursday.—In the course of a debate on the Bill on Ecclesiastical Courts, EARL GRANVILLE was fetched from the Chamber. The QUEEN, with her invariable consideration for the feelings of her subjects, had despatched an Equerry to inform Ministers, that they in turn might inform the House, of what had occurred at Buckingham Palace. It may be best to give the Earl's own words:—

"Your Lordships will excuse my interruption of this discussion. I have just been informed that a boy of eighteen or nineteen ran into the court-yard of Buckingham Palace as the QUEEN entered, followed the carriage to the door, which he at a short distance from the entrance gates, and presented an old-fashioned pistol within a foot of HER MAJESTY'S head. The QUEEN turned her head, and the boy was seized. I am informed that the pistol was not loaded, and it is believed that the object of the boy was to compel HER MAJESTY, by fear, to sign a Fenian document which he held in his hand. The QUEEN showed the greatest courage and composure." (Loud cheers.)

The Duke of Richmond replied:—

"I hope I may be pardoned if I say one word about the attack made upon HER MAJESTY by this miscreant. From what my noble friend says, that attack was one of the most contemptible characters, for I gather from his statement that there was neither powder nor shot in the pistol. At all events, my Lords, this incident has had one good effect—that of giving an additional proof to the country of the magnificent conduct and courage displayed by HER MAJESTY on this as on all other occasions. Perhaps I may also be allowed to express my gratification at the splendid display of loyalty on the previous day, and to say how much I rejoice at the reception which HER MAJESTY met throughout this great city from the enormous concourse gathered together." (Loud cheers.)

The business of the House was then resumed, and it should be noted that when similar announcement had been made in the Commons by MR. GLADSTONE, the Members, having signified their feelings by the loudest cheers, at once applied themselves again to their work. Lords and Commons thus testified that while their warmest sympathies were with the Royal Lady, the act which had roused them, and the wretched creature who had committed it, were regarded as too despicable to be worth a single indignant speech.

In the Commons, question was raised about the summary execution of sixty-five Rookas in India. MR. GRANT DUFF said that there was nothing irregular in the act, whether it were justifiable or not. Considering what a melancholy exhibition of themselves was made by certain philanthropists of the cosmopolitan sort when GOVERNOR EYRE, as MR. CARLYLE says, "saved Jamaica," people at home do well to inquire, this time, before denouncing what may seem over-stern dealing with rebels.

A Ballot debate followed, and MR. FAWCETT objected to pushing on a measure for giving the Secret Vote, of which he approved, unless the Bill for preventing Corrupt Practices should also be forwarded. There was much discussion hereon, and MR. GLADSTONE promised something which MR. DISRAELI said was fair. SIR GEORGE JESSEL (he will accept our best congratulations on his knighthood) spoke.

MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK proposed that divisions in the House of Commons should be taken by Ballot. He made a speech, and said that OLIVER CROMWELL had opposed this, because he wanted to be a Dictator. The House treated the proposition as a bit of farce and this brought up in wrath the other MR. BENTINCK, who abused the House in language which the SPEAKER caused him to retract.

Friday.—MR. GLADSTONE informed the House that the American answer was to leave Washington that evening. We are ready. *Nunquam non parati*, and so forth.

Another Post-Office Reform. Thanks again, MR. SCUDAMORE. We are to be allowed to fix the halfpenny stamps to private cards. We shall make all our calls this way in future.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER proposed to establish a School of Law. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL opposed this, and the lawyers had nearly all the talk to themselves for the rest of the evening. Finally, the Palmerian proposal was rejected by 116 to 103.

The QUEEN'S beautiful letter to her people, thanking them for their demonstrations of loyalty, and for their remarkable order on Thanksgiving Day, appeared on Saturday, and delighted us all. HER MAJESTY'S womanly *Italics* gave an additional charm to the letter. VIVAT REGINA!

A Legitimate Crown.

On Leap Year's Day, the 29th of February, a Telegram arrived from Amsterdam, informing us that the COUNT DE CHAMBRORD, with his suite, had left Dordrecht, and arrived on that day at Breda, where he had alighted at the Crown Hotel. The COUNT DE CHAMBRORD does not abdicate the Crown of France by stopping at the Crown of Breda, which, however, he may by this time have discovered to be the Crown for his money.

VOLUNTEER WORK FOR APRIL.—To review the March Past.



THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinster. "WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I DECLARE YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A BISHOP!!!"

PETER QUINCE HIS BALLAD OF
BOTTOM'S DREAM.

"I will get PETER QUINCE to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called *BOTTOM'S DREAM*, because it hath no bottom."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

'Tis of Bully BOTTOM, a cobbler stout
As ever wax-end drew,
To patch a hole in a damaged sole,
Or set up a down-trod shoe.
Till from fair work to frothy talk
He fell, in evil day,
And to the "Hole-in-the-Wall" must walk,
To hear the asses bray.

Then, "Why," thought he, "contented wait,
Betching at sole and heel,
With holes so great in Church and State
Such rents i' the common-weal?
With a wax-end shall he contend,
That in talk might wax high?
And upper-leathers only mend,
With upper classes by?"

The more he talked the less he toiled,
And as the less he earned,
His blood 'gainst Capital it boiled,
Against employers burned:
Of stool and strap he would no more;
Away his awl he cast:
And by St. Crispin stoutly swore
Not to stick to his last.

And all the less grew common sense,
The more grew self-conceit;
On weekly papers went his pence—
Their wind to him was meat:

And when of his own froth at last
Report in them began,
He to the wind his apron cast,
And started Public Man!

Demonstrated: sent round the hat:
Raved in Trafalgar Square,
While still the British Lion sat,
And stared with quiet stare:
Talked fustian stuff, while rogue and rough
Shouted, and shoved, and stole;
And JOHN BULL tame failed to inflame
With a red cap on a pole.

Till reason strayed, and Borrom brayed,
Yet deemed not sense had fled:
Nor knew, poor owl, his jobbernowl
Had grown an ass's head!
So to Fool's-Paradise a-whirled,
He dreamed a wondrous dream,
Wherein the world an asses' world,
And he its Lord, did seem.

There everything is upside down:
Highest to lowest drops:
Crowns serve but to be stood upon,
Pyramids rest on tops.
Reason is under Folly's feet,
Ignorance Knowledge schools;
The Cook is basted by the meat;
Workmen ruled by their tools.

And in this topsy-turvy row
Sits Bully BOTTOM crowned;
About his ass's ears and brow
The *bonnet-rouge* y-bound.
And, asinine, from throats of brass,
The chorus rises free,



BOTTOM'S DREAM.

NICK BOTTOM (*the Working-Man*). "I HAVE HAD A DREAM —"

"I will get PETER QUINCE to write a ballad of this dream ; it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom."—SHAKESPEARE.

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HOTTON'S DRESS

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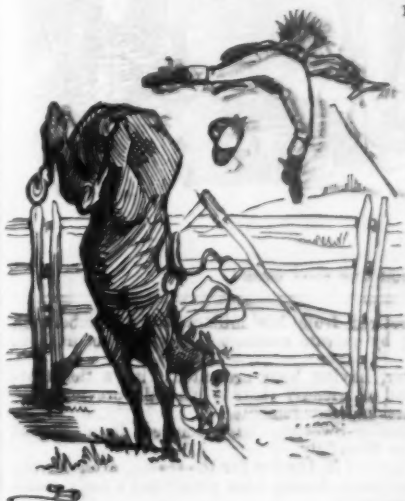
"For President we'll choose an ass,
And Bottom top shall be!"

Sudden a tile of monstrous size
Upon his ass-head hurled,
Shocks him from his Fools'-Paradise,
Back to the waking-world.
And lo, things are not upside-down,
Heads have not all turned tails:
Cobblers have not assumed the Crown,
Nor Roughs smashed all the rails.

All is serene, for PRINCE and QUEEN
JOHN BULL cheers as they pass;
And Bully BOTTOM, feeling mean,
Suspects himself an ass.
And Punch lest he the lesson miss,
Fucks off his ass's jawl,
And shows him how he looked in this,
Adorned with Phrygian owl!

And PETER QUINCE for QUEEN and PRINCE,
And for his gossip's good,
This ballad scheme of BOTTOM's dream,
Hath writ, and cut in wood.
Whence the Queen's Ladies all may learn
How such dreams read should be,
Their lack of bottom may discern,
And plain truth through them see!

THE PARKS BILL.



HIS Bill is to be reprinted, with amendments. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, with which we are bound to add, the Queen's Printers have not the remotest connection, we are enabled to satisfy public curiosity and to give an outline of the alterations which will be submitted to the House of Commons.

No Public Meeting will be permitted to be held in any of the Parks, without the presence in the Chair of the Ranger, the Chief Commissioner of Works, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, or

one of the Sheriffs, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, or Mr. W. VERNON HARCOURT. The resolutions to be proposed must previously be laid before and approved by the two Houses of Convocation, the Committee of the Carlton Club, or the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.

No Appointments for Private Meetings in the Parks will in future be allowed to be made, without the permission in writing of the Ranger or the Chief Commissioner, who will require satisfactory proof that the parents or guardians of the lady are aware of the attachment, and give their consent to the proposed congress.

Any Deputy-Ranger, Park-keeper, or Policeman, who may observe a female domestic servant in charge of children, with or without a perambulator, seated on a bench or on the grass, and talking to, laughing with, or smiling on a young man wearing a military uniform, is empowered to interrupt their proceedings, and to demand from him his name and the name and station of his regiment, and from her the name and address of her employer; and to caution them that they will not be suffered to renew the acquaintance in any of the Royal Parks or Gardens, without the production, on the part of the soldier, of an authority signed by his commanding officer, and, on the part of the nursemaid of a letter from her mistress sanctioning the intimacy.

In consequence of the high price of provisions, the fee for the hire of a chair provided with arms will be reduced to three-halfpence.

The charge for a chair without arms will remain as at present fixed, but the occupant will not be allowed to retain it beyond two hours, except in cold weather. When the present contract with the lessees of the chairs expires, the Chief Commissioner will take them into his own hands.

To promote the study of natural science amongst the upper classes, once a week, during the months of May, June, and July, the Chief Commissioner will hold an afternoon Botanical Class in Hyde Park, and lecture on its trees, plants, and flowering shrubs, with the aid of the descriptive labels belonging to them. Ladies and gentlemen attending the class will have the option of taking notes, and passing an examination in the lectures at the end of the London Season, when prizes will be awarded to the most proficient students.

Within twelve months of the Bill receiving the Royal Assent, the group of Achilles at Hyde Park Corner, and the equestrian statue surmounting the Arch on Constitution Hill, will be removed to the middle of Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest respectively; unless, in the mean time, a requisition signed by the Presidents of the various incorporated Art Societies in the Metropolis, be presented to the Chief Commissioner imploring him to retain these memorials of a nation's gratitude in their present positions.

The estimates for the financial year 1872-3 will include a sum for replanting Primrose Hill with primroses, crocuses, snowdrops, and other Spring flowers. To lessen the expense to the nation, contributions of plants and bulbs are solicited. They will be thankfully received and officially acknowledged.

The design for any drinking fountain proposed to be erected in a Royal Park or Garden, must be approved by a Committee of Taste, to consist of a Royal Academician, a Fellow of the Institute of British Architects, an official of the Science and Art Department, the Editor of the *Art Journal*, Lord ELCHO, Mr. BARRINGTON HOPKINS, and a prominent Testotaller.

Smoking will be permitted in the Parks and Gardens, and encouraged in the Conservatories; but samples of the tobacco and cigars must be sent, ten days beforehand, to the Office of Works, which will submit them to the Customs, which will confer with the Excise, which will report upon them to the Treasury, which will consult the Board of Trade, and a decision will be given before the Parliamentary recess.

No alteration will be made in the existing arrangements for the custody, preservation, and maintenance of the birds on the ornamental waters, but that the expense of keeping up the Parks may be reduced to the lowest point consistent with the national honour and dignity, as the present fowls die off, their places will not be filled up.

Calculations having been made by the Government Actuary that an important addition to the Revenue may be derived from sources of income hitherto unaccountably neglected, young gentlemen and ladies sailing their own boats on the Serpentine and other navigable waters, will, from the passing of the Act, be charged a small fee for the accommodation. In addition to the usual payments, boat-money will also be levied on all persons hiring pleasure vessels or availing themselves of the ferries. A charge of one penny will be made for every dog thrown into or allowed to enter the water. Kites may be flown as at present, free of expense.

Flirting in the Royal Parks and Gardens will be strictly prohibited. The deputy-rangers, park-keepers, and police have orders to enforce with the utmost stringency the regulations laid down for the prevention of this reprehensible practice.

As the country contributes towards the cost of the military bands, and the taxpayers enjoy but rare opportunities of hearing their music gratuitously, a regimental band will play in each of the Royal Parks and Gardens on one day in the week during the Summer.

A. CONVINCED CORRESPONDENT.

MR. PUNCH has certainly succeeded in editing *One Correspondent* into a sense of the fitness of things, though the language in which he conveys that sense is somewhat familiar, not to say vulgar. He says—

"For years I've sent in things to Punch,
And this was all I got;
The things came back, 'Declined, with Thanks.'
Which meant, 'They're awful rot.'"

No, the word is coarse. [But the idea does not lie very remote from it. Perhaps some other Correspondents will take note of the suggestion—and save Mr. Punch trouble.

Wanted.

PEOPLE in the country seem to be very moderate in their wants, and easily satisfied. We are led to make this reflection from seeing an advertisement from some modest person in Yorkshire, residing, too, in one of its largest and most important towns, who would be quite content with "a London second-hand Milliner."



HUNTING IN 1872.

CHARLES AND EMILY DECLARE THE RAIN IS ONLY SHOWERS—WHICH ARE SOON OVER!

MOVEMENTS IN LOW LIFE.

(Perhaps as interesting to Some People as other Social Movements may be to Other People.)

MR. and MRS. BAWLER, (wandering street-minstrels, accompanied by their only son and heir, aged eleven weeks, arrived in town last Tuesday week, in order to be present at the National Thanksgiving.

MR. JEREMIAH SNEAK has left his East End residence, and is at present on a visit, for a period of six months, to the Governor of Newgate.

MR. JOHN MUGGINS has removed from Seven Dials to Blackman Street, Whitechapel, and has opened an establishment for the development of chimney-sweeping upon scientific principles.

MR. CRAWLER, four-wheel cab-driver, having received fifteen shillings for conveying two distinguished foreigners from Leicester Square to Temple Bar, treated his wife and family to a drive in Oxford Street, to see the pretty Chinese lanterns on the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

MR. SOLOMON SWAGE has, for certain precautionary reasons, quitted his abode in Dark Alley, near Houndsditch, but may be heard of upon cautious application, after nightfall, to the potboy of the Golden Fleece, Cadger Court, Whitechapel.

MRS. TUBBS, of Islington, having lately sold her mangle, has closed her clear-starching establishment, and retired to a neat cottage in the neighbourhood of Hounslow.

MR. and MRS. BUGGINS, Junior, of Pic Court, Drury Lane, have arrived at the Blue Dragon, Hornsey, with the intention of there spending the first week of their honeymoon, in company with the mamma of MRS. BUGGINS.

MESSIEURS BONES and SAMBO, Ethiopian Serenaders, having belaboured themselves hoarse in the back-streets on Thanksgiving Day, have retired for a week from the exercise of their profession, and are planning, for health's sake, a short tour in the provinces.

MR. GOLLORS, having recovered from his recent fit of drinking, will resume his work as bill-sticker in Hammersmith next Monday.

MRS. CURDS has retired from her milk-walk in Camberwell, having disposed of it by private contract to her neighbour, MRS. WHEYFACE.

MR. GOUGE, Garotter, having been presented with a ticket-of-leave, is paying a round of friendly visits to his pals, previously to his resuming his professional engagements.

MASTER JONES, Crossing-Sweeper, has removed from Regent Street to try his luck in Piccadilly.

MR. CLYFAKER has arrived in London for the season, after having passed the winter in seclusion, having been prescribed a daily round of exercise upon the treadmill.

MRS. BIDDY MALONEY has, in consequence of her rheumatics, removed from her old apple-stall at the corner of Charles Street, after disposing of her stock-in-trade, and the goodwill of her business, to her husband's second cousin, MRS. MOLLY O'SHIVER.

MR. GRUBBINGS, Costermonger, having come into a small fortune by the death of his wife's uncle, MR. SLOBBERS, Rag and Bottle Merchant, Borough, has sold his mule and barrow at an alarming sacrifice, and is going to the dogs as fast as drink can carry him.

MR. CADGER, Professional Mendicant, finding business slack in the suburban districts, owing to the hateful anti-street-begging societies, is at present on the tramp in the Eastern Counties.

SIGNOR SQUEAKI has arrived in town, with his monkey and his barrel-organ, after a successful tour about the Midlands.

MR. CHALKS, Street Artist, has designed a new cartoon for pavement decoration, which he exhibits every evening in the neighbourhood of Islington.

MESSIEURS TAGG, RAGG, AND BOSTAIL, have returned to their usual avocations, after being out upon the spree for nearly a whole fortnight, thanks to the Thanksgiving.

Increase of Practice.

THE Aurists have been very busy ever since the 27th of last month—the natural result of the “deafening cheers” on Thanksgiving Day.



"THE HARP IN THE AIR."

Irish Gentleman (who has vainly endeavoured to execute a jig to the fife! Music of the Telegraph Wires). "SHURE! WHOIVER Y'ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A BIT! HOW CAN A JINTLEMAN DANCE—(hic!)—IV YE DON'T RAFF TRIME!" ||

THE CHANCE OF A CRUSADE

Is there piety enough in France to encourage the Ultramontanes in hoping for another European religious war, even now, at this time of day? They seem to flatter themselves there may be; apparently are not at any rate praying for peace in our time. Some of them are said to have petitioned the National Assembly that "France should protest against the territorial spoliation of the Church." These Ultramontanes do not need to be told that those whom they invoke to turn Protestants on the Papal behalf would protest to little purpose unless their protest were backed with big battalions. Big battalions being chargeable, query, whether, if France had as much piety, of the Popish species, as pluck, the French could afford to exhibit the former in exerting the latter, and whether M. THIERS would be willing just now, before he has as yet paid off the Germans, to plunge his country in war for the idea of reinstating the Pope in his temporal sovereignty? That would obviously depend on his continuance, as the case may be, in the opinion that such piety is the best policy; or his adoption, also possible, of the thought that honesty is. He has reason for coming round to the proverbial view. It were too illogical, he may perceive, for Republican Frenchmen who have chosen their own Government, to reimpose a despotism on their neighbour twice. Perhaps it would be more prudent, in his eyes, to secure the friendship of Italy, than to attempt, and perhaps not succeed in, undoing the accomplished fact of Italian Unity.

If, however, the prosperity of Ultramontane intrigues should crown the **COUNT DE CHAMBORE**, could the faithful of that denomination repose any trust in the likelihood that **HENRY CINQ** will start a Crusade for the purpose of putting the Holy Humpty-Dumpty together again? Perhaps **KING HENRY** would think twice, and once more, like **MR. GLANSTONE** in another case supposed, before engaging all the King's horses, and all the King's men (who would be wanted) in such an enterprise. And might not the legitimate Eldest Son of the Church perchance remember that the Holy Father

SAD FACT OF SOBRIETY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Post*, under the name of "SOBERSIDER," expresses his hope that "SIR W. LAWSON, SIR R. ANSTUTHER, &c.," took the opportunity of seeing "that the statement of a certain elite that their fellow-countrymen are drunken" was inapplicable to the dense masses in the streets of London on Tuesday night." It is not to be expected that ocular evidence of the sobriety of the multitude, even upon an occasion of festivity, would have the slightest effect on the minds or intentions of "SIR W. LAWSON, SIR R. ANSTUTHER, &c.," the " &c." including the Rev. LAWSON BURNS and the rest of the agitators for a Prohibitory Permissive Democratic Despotie Liquor Law. The " &c.," as the Tectotal Gentlemen of the Platform may be called after the Chinese manner of denoting all foreigners by the letter "I," do not clamour for the closure of public-houses simply or even principally in order to the prevention of the drunkenness which they allege to prevail amongst the people. It is not so much to abate drunkenness that they want as to forbid drinking, that is to say, the use of drinks which they have renounced themselves. No doubt, in fact, both the " &c." and their leaders would, instead of being at all gratified, on the contrary, have been very much disgusted at a remarkable indication of the decrease of drunkenness presented to them by the conduct of the crowd in the London streets, rejoicing, but spontaneously sober. Proof of sobriety growing voluntarily amongst the people deprives the " &c." with LAWSON and LAWSON, and ANSTUTHER to boot, at their head, of all excuse for demanding a statute to make it compulsory.

Shocking Yellows.

OFFENDERS diverse, on pretences
Equally false, commit offences;
Some rogues in office malversation;
All hymnists malversification.

WHISPER THIS.

THE American Government persists. Hm! We know the American advice tendered to the Longborne Jury. Our Yankee friends are smart. Can it—can it be that they mean to “square the Arbitrator?”

not only did not ever excommunicate, or even deny that he so much as dreamt of excommunicating, usurpers of that title. But did not hesitate to bless them over and over again, and bid them prosper. One indifferent turn his Most Christian Majesty would perhaps deem amply and well requited by another. The heir of St. Louis, moreover, may possibly consider that the interests of the Papacy altogether would be best left to be promoted by other wondrous than those which were for a season worked in its cause by Imperial Chancellors.

CHANGING OUR MIND.

We saw this in the *Times* the other day, and had intended to remark upon it, that the advertiser's friends might do well to take affectionate care of him :—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £3, in £1 Scotch bank-notes, for Income-tax, from Mr. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

But, on second thoughts, Mr. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was the inventor of America. On the whole, just now, we think that he ought to be in a penitent state of mind, and if the above be evidence that he is, we are inclined to believe well of him.

An Eye to Business.

SHIRTMAKERS, haberdashers, hosiers, and others interested in the retail linen trade, felt great satisfaction at the public announcement that Tuesday, the 27th of February, was to be a "Collar Day," and looked forward to a large demand for an indispensable article of clothing. Our aristocracy, at all events, seem not to have disappointed their expectations, for the *Echo*, in its account of the scene in St. Paul's, expressly mentioned that "LORD RUFUS and LORD HALLIFAX" were "conspicuous with their white collars," which, no doubt, had been purchased for the occasion.



UNAPPRECIATED LOYALTY.

SCENE—The Town Residence of Captain Grummet of the Mercantile Marine.

First Bystander. "HULLO, BILL! HERE'S A GAME! WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS!"

Second Ditto. "O, THIS IS SOME FLAG-MAKER, YOU MAY DEPEND. THEY'VE BEEN AND SHUT HIS SHOP UP BY ACT O' PARLIAMENT, AND HE'S A BLOWIN' THE MOTH OUT OF HIS STOCK!"

[Now the Captain had refused a Trinity House ticket to view the Procession, that he might stop at home and "Dress Ship" for the occasion, and overhearing this misrepresentation, as he stood at his garden-gate, was considerably riled.

All the World in the Park.

We live and learn. Even those who are best acquainted with London must realise how little they know of its vastness, and especially of the immense area of its principal park, when they read that "another of the four quarters of the globe which surround the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park has been placed in position." Their feeling will be one of amazed incredulity, until they go on and find that "the subject is 'Asia,' and the Sculptor, MR. FOLEY, R.A."

ODE ON A MENTAL PROSPECT OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.

Y^e Courts of Law, about to rise
On site of former slums,
A vision bright before mine eyes
Of future glory comes,
The glory of due justice, done
As now it is to every one,
But done in more commodious halls;
Justice that perfect is, and cheap,
Doth at a snail's pace never creep;
Ne'er for revision calls.

Time was, long since, when any thief,
Who wished by Law to prig,
Could, by supplying with a brief
A partner in a wig;
A quack, exposed to public scorn,
Legal assistance could suborn,
And so his scoundrel's action bring:
A mercenary quean, and base,
By trumped-up breach of promise cast,
Cash from a fool could wring.

All that is changed; no venal tongue
Now pleads a caittiff's cause,
For plunder fee'd, by knave unbung,
To work the British laws.
No rogue can Counsel find, as mate,
To keep an heir from his estate,
Or help him to dislodge the rightful heir,
And plunge him into huge expense,
And mental misery immonse,
As in the days that were.

Who will Contempt of Court commit,
So gross, as to deride
A Court which scarce a day can sit
Out ere a cause is tried?
No advocates there, day by day,
Protract the suit which yields them
pay,
With alteration's lengthy jaw;
Whilst both the parties means do go,
Melted, in sunshine as in snow,
Among the Men of Law.

Such wrongs once were; have passed
away,
As all men will allow
To whom the papers news purvey
Each morn; ne'er happen now.
New Courts of Law, you'll not behold
Poor barristers who shall have sold
Their tongues to work the same intent
As that which plies another Bar
Whereby strong chests wrenched open
are:
The Burglar's instrument.

Beneath one roof united, yon
Palace of Justice hight,
Piled in masonic order due,
Will set forth Legal Right;
Law which exists but to enforce
Right at least charge, by briefest
course;
Law fairest, simplest, that the mind
And wit of man did e'er devise:
The admiration of the wise,
And envy of mankind.

Hard Words.

MRS. MALAPROP read a paragraph about shaving by aid of Euxesis. Wishing to intimate to a clergyman who wore a beard, her opinion that he would look better without it, she told him that she should recommend him an Exegesis. Best of it is, he didn't know the word.



SATISFACTORY.

"DINING AT LADY LABURNUM'S TO-MORROW!" "YAAH."

"SO AM I." "SO GLAD!"

"SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD!!!" "SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD I'M GLAD!!!"

ANCIENT ROMAN REVIVALS.

In a letter signed "SKELKIM," the *Morning Post* publishes an account of a *trapeze* performance at the Alhambra Theatre exhibited by two girls, respectively sixteen and twelve years old. The entertainment afforded by these children to an intelligent British Public essentially consists in risking their lives. The "apparatus" which they employ to afford our Kind this pleasure is "nearly twice as high and dangerous as that used by LEOTARD." One of their feats, indeed, according to "SKELKIM," is "technically and expressively termed 'a leap for life.'" The mere perusal of its description is enough to turn any moderately nervous person, who is in the least degree imaginative, delightfully giddy.

Among the series of splendid Peep-shows at the Crystal Palace illustrative of Pompeii, is a representation of the sort of sport shown by gladiators on the arena of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. Why should not British managers be at liberty to revive this sort of spectacle for the amusement of the humane and enlightened persons who rush to witness *trapeze* performances? Only because we have no "Dacia men," or other captives or slaves, whose lives are of no consequence, so that they can be killed without being murdered in the eye of the law. If gladiatorial combats were only legal, like *trapeze* feats, they would be not at all less elevating morally and intellectually than those other dangerous and possibly, if not necessarily fatal displays. On the contrary, perhaps the sight of savages slaying one another would, in comparison with that of innocent children incurring the peril of death, be considerably the more gratifying to the benevolent spectator. Moreover, *trapeze* performers, in case of tumbling, may possibly fall on the people below, and even children of twelve years old falling all the way from the gallery to the pit would drop down upon them with a weight quite great enough to hurt those good people's heads. No inconvenience of this sort could be caused by falling gladiators. The Legislature might be petitioned to give the LORD CHAMBERLAIN the power of licensing such real tragedies as those which used to be

SONG BY A SOUTHERNER.

(TO PRESIDENT GRANT.)

DOWN upon JOHN BULL, ULYSSES!
Bring the Britishers to book!
Statesmanlike of you, now, this is.
They'll repent the line they took
When, in hostile camps divided,
We were fighting; we and you;
And with neither part they sided,
But stood neutral 'twixt the two.

They'll repent not having taken
Counsel tendered for their good,
And, with constancy unshaken,
'Gainst some pressure having stood.
They might have, instead of letting
Alabamas slip, of course,
In a fix by that means getting,
Taken quite another course:

Might, as then in no condition
Two to one were you to meet,
Us have granted recognition,
And have backed it with their fleet,
Of our ports to make swift clearance,
In event of war, at hand—
They'll repent non-interference,
Which has cost them your demand.

But two hundred millions under
Put your claims, or you'll have made,
Pressing that surcharge, a blunder;
Yes, Sir, for you'll nought get paid.
England will to fight count cheaper
Than to pay all that for peace;
Moderation will be deeper,
With a view JOHN BULL to fleece.

Soul and Shoe.

AN "eminent Spiritualist" writes that the means by which tables are caused to make noises are what he calls "Psychics." Is this a misprint for "Sly kicks"? If so, the Eminent and Mr. *Punch* are agreed.

CLERKS OF THE WORKS.—Watchmakers' Assistants.

enacted in the Colosseum. Advertised by the appellation of Sanguinary Scenes in the Circle, no doubt they would draw crowds of those sightseers who delight in scenes as like them as is possible in the present state of civilisation. The revived scenes of slaughter would exceed the original if enriched with the superaddition of a comic element in the person of a Fool in the Ring, whose drolleries should, of course, be entirely of that practical kind which alone in their simplicity would be appreciable by beholders as richly endowed with thought and imagination as our *trapeze* performance-goers.

As we conclude these profound remarks, we observe that a poor boy, of fourteen, has just been killed by a fall from a *trapeze* at the Alhambra Music Hall (but this is an imitation Alhambra), at Nottingham. Certainly we do not cancel the above paragraph.

A COUPLET FOR A KING.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM, now on a visit at Bombay, has been showing himself a highly civilised monarch there. He was, according to the *Bombay Gazette*, received by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF at the station; but there is reason to doubt that he announced himself to that gallant officer in an extemporaneous couplet of macaronic verse, saying:—

"Ego sum, I am,
The KING OF SIAM."

For, indeed, nobody has stated that he did any such thing. Somebody, however, may have been reminded of one of GAY'S Fables, in which a bookseller invites a wiser elephant to become literary.

"Learned Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am."

The animal had not the elegant manners displayed by literary men, especially when they receive such invitations from publishers.

"Then, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
'Friend,' quoth the elephant, 'you're drunk.'"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 4.—What an odd world it is! Or stop, let us be classical. HORACE is always welcome to the English gentlemen.

Quis sit. MECENAS, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem, Sen ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, you are happy to oblige a lady, we are sure. There may be one lady who desires an interpretation. Sing:

"Tell me, MECENAS, if you can,
How comes it that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim,
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbour plies?"

These Lords, who might do nothing but walk about the Squares with golden coronets on their brows, patronising the plebeians, are already clamouring for work. They envy the Commons, and demand Bills. LORD GRANVILLE promised them something, perhaps a Cattle Bill, as if the Nobles were those "whose talk is of bullocks."

As numbers of the Peers came up to that Lord, and congratulated him on the birth, that morning, of a son and heir, Mr. Punch may surely add his gratulatory compliment. There is no lady in the Peerage, or out of it, who has two prettier names than LADY GRANVILLE. "CASTALIA ROSALIND" makes perfect music. By the way, the Earl gave a large dinner-party the same evening. The aristocracy, it is true, do not shout and sing after dinner, like cads, but still—

In the Commons, MR. PENDER took his seat for Wick. Do you know that this gentleman hath a town-house that must be dear to every lover of English literature? 'Tis the house in which HORACE WALPOLE spent the earlier part of his life, before SIR ROBERT moved to the other house in Arlington Street, over the way.

The French Government are obligingly deporting to England batches of Communists. Twenty were sent from Dieppe. We believe that at least half of them are no worse than other people, and that a great many are much to be pitied, but the remitting them here is not a friendly act.

COLONEL TOMLIN got on his silver coinage again, and MR. LOWE explained that Government was not bound to keep a certain quantity going about. When there is a demand, the Mint coins. What is the reason that the Mint has not struck a graceful Thanksgiving Medal, to be procured at various prices? A collection of French medals is a history. Do we never do anything worth commemorating?

We went into Committee on DRUID CARDWELL's Army Scheme. MR. HOLMES, of Hackney (hard words for most of his constituents), moved to reduce the Army by 20,000 men. There was a debate on this, and Mr. Punch observed with satisfaction that SIR HENRY HOARE (hard words for most of his constituents) rebuked those who would, unpatriotically, weaken our land force. He begged MR. CARDWELL not to listen to Rodomontade—that is the way to spell the word, which is derived from the name of the great old hero whose deeds were, however, not so great as fools said they were. Here, the sitch is to be dropped out.

MR. GOSCHEN said that Government and its workmen were on the best terms with one another, and that it would be a good thing if Members and others did not come meddling between them. We rather incline to hold with him.

Tuesday.—LORD LANSDOWNE said that the Public Offices in Downing Street would be ready in 1874, and in the mean time he should not pull down the houses in front of them. Very well, but will he mind having the road thereabouts occasionally cleaned? It was complained of to Parliament by CHARLES THE SECOND, who said that his bride had to come to him through the mud there, and we are not sure that it has been swept since.

In the Commons MR. DIXON led on his League to battle against the Education Act. MR. FORSTER met him full front, and defied him, and carried a resolution to the effect that the Act has not yet had fair play, and ought not to be meddled with. The Conservatives stood by the Cabinet, and the meddlers, who are inspired by a vehement and doubtless conscientious hate of Church influences, and who prefer hindering education to letting the Church educate, were twice defeated, by 355 to 94, and by 323 to 98. *Observe*.—MR. FORSTER is accumulating golden opinions from all sorts of men, and one day he will stand on the

aureous heap, and then you'll see how high he'll be, if he only minds his business and reads his *Punch*.

Wednesday.—This was a great day at Westminster, if not in the House. On Monday, the jury in the Tichborne case had said that they did not want any more evidence, meaning that they were convinced that the Claimant was an Impostor. To-day, the sponge was thrown up, and, a few hours later, Claimant CASTRO, or ORTON, or whatever he is, was safe in the care of MR. JONAS, the excellent Governor of Newgate. The CHIEF JUSTICE declared his opinion that CASTRO had been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. So that those who warned the Australian butcher that at the end of the trial it must be "Tichborne or Portland," warned him wisely. Mr. Punch joyfully records the collapse of an audacious attempt at robbery, supported by one of the most cruel and dastardly slanders ever devised by rogues in council. He also rejoices in the thought that the folks who lent money in aid of the scheme have lost it all.

MR. CHARLEY carried the Second Reading of a Bill for the protection of "Infants" whom it is not sought to rob, but to kill, from the practices of Baby-Farmers. The penalties imposed are "rough and ready;" and yet MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for Government, did not admire the measure. If that be its worst fault, we earnestly hope that it will pass.

MR. MUNTZ carried the Second Reading of another good measure, one for preventing the Adulteration of Food. It is to increase the penalties for this kind of rascality, but LORD E. CRECH (thought it not stringent enough. Perhaps Government, this time, did not admire it on that account. Your Minister is a wonderful being.

Thursday.—Well said, LORD MALMESBURY. We have not had the frequent happiness of applauding your Lordship, and therefore have the more pleasure in assuring you of our present respect and esteem. You complain that the traffic in London is incessantly impeded by coal-waggons. Yes, and by all sorts of other abominable Juggernaut cars, which ought not to be allowed in the streets during the hours of business. But the Railway element is too strong in the House of Commons to let us hope for redress. Yet those who pretend to study the wishes and comfort of the people should note the frantic joy of the population when a Van comes to grief, and the pleasure with which we all receive the news that a Van-Demon is sent to jail. Life and limb are in danger every minute of the day from the vans and waggons. A League of Country Members, who are not afraid of certain influences, might come to our aid.

MR. GLADSTONE said the Government held themselves bound to pay the costs incurred by GOVERNOR EYRE. It will be remembered that he had to defend himself against fanatic prosecutions. To MR. M'ARTHUR, who absurdly brought up the case of GORDON, a coloured Baptist preacher, hanged for his share in the Jamaica riots, MR. GLADSTONE quietly replied, that there was no analogy between the cases, and that no compensation was due to GORDON's representatives.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL informed MR. EYKYN that the perjured CASTRO would certainly be prosecuted by the Crown, and that it was under consideration whether certain other persons should not receive the same attention. We fear that they have accepted notice to "bolt."

Scotch Education occupied the rest of the evening. MR. AUCHINCLOSS HERRICK has been taken to task for saying that Parliament should decide questions without reference to the temporary opinion of the constituencies, yet MR. ORR EWING, one of the gravest and most sensible men in the House, said just the same thing later—"we were to vote on our convictions of what was right, irrespective of the feeling out of doors." Are we Legislators or Delegates? The Scotch Bill was carried by an enormous majority—238 to six!

Friday.—The Cape Colony gives more trouble to the Colonial Office than all the other colonies put together, complained Ministers, in answer to some pertinent inquiries by LORD SALISBURY. Hm! There is a story in SYDNEY SMITH's memoirs about a pugnacious person who related that a dog had rushed out and bitten him. SYDNEY said that he should like to hear the dog's account of the matter.

In the Commons we heard that PRINCE ALAMAYHEW, son of THEODORE of Abyssinia, was to be carefully educated, as a private young gentleman, in England. He is too young and delicate for a rough public school. He

might have been re-christened *RASSELAS*, in honour of the literature of his adopted country.

Debate on question whether a Welsh County Court Judge ought to be able to understand Welsh. Members for Wales were very courteous, if urgent, in their representations that he ought; and Mr. BAUCE, who is "half a Welshman," promised that, in future, attention should be paid to their desire. Justice should be blind, but not virtually deaf.

We are tired of the Ewelme Rectory business. It came on again, and Mr. GLADSTONE defended himself with a great deal of ability, but Mr. HENLEY summed up the proceeding in what he stated to be the way the "country folks" described it. "It ain't right, and we wouldn't have expected it from Mr. GLADSTONE."

The Parks Bill made much progress, in spite of Mr. VERNON HARCOURT and the mob meetings, at which persons in mock canonicals chant profane parodies on the Litany, by way of proving that the assemblies are desirable.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW, and MASTERS TOMMY HENFORD and HARRY HARTFORD, visit the HAYMARKET THEATRE.



TOMMY and HARRY were much diverted with the ceremonies of the festival Tuesday, which they witnessed partly from a convenient position in Fleet Street, and partly from a prominent position near the Marble Arch, whither they repaired in all haste after cheering the QUEEN at St. Paul's. On this occasion TOMMY was not a little gratified with the high respect with which he found himself treated, as well by the admiring populace, as by the honest soldiery, and the chiefs of the intelligent police.

"I am indeed glad," said TOMMY, "to have been a spectator of this marvellous exhibition of enthusiastic loyalty. I had thought that Queens and Princes never did anything but wear crowns on their heads, and eat sweetmeats all day. I see that I was wrong. As for the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs, I protest I am so delighted with their grandeur and beauty, that I could spend the whole day in observing them."

"It was indeed fortunate," observed Mr. BARLOW, "that the weather was so uncommonly fine. But were we denizens of a more northern region, we should be compelled to dwell in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months."

Tommy. Pray, Sir, stop. What! are there countries where it is night continually for several months together?

Harry. Indeed, TOMMY, Mr. BARLOW is right.

Tommy. Why, then, Sir, I protest such a country should be filled with theatres. For my part, I would not care how long the night was, so that I could be continually diverted with some entertaining spectacle. Truly, Sir, in such a climate as you have been describing, a run of one night for any theatrical exhibition would indicate a great success.

Mr. BARLOW now produced three tickets for the Haymarket Theatre, and proposed that, should his young friends not be overcome with fatigue, they should forthwith set out for that place of amusement.

"Dear heart!" said TOMMY, "what a number of plays we shall have seen before our holidays are ended! And, indeed, I begin to be of opinion that it is impossible for a person of elegance to live anywhere except in London."

HARRY smiled at this, and Mr. BARLOW observed, that if he felt tired he could go to bed at once.

"O pray, Sir," said TOMMY, "do let us visit the theatre to-night! I think I could now attend a theatrical entertainment for ever without being tired."

After listening to some excellent melodies with which the honest

musicians seated in the orchestra for that purpose had regaled them, they now turned all their attention towards the stage, having been informed by their beloved tutor that they were now about to witness a mythological comedy entitled *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

Harry. As I am alive, here is Mr. BUCKSTONE. Now, MASTER TOMMY, we shall indeed be vastly diverted.

During the progress of the play the young people showed by their attentive demeanour how pleased they were with everything they saw and heard.

"There is," continued Mr. BARLOW, "a certain freshness in the treatment of this story, and an eagerness in the versification, which entitle the honest author to a larger share of commendation than I am, in most cases, able to bestow."

Harry. This is intended for a Greek piece.

Mr. Barlow. Without doubt.

Harry. Is, then, Sir, *Leucippe* a correct name for a Greek soldier?

Mr. Barlow. You may remember, HARRY, that, at the Queen's Theatre, when "*Apoetes*" was pronounced "*Kapp-oides*," I told you, perhaps there existed some authority for those quantities with which we were unacquainted. And in this case I do not doubt but that the honest writer and the sturdy comedian to whom this part has been intrusted, had each sufficient warrant, both for the appellation and the costume which closely resembles that of the illustrious JULES CÉSAR. But where all is so good, there are small matters; and my dear TOMMY and HARRY, I would warn you, as strongly against excessive and indiscriminate praise on the one hand, as against such useless hypercriticism which, in examining, with one eye, certain faulty details through a microscope, shuts the other to the better part of the picture. And, indeed, for my part, I would as soon blame the entire work for this oversight as charge upon the worthy author the selection of the Euston Road Stationary which adorns *Pygmalion's* studio, or the Egyptian costume of the lady who plays the Greek wife, *Cynisca*. I trust, my dear TOMMY and HARRY, that you will be ever able to distinguish sound from sense, and to discriminate between what is merely verse, and what is really poetry. I do not think that I have, for some space, witnessed any theatrical representation where, as in this case, the merits so far outweigh its demerits, that one can pronounce a verdict of almost unqualified commendation upon the whole performance.

Tommy. I protest, Sir, for my part, that, being unable to form any clear opinion of my own, I shall repeat, in company, all that you, Sir, have just said with so much discretion.

Mr. Barlow. Whether, then, MASTER TOMMY, do you consider it more honest to use your own faculties, or those of others?

TOMMY was much abashed at this rebuke, and owned that he had hitherto preferred to come to an agreement with those who might be discussing any matter, than, by expressing a contrary opinion, to incur a diminution of friendship.

Mr. Barlow. Then would you sacrifice honesty to personal ease? Is it not more noble to assert one's own views with sufficient modesty?

Harry. Your remarks, Sir, call to my mind the story of *Leonidas and the Conceited Pedlar*, which, as TOMMY has not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY—

At this moment, the curtain rising upon the afterpiece, precluded further conversation.

On quitting the Theatre, Mr. BARLOW sent his card to the Manager, and on which he had written, that "he wished him continually increasing prosperity, and that if Mr. BUCKSTONE would like to hear the story of *Pizarro and the Virtuous Shrimp*, he would attend him forthwith in the *Kaffy* next door."

No message, however, being returned, Mr. BARLOW, after waiting for two hours on the steps of the *Café*, buttoned up his coat, and followed his young friends to their lodgings in the Strand.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"The Paris Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* telegraphs that an English deputation waited on M. TISSOT yesterday morning, with a view to obtaining the abolition of passports, improved international travelling, and the support of the French Government for improved harbours and the proposed tunnel under the Channel. M. TISSOT received the deputation most graciously, and went over the whole ground."—*Falk Mall Gazette*.

ALL the wonderful things now-a-days are done by the old men. What middle-aged man, what young man, would have had strength, to go "over the whole ground," like M. TISSOT? The friends and admirers of the President of the French Republic must be delighted to know that he is so hale and hearty. For a man of his years to accomplish such a long and fatiguing journey, shows a vigour of Constitution which we are not accustomed to find in France.



SUNDAY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Sam Coster. "EER! 'AVE TWO PEN'NORTH O' DONKEY RIDE, MARIA!"

Maria (his Missis). "THANK YEE, SAM! BUT I'D RATHER TAKE IT IN LIQUOR, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU!"

AN OMNIBUS TAX.

THE simple abolition of Schedule D alone of all the Income-tax Schedules would, as the *Times* demonstrates, be unjust; but, if a suggestion made by the *Times* were adopted, Schedule D would probably be abolished very soon. Undoubtedly—

"Nothing can be more unjust than that an artisan who receives weekly wages to the amount of £250 a year should escape taxation, while a clerk who receives £200 a year in quarterly stipends should pay 6d. in the pound Income-tax."

As this partiality of taxation is perfectly unjust, of course nothing can be more so. But there might be other inequalities equally unjust. If an artisan earning £250 a year in weekly wages were forced to pay sixpence in the pound Income-tax, it would be quite as unjust that a crossing-sweeper who earns a shilling a day should be charged nothing at all. Were the Income-tax distributed over all incomes whatsoever, large and small, without exception, the injustice of its incidence would be greatly diminished. But that would be even more unpopular than taxing the People's tea and sugar. The masses would much rather have a morning's meal subject to insensible taxation than a Free Breakfast Table procured by an Income-tax shared by themselves.

Mortal Immortals.

OUR notions of mortals and immortals, which, we admit, are merely those of everyday commonplace sort of people, are thrown into strange confusion when we read that "M. DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE was officially received into the French Academy yesterday," and that "the new immortal delivered the customary panegyric of his predecessor." The only apparent solution of the puzzle wrapped up in these words is to suppose that the general instability of things in France has affected even its immortals.

THE WAGGAWOCK.

FIRSTLY, behold the Cartoon opposite! As QUARLES asks,

"Is not this type well cut, with Zeuxian art;
Filled with rich cunning?"

Of course it is. "That goes without to say," as the French elegantly put it. But there is something which *Mr. Punch* means to say.

He makes his best acknowledgments to LEWIS CARROLL, author of the delightfulest fairy lore extant, for the idea of a Mysterious Monster. Everybody worth thinking about has read the sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*, the new book called *Through the Looking-Glass*. Everybody can recite the marvellous poem therein, entitled "Jabberwocky." It is a household hymn among the cultivated classes, and its new and Chattertonian words are the delight of society. *Mr. Punch* very nearly cried out to the PRINCE OF WALES, on meeting H.R.H. again, "Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!"

But poets are also prophets, *vide* MR. CARLYLE, *passim*. The Author of "Jabberwocky," when long ago revolving that grand idea, in his scholarly seclusion, was preparing a type, the full merit and value of which now bursts upon the world, at a touch from *Mr. Punch's* magic wand. The Jabberwock meant the Wagga-wock, over whose merited overthrow all honest persons are rejoicing. The poem sets forth the story of the slaying of the Australian Monster.

Listen to a dream, and to the interpretation thereof:—

Jabberwocky.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



“THE MONSTER SLAIN.”

“AND HAST THOU SLAIN THE WAGGA-WOCK?
COME TO MY ARMS, MY BEAMISH BOY!”

[Pride “The Jaberwock,” in *Through the Looking-Glass*.]

THE MONSTER SPY.



THE MONSTER SPY.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and sham
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand,
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tum Tum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in foolish thought the time
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgy wood,
And nibbled at his neck!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

Mostly interpolating the note that the word "wabe" is explained by the poet to mean "a grassplot round a sun-dial," but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon *weaba*, a wig then, Mr. Punch proceeds to dress the prophetic ode in plain English:—

WAGGAWOOCK.

"Twas Maytime, and the lawyer comes
Did gibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawoock, my son,
The eyelid twitch, the knees' incline,
Beware the Baigent network, spun
For gallant Ballantine."

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawoock, sans ruth or shame,
Came lumbering to the witness box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue! untrue!" Then, through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawoock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.

CAN A LADY KEEP A SECRET?

THIS startling scrap of news we recently have stumbled on, copied from our trustworthy contemporary the *Graphic*:—

"A lady has found the principle which differentiates the finite from the infinite. She asks the Academy of Sciences a million sterling for the secret."

It has been said that a lady cannot keep a secret. But this, perhaps, depends on whether or no the secret is considered worth its keep. A secret that is valued at a million sterling is certainly worth keeping, if there be any likelihood of getting such a sum for it. At the same time we should hesitate, if the caller were a lady, to buy it at that price, and should rely on human nature with a pretty strong persuasion that the secret, after all, being in a lady's keeping, would not very long be kept.

Misleading Title.

To prevent a natural mistake, it may be as well to explain that the "Pacific Islanders' Protection Bill," now before Parliament, is not a measure to guard our poor peaceable English against Foreign Invaders, Americans, Irish, &c.

UTILISATION OF VICE.



THE repeal of the decree of 1856, which made gambling illegal in France, is advocated by not a few thinking Frenchmen. The necessity of raising the wind to pay off the German indemnity has opened their eyes. Why tax all manner of commodities, and even talk of imposing an Income-tax on honest people, when by licensing gaming-houses, you might tax gamblers, and those, chiefly, foreign. M. HENRI DE LA PÈRE computes that "the six German watering-places where roulette and trente-et-quarante reign realise sixty million francs a-year." His arguments for a revision of the anti-gambling laws deserve our own consideration. Among us those laws have not suppressed gambling, but only confined it to certain forms. Instead of dice there are stocks and shares, and the horsey betting-ring for all persons disposed to gamble. Why should they not be as well allowed to play at roulette, trente-et-quarante, and blind-hookey? If they were, then they could choose their several games, and there would be all the less gambling on the Turf and the Stock Exchange. There would be fewer speculative fits, and panics. No doubt gambling is a bad thing; but the way to deal with a bad thing which you cannot prevent is to make the best of it. By legalising and licensing all manner of gambling-houses, inclusive of betting offices, and imposing a tax on wagers, which would make them recoverable, you could raise much revenue. Those who supplied payment to it would not feel it, the loser would be untouched by an impost on his loss, the winner insensible of a duty on his mere luck. A gambler at present is simply a good-for-nothing fellow; if his gains were taxable and yielded tribute, he would be good for something. Gambling is a vice; granted. Suppose that all gambling were permitted, from lotteries to pitch-and-toss, under a duty; in so far, the expenses of the country would be paid by the vicious. The virtuous would go scot-free. Put down vice in preference to taxing it if you can. But if you can't, you can't; and wouldn't it be comparatively jolly for Virtue if Vice had to bear the national burdens?

A MYSTIC NUMBER.

It is much to be wished that every cell in Newgate were empty, but, next to vacant cells, arrangements for their future vacancy are the most satisfactory. The following brief extract from a contemporary is calculated to afford some satisfaction:—

"THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.—Nine felons convicted of subversive with violence are at present in Newgate awaiting punishment by the lash."

Nine felons together, with the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails in store for them, form, considered in their mutual relation, an arithmetical coincidence. Nine times nine are the square of nine, and when the nine felons are multiplied by the nine tails, their accounts will be squared.



COMPLAISANT.

Artist (after trying for half-an-hour to get the Expression he wanted). "No, no, it won't do, SMITHERS! THE POSITION IS CONSTRAINED. YOU DON'T STAND EASY ENOUGH: I WANT YOU TO LOOK DRUNK, YOU KNOW."

Model (and he'd done his best, too). "WELL, IT IS DIFFICULT TO 'MAKE BELIEVE,' SIR,—BUT—IF YOU SHOULD 'APPEN TO 'AVE 'ALF A BOTTLE O' SPIRITS IN YOUR CUPBOARD, WE COULD MANAGE IT IN NO TIME, SIR—I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY!!'"

"FROM BETWEEN TWO STOOLS."

Up, in the cloud-lands of High Church,
Down, in the mud-flats of Low,
Hark to your Chapel and my Church,
At it, with word and with blow!
Minister girding at Rector,
Rector on Minister down,—
A white-tied Achilles and Hector,
With National School for Troy-town.

Through a longer than ten-year-long leaguer
That fortress the Church-Hector held,
And with orthodox lance, keen and eager,
The Chapel-Achilles repelled.
But Achilles found allies and backers,
Who seemed, for the time, of his mind;
Olympus was with the attackers,
And the scale against Hector inclined.

Awile, those who'd backed up Achilles
Rejoiced to see Hector give ground:
"When he thrust from Pergamus Hill is,
Free way to 't," they thought, "will be found.
Then, at last, thirsty souls may have entry,
To draw of those fountains so clear,
With no jealous clerical sentry,
To tax and toll all that come near."

But scarce is the Church-Hector driven
From the gate he so struggled to hold,
Than Achilles, who so long has striven
To oust the Church Champion bold,

Himself to his foe's place advances,
And takes his foe's weapons to wield:
As sharp-pointed rancour his lance is,
As sev'n-fold intol'rance his shield.

And stubborn, in front of the gate, there,
Where for entrance the thirsty ones pray,
He proclaims "If I please, you shall wait there;
None shall pass, but by my will and way.
If Churchman once crowed o'er Dissenter,
Now 'tis turn of Dissenter to rule;
Not an urchin a free-school shall enter,
Unless 'tis a school of my school.

"If Hector once drove you like sheep on
The pathways to one Church that run,
Not less my road now you shall keep on—
The pathway that leadeth to none.
On these points there must be one mind, Sirs:
The point is, 'whose mind shall it be?'
Once you settled with him, but you'll find, Sirs,
Henceforth you've to settle with me.

"My least finger, soon I will teach you,
More heavy than his loins doth weigh;
If the teeth of his whips once could reach you,
I have scorpions ready to flay.
You have yearned from Church-yoke to be free, Sirs,
On your necks that lay heavy as lead;
Now I'll give you a trial to see, Sirs,
How you like Chapel-yoke, in its stead."

So Chapel, loud echoing Church-cry,—
Bass and treble, but both to one air;

While the small unwashed, left in the lurch, cry,
And BRITANNIA is driven to swear—
"I'm sick of your Low and High Churches,
'Twixt their two stools let down, like a fool:
'Plague o' both of 'your houses!' The birch is
More wanted in them, than in School!

"A truce to sectarian war-cries,
By MIALD or DENISON poaled,
Their slogan while Ignorance o'ercries,
And points to her plague-spots unhealed.
For I feel, 'Quicquid reges delirant,
Plectuntur Achivi,' nor smile,
That 'tis Chapel, not Church, would play tyrant
O'er young England, school-less the while."

A FINE FOR A BEATING.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that:—

"In a case which came before the Magistrate at Wandsworth, a greengrocer at Putney, named GROSS, was fined £3 for assaulting his wife; in default he was to go to prison for a month. He asked his wife to pay the money, which she did."

So the wife was fined for the beating which her husband had given her. What a pity, one may think, it is that the punishment for beating a wife is not such as necessarily to fall solely on the wife-beater's shoulders. If the latter had simply to be flogged for his offence, the former would not be liable to be fined.



"SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

Charles (reading, succinctly). "AND HE'S GONE TO QUOD."

Laura. "NOW, HE'LL KNOW WHAT A 'QUADRANGLE' MEANS."

WHO ARE THEY?

Who are the lucky people who can buy the guinea pears and twenty guinea pine-apples paraded in the fruit-shops?

Who are the still more lucky people who, without the cost of buying, get the privilege of eating them?

Who are the shabby people who nefariously bring their old umbrellas to their clubs, in the hope of profiting by casual exchanges?

Who are the curious people who buy the "curious old sherries" advertised at fifteen pence a bottle, or the "fine old crusted ports" at one and six?

Who are the clever people, who, now that it is over, have not all along predicted the failure of the Tichborne case?

Who are the credulous people that believe in *Zadkiel's Almanack*, or the tips of sporting prophets?

Who are the weak-minded people who buy the comic sheets which are hawked on penny steamers, and nowhere in the world else?

Who are the young ladies that pay their bets at races, when unluckily they lose them?

Who are the young gentlemen that never call their father "governor," even to their closest chum?

Who are the social people that would not much prefer a steak and pint of wholesome beer to the banquet *à la Russe* which is served by a cheap pastrycook, washed down with the champagne which has been bottled at the grocer's?

Who are the foolish people so credulous as to fancy that war will be the upshot of the Alabama business?

Who are the vicious people that pay organ-fiends and German band-its to molest their quiet neighbours?

Who are the weak people that put their faith in quacks, and so encourage the outpouring of their advertisements?

Who are the wondrous people who buy the wondrous garments one sees ticketed by cheap tailors as "the Style!" "the Latest Fashion!" "the Ticket!" or "the Cheese!"?

Who are the virtuous young ladies that never lose their dance card, in order to throw over a bad for a good waltzer?

Who are the virtuous young gentlemen that can give up football in order to escort their sisters for a duty-walk?

Who are the odd people who in their hearts prefer the costly, tasteless, long white-stalked asparagus to the cheap and toothsome green-stalked, which, alas! is not deemed fashionable?

Finally—Who are the wicked people who read *Punch* at the shop-windows to save the cost of buying it?

THE HOOGLY AND THE ITCHEN.

THERE is a river at Calcutta and a river at Winchester; it is called the Hooghly at Calcutta, and there are salmons in one, namely the Itchen, which is the Winchester river, and from whose source was derived the ancient and noble name (De Itchenbourne, TICHBORNE) pretended to by the Wagga-waggawaak. *Vide Cartoon*. But the salmons are only to be found in the mouth of the Itchen at Woodmill, and they sell in the immediate neighbourhood for as much as two and sixpence per pound.

Nevertheless, we hope that LORD NORTHBROOK on Saturday last relished the Itchen salmon which we dare say he partook of at the dinner given to his Lordship at St. John's House, Winchester, on the strength of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. If he did not happen to taste Itchen salmon, he surely tasted Itchen trout, among all the delicacies of the season deservedly provided to celebrate the self-sacrifice of a nobleman who goes out to govern Indians, when he might stay at home and enjoy himself. In giving LORD NORTHBROOK a dinner upon a Lord Mayor's scale, a just appreciation of merit has been displayed by ROBERT FORDER, Esq., Mayor of Winchester, duly mindful of the dignity of a City once not inferior to that of London.

TAKE CARE OF THE HALFPENCE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS.—At question time, MR. BAXTER, in reply to MR. GREENE, stated that it was intended for the future not to sell less than one dozen of halfpenny postage cards, for which an extra charge of one halfpenny would be made, and that a saving would in consequence be effected of £13,000 a-year."

Most of us are content, if we can turn an honest penny, but Government thrift outstrips private carefulness, and will be satisfied with nothing less than turning an honest halfpenny.

Cricketing News.

THE TICHBORNE ELEVEN AGAINST THE AUSTRALIAN SQUAD.—This long-protracted match has been decided, all the Squad being bowled out. Curiously, their champion player has been trying (vainly) to find his bail.



MORE POSITIVISM.

Confidential Housekeeper. ("That young Person" having called about the Under-Housemaid's Situation.) "BUT SHE SAYS, M'M, SHE HAVEN'T A CHARACTER FROM HER LAST PLACE——"

Mistress. "AND EXPECTS ME TO TAKE HER WITHOUT A WRITTEN CHARACTER? GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. ROBERTS, HAS THE WOMAN HER INTELLIGENTS?"

Housekeeper. "WELL, MUM, SHE HAVE SOMETHING TIED UP IN A BUNDLE."!!

THE PRESENT AND THE PILLORY.

OUR bluff old English ancestors,
To rogues they so unkind were!
O dear, how such as TITUS OATES
The cart's tail whipped behind were!
A rogue, who naughty stories swore,
Not only did they beat
Sometimes once, sometimes twice or more,
Until his back was hurt all o'er,
To teach him not to cheat.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

Besides, to an impostor they
Did other things than those, too,
They cropped his ears and bored his tongue,
And slit up his poor nose, too.
Likewise they burnt him in the hand,
And on his face, or brow,
They stamped him with a red-hot brand.
A soundrel, then, they would not stand,
As we, mild friends, do now.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

The perjured knave, who purse had none
To forfeit for false suing,
In person they adjudged to pay
The damage of his doing;
And, since they could not make him good
For any other thing,

A scarecrow to his tribe he stood,
Whilst at his visage, framed in wood,
The People had their fling.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

NEARLY THE LAST OF THE CLAIMANT.

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S lines on the Tichborne Case:—

"What!
An Advocate for an Impostor?"
Tempest, Act I., sc. 2.

MR. CLAIMANT to MR. BAIGENT,

"You make my bonds still greater."
Measure for Measure, Act V., sc. 1.

On Another Occasion:—

"If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., sc. 5.

His Evidence:—

"I had been drowned You may know by my size
that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."
Merry Wives, Act III., sc. 5.

To the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—

"Thou art clerkly, Sir John"
Idem, Act IV., sc. 5.

On One very Important Point:—

"And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady will suddenly
break forth."
As You Like It, Act I., sc. 2.



EARLY BRITISH FRENCH FROM THE NURSERY.

Ethel. "JE SUIS FAUHAÏ DE VOUS DONNER TANT DE TROUBLE, PLANTAGENET!"
Plantagenet. "O! NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS!"

MARK LEMON.

LAST Year, a Memorial, stating the circumstances in which the family of the late Mr. MARK LEMON had been left by his unexpected death, and presenting the claims which it was thought that his Widow had upon the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, was laid before the PREMIER.

The signatures to that document it would afford us justifiable pride to reproduce here, but, in the absence of express authority for so doing, we merely mention that they comprise the names of a group of Noblemen and Gentlemen of the highest distinction in politics, art, poetry, and literature. With these names were associated those of fellow-workers with MARK LEMON.

The document was promptly and courteously acknowledged on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE, who made some special inquiries on the subject. These were duly answered.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to approve the grant of an annual pension of £100 to Mrs. MARK LEMON, who was last week, by Mr. GLADSTONE's direction, apprised of the fact.

It appears proper that the kind act should be recorded in the columns of the journal which was conducted for so many years by Mr. MARK LEMON, and which was the chief occupation and pride of his life. On the part of those among the Memorialists who are connected with that journal, and of all others who are engaged in its production, most humble and respectful thanks are tendered to HER MAJESTY for her gracious approval of the grant, and their warmest acknowledgments are made to Mr. GLADSTONE for his compliance with the solicitation in favour of the family of their

REASONS FOR GOING TO THE BOAT-RACE.

BECAUSE it is right to encourage all athletic exercises which tend to produce manly vigour and calm self-control.

Because it is right to take part in a scene in which all classes of society can meet and mingle on common ground.

Because we wish to make ourselves better acquainted with the beauties of our glorious River Thames.

Because we are anxious to see whether the manners and habits of the lower orders are undergoing any improvement.

Because we are desirous to form some estimate, from personal observation, of the number of people present.

Because the village of Putney is dear to us, as having been the birthplace of the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Because we wish to compare the present style of rowing with what it was when we were at *No Souls*.

Because we take pleasure in watching the gradual progress of spring vegetation in the country.

Because we have a relation from the country staying with us who has never seen the Boat-Race.

Because it gives us the opportunity of meeting so many old college friends.

Because the girls want to go.

Because we want a holiday.

ATHANASIUS AND WILLIAMS.

A DAILY paper announces that the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY has directed the convocation of his province to meet on the 23rd of April, in order that the Lower House may discuss the subject of the Athanasian Creed. The 23rd is late. Would not the 1st of April have been much more eligible? *Nemo salutat sobrius.* Neither does any rational creature, except upon All Fools' Day, attempt seriously to discuss the Athanasian Creed until a very late stage of conversation after dinner. One thinks that the excellent ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY could have found his Clergy something better to do than discussing the divinity of St. Athanasius on the birthday of the divine WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL SECURITY.

WHAT of Army Reorganisation?

Nothing certain there is but taxation.

lamented friend. To the other signatories, whose influential names were most readily and cordially given, we would express our deep sense of the value of their assistance, and our certainty that the announcement of the grant must have given them the utmost satisfaction.

THE JURY-BOX OF THE FUTURE.

A TERRIBLE trial, according to a Note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, awaits "twelve gentlemen of the county of Gloucester, whose names are, happily for the peace of mind of those concerned, at present unknown." It is a trial which will try the triers:—

"Much sympathy has been expressed for the Tishborne jury, but their labours were as nothing when compared with the prospective duties of a jury that will be required to grasp the details involved in a statement and counter-statement of a grandfather, a father, a son, and a widow, with the particulars of a bankruptcy, of three or four Chancery suits, an appeal to the Lords Justices, and an appeal to the House of Lords to follow."

Who is sufficient for these things but a compound of a practised accountant and profound lawyer? How could any other jury than one composed of such compounds be empanelled, or, anyhow, sworn? Can any man be compelled to swear that he will "well and truly try" to do that which he knows himself incapable of even attempting? If juries are to discharge duties such as those above instanced, a new qualification will be necessary to render gentlemen eligible for jurors. They will have to be required to pass an examination, and then, unless by passing it they secure large salaries, what shall we do? The candidates for liability to serve on juries will be involuntary, and all plucked.

OUR "CIVIL LIST" (AND MAY IT SOON BE ABOLISHED!)—Persons on whom we must call.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



234 to 63. Mr. MUNTZ then made a proposal, which reminded Mr. Punch of the gentleman who tried to sing "If I had a Thousand a Year," and, breaking down, was advised to try again at Five hundred. He asked that only Ten Thousand men should be taken away. "And that," said the House, in Mr. Peckeniff's words about the loan of eighteen pence to Mr. Tigg, "would be equally objectionable." Vote, 216 to 67, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand cutter-down. The Commons were resolute to-night, and when Mr. Lea wished to take out of the Estimates £15,000 for Army Agents, he was beaten by two to one—87 to 43, and

"The Druid heard—crowd, lowly, o'er the Lea."

Tuesday.—The DUKE OF SOMERSET described our tremendous fortifications at Alderney as awfully expensive, and utterly useless. He asked for a Committee on the subject. LORD COWPER, quoting his own motto, replied, "Tuum est." His Lordship is a Gold Shell, if you know what that means, and if you don't you should ask. It means a distinction in the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Complaint in the Commons that it is difficult to get Scotch business attended to, and we need hardly add that an Irish Member instantly urged a similar wrong to Oireland. MR. GLADSTONE admitted the difficulties, but laid them at the door of the evil of too much legislation. With some humour he begged to put in a word on behalf of another country which had not been mentioned, namely, England. SIR WALTER tells, in his diary, a story of a Scotch minister, who prayed for his parishes, the Greater and Lesser Cumbrays, "two miserable islets off the Scotch coast," and added petition that Providence "would not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." MR. GLADSTONE said he should not be shocked at the idea of any considerable changes in the machinery of the House. There was more discussion, but at last the torch was handed to MR. MACFIE. We have no idea how this gentleman's name is pronounced, but the moral was [the same either way. Members either sang, individually,

"Stop and listen to MR. MACFIE?
No, not I, no, not I;"

or collectively,

"Stop and listen to MR. MACFIE,
No, not we; no, not we."

And then there was a Count Out, at 8'15.

Wednesday.—MR. MACLAGAN, which his name is PETER, and he is a wonderful man, for he was born in Demerara, and he knows all about Hypothec, which is rarer still, moved the Second Reading of an excellent Bill. It is the result of the deliberations of a Committee on the best means of preventing Fires. MR. MACLAGAN spoke capitally, and gave us heaps of information. It is proposed that the Coroners shall conduct inquiries in cases of fire. The number of houses fired for the sake of the insurance-money is remarkable, and thieves do a good deal in the same way in order to conceal thefts. Malice, also, is an active incendiary. The Bill was read a Second Time, but—

Mr. Punch was shocked to hear a Member—he will not name him—say that smokers caused many fires, and also that they, as a class,

were very unmindful of the comfort of others. These allegations are unfounded, at least in the case of those who smoke good tobacco,

"Divine tobacco, that from East to West
Cheers the tar's labour and the Turkman's rest."

as LORD BYRON observes. We, of course, agree with COWPER, that if the baccy is bad, 'tis a

"Pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys."

But the wretch who sells and the slave who smokes bad tobacco should be executed on the same gibbet. The pure fine article (also noun) that sends up a gracious incense, makes the smoker a better and a kinder man, and induces him to listen tolerantly even to the cackle of the unwise, or, if it be unlistenable to, aids him to noble thoughts on other themes. *Fumus gloria Mundi*, and of every other day in the week.

Nothing but the gentling whiffs which he is taking at present writing could restrain Mr. Punch from now breaking out into language of the most frightful violence. Though such utterance would be perfectly just, he abstains from it. Yet he would like to denounce those by whose criminal negligence (or worse) in the matter of the Albert and European Life Assurance Companies thousands of excellent and thrifty persons have been robbed of all provision for their families, or have themselves been brought to wretchedness and ruin. A Bill for an inquiry into these things was read a Second Time, but unhappily it makes no provision for Pillory and Scourge. When the guilt, however, shall be apportioned, it shall be Mr. Punch's fierce pleasure to supply both.

MR. SALT promoted a Bill for enabling a Bishop to license clergymen to perform service in other buildings than churches. This proposal is described as a blow at the Parochial System, and MR. BERNARD HOPE was very amusing about filibustering parsons coming into an incumbent's parish, and preaching sermons for the conversion of Patagonian Washer-women. The ground-work of the Bill, said MR. HARDY, is opposition to the regular minister, and he predicted innumerable local schisms. MR. HENLEY, on the other hand, thought that the interests of the people ought to be studied, as well as those of the clergy. MR. BAUGHEN half approved of the Bill, but the Second Reading was carried by 192 to 93.

Thursday.—In a debate in the Lords on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill LORD SALISBURY remarked that in a country speaking the same language as our own (wall, Siree, we reckon not quite right away the same) the experiment of Cheap Judges had been tried, and they had been found not to answer. There is no doubt that a good many of the "simple Archons" are great rascals, and it is certain that money can buy some highly placed American judges. But Mr. Punch believes that a good deal of very excellent justice is done over the water, at a comparatively low figure. Still, he does not want to see cheap law and free-and-easy judges here. He goes in for Majesty and Dignity, knowing "our flesh and blood."

In the Commons a lot of questions were asked, but they were mostly of the sort to which belonged the question the little boy did not put. "Why didn't you ask, my dear, how your Aunt JANE's headache was?" "Because I didn't want to know." COLONEL HOGE stated that he could do nothing to Leicester Square without an Act of Parliament. Then, Colonel, why in the name of all that is—inflammable (said Mr. Pickwick) don't you get an Act of Parliament, and turn that dismal, squalid waste into a charming nook which the French call a place?

We then had discussion on the Ballot Bill, in Committee, and the details of the arrangements for elections were very assiduously discussed, and it was pleasing to see how thoroughly well up to all kinds of dodges our admirable representatives showed themselves. Doubtless, unlike the Jupiter of SHELLEY, they are those who have "suffered, not done, wrong." The Commons were resolute against letting election expenses be paid out of the public money, and the plan was rejected by 362 to 54. Speaking of the working-man, who, it was alleged, was kept out of the House by the present system, MR. DISRAELI said:—

"Let a working-man be a man who, by his character and his talents, deserved the regard of his countrymen, and he would as certainly be returned as any gentleman of great social influence and large estate. Therefore this proposed change, founded on the case of the working-man, was one of those flimsy pretexes which vanished in the heat of Parliamentary discussion."

Friday.—What advantages the children of the poor have over those of the children of the rich! While the latter go out to crowded and unhealthy parties, or are taken to hot theatres to see dull plays, the former are invited to Night Schools, where they receive, in properly-ventilated buildings, pleasant and improving instruction. That they are glad to accept the invitation is proved by LORD RIXON's statement this evening that in 1870 the number presenting themselves for examination was 63,512.

The Lords talked of Steam Coal, and the DUKE OF SOMERSET stated that when he was in office the Northern coal-owners came to him and urged the use of their coal instead of Welsh, which is far

the best, and "he told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves." We have no doubt that His Grace did, and in the plainest and most wholesome language.

In the Commons it was asked whether Statutory Declarations could be placed under certain restrictions. Everybody has been indignant with a fellow called ALEXANDER CHAFFERS, an attorney, who made a declaration charging a lady with immorality, and who, being brought before a Magistrate, defended himself by asking the poor lady a long string of most offensive and indecent questions. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, however, said that the Declaration system was very useful, and must not be altered because it had been abused by one "Scoundrel." The gentlemen of the Parliament vigorously applauded the epithet thus affixed to CHAFFERS.

MR. DOWSON proposed a revolutionary and excellent plan for getting rid of the private business of the House, and we then had the first great personal row of the Session. It arose out of an implication that by reason of MR. BAXTER being in the Government, a fine inflicted on a firm with which his relatives are connected, in reference to a contract for Navy Duck (not birds) had been remitted. It was shown that the fine had been paid, and so the whole implied imputation fell to the ground, and was trampled out. Which was well, and it would have been better had the mare's nest never been discovered.

Touching the Washington Treaty, the PREMIER stated that the formal dispatches having arrived, the question was to be considered in Cabinet Council next day. It was hoped that the result would be a Minute embodying in diplomatic language the idea set forth by Mr. Punch's Cartoon in his present admirable number.

REAL FRIENDS TO GOVERNMENT.



HAY MR. ODGER will not be created a County Court Judge is probable for another reason than because he is not qualified for the appointment. If MR. ODGER were promoted from his stall to a seat considerably higher than that which he occupies therein, a seat of judgment concerning matters proportionately above an instrument which he is accustomed to make special use of, he would cease to render the Cabinet of our PREMIER the service which he has begun really doing it. Another demonstration against the Parks Bill was held on Sunday last week, in Hyde Park, under MR. ODGER's presidency, when MR. ODGER made a speech, wherein

according to report, he said, denouncing the above-named proposal of legislation:—

"The Bill was at once unconstitutional and contemptible, and its introduction was a disgrace to a Government calling itself Liberal. (Cheers.) . . . The fact was that the Government felt that they were tottering to their fall—(cries of 'The sooner they do so the better!')—and they hoped to get a longer term of power by pandering to the Conservative party. (Cheers.) He denounced MR. STANSFELD, FORSTER, and AYTON, as a trio of renegade Radicals, who had betrayed the working classes, by whose means they had climbed into power. (Cheers.) The whole conduct of the Government to the working classes showed that working men must now form a party of their own, and preserve their own interests regardless of what party are in power. (Cheers.) They must form a labour party, and throw overboard once and for all the sham Radicals and sham Liberal Government by whom they had been so infamously betrayed."

The unqualified abuse which MR. ODGER, cheered by his followers, now heaps on the politicians whom he and they were only the other day extolling to the skies, can fail to strengthen the present Government very much only through some doubt which may possibly be entertained whether the Parks Bill will, in practice, really effect the abatement of those nuisances, Sunday intimidation meetings, in Hyde Park. If the QUEEN's loyal subjects are only assured of that, the language above-quoted, as from the mouth of MR. ODGER, will very much tend to renew, or to increase, their confidence in Her Majesty's Ministers; who are further indebted to MR. ODGER and his rabblement for a very particular demonstration to their advantage. After some other speakers had followed MR. ODGER,

a resolution was proposed and carried authorising the Chairman of the meeting "publicly to burn the Bill in its presence." And so—

"The Chairman then fixed the printed copy of the Bill to the end of a stick, and setting it alight, held it aloft until it was consumed, amid loud cheering and waving of hats."

From burning the Parks Bill in substance, MR. ODGER and the Gentlemen of the Pavement and Reformers' Tree will next perhaps proceed to burning the People's WILLIAM in effigy—Bill after Bill, as some of them perhaps may say. Thereby they will do about the best thing they can to prolong MR. GLADSTONE's lease of power.

In the meanwhile let us hope that the Ministerial Parks Bill will prove to have been really worth MR. ODGER's burning.

FIENDS OF THE FIRESIDE.

THE London Correspondent of a provincial journal mentions that

"What is called spiritualism is exciting more and more attention in London. But I think that the belief in the spiritual nature of the manifestations is decreasing in proportion as the belief in the reality of the manifestations themselves increases."

Yes, Sir, your Sadducees refer them to "unconscious cerebration," and "muscular action," as if cerebration, conscious or unconscious, could play a tune on an accordion, even through the action of muscles not connected with fingers touching keys. But if the Sadducees are out in one way as to these phenomena, the Spiritualists are abroad in another. In BLAUVIL's story of the *Demon of Tedworth*, you know, amongst the "manifestations" which occurred in MR. MONPESSON's house we are told that "in sight of the Company the chairs walked about of themselves," just as they do now, at Spiritualist *séances*. Could this have been the work of cerebration or muscular action, voluntary or involuntary—apart from trick and from mediums such as the medium of an invisible wire. At the same time, I doubt if tricks of this kind are played by the spirits of our defunct relations. They seem to me to have another origin, which is clearly elucidated by mythology and etymology, hand in hand. Your KEIGHTLEY, speaking of the *Lares*, says that they were regarded as the souls of deceased ancestors, but adds, that "The statues of the *Lares* were usually placed at the hearth." You recollect MILTON's account of the "drudging goblin," how, after having done his cream-bowl's worth of farm-work—

"That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength."

Thus both Classical and later antiquity combine in asserting the existence of demons or goblins whose haunt was especially the domestic hearth. It is natural, assuming the supernatural, to suppose that they would be disposed, on occasion, to actuate the fire-irons, and, from making the shovel, poker, and tongs, dance and spin, go on to cause chairs and tables to toddle and walk about the room. Now consider the relation of the hearth to the hob, and, consequently, that of the hob to the goblins; there you get at once to the good old English word "hobgoblin," which is a noun-substantive, the name of a thing which exists, mark you that! Sir, I beg, then, to contend that the "manifestations" of spiritualism are really the pranks of peculiar spirits out of the body if not in it. If out, then I say spirits are hobgoblins; if in, why then, Mr. Punch, spirits of another denomination. In short, Sir, I believe that the spirits of Spiritualism are either Hobgoblins or Humbugs. Among these of the latter order you will not class yours truly, WHEATON, Junior.

P.S. In MR. HOME's presence Something is accustomed to play *Home, Sweet Home*. Some think it is Old Nick. I should rather say it is Old Joe. (Subaudi MILLER.)

BETTING BOOK-WORMS.

DISCOURAGING of the imminent University Boat Race, the "Special Correspondent" of a morning paper truly observes, that there are "tens of thousands who are willing to bet and speculate upon the chances of either crew, and gravely to descend upon their merits and shortcomings, without having ever set eyes on either boat, or being able to distinguish the one from the other if they did see them." He subsequently mentions that, on the first appearance of the Cambridge crew on the Thames, "No. 7—RANDOLPH—was *eager* and absent." One would like to know what any one of those betting-men, whose sole business is betting and who, alike prepared to bet on a boat's crew or a race-horse, understand, and except for betting purposes care, nothing about either, made, if he read, in the foregoing connection, (and he may possibly have read a sporting notice), of the word *eager*. He probably took it for *eager*, without taking it for a misprint.



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Coachman. "WELL, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT A BOKAY. WE WAS GOING TO A DRAWING-ROOM, AND HER LADYSHIP WANTED TO PUT ME OFF WITH A BOKAY MADE UP IN THE 'OUSEKEEPER'S ROOM! WELL, I COULDN'T STAND THAT, SO I WENT AND ORDERED A BOKAY AT COVENT GARDEN; AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT THE PAYMENT! SO I GIVE WARNING!"

Giuseppe Mazzini.

BORN AT GENOA, 1806: DIED AT PISA, MARCH 10, 1872.

"LET no man be called happy ere his death."
So ran the wisdom of the antique world.
How shall we rate him who draws dying breath
On work unfinished, high hopes backward hurled?

Such the first thought of most a thought that give
To one, whose course has closed on weary days,
Where Pisa scarcely can be said to live,
And sleepy-seeming Arno seaward strays.

But not more shallow they that laugh to scorn
The thought that this slow stream to flood could leap,
That they that wasted deem this life outworn—
Not reckoning what men sow but what they reap.

Enough, that no Italian can doom
A life as poorly lived, or lived in vain,
Than which none ever better earned a tomb
Within the Holy Field * by Pisa's fane.

The greater still his right to such a grave,
That Death of honour owes him large arrears,
To whom Life, taking much, so little gave
In payment from the land he held most dear,

* The Campo Santo, the ancient and famous burial-place of Pisa, filled with earth from Jerusalem, and decorated by the greatest painters and sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

But exile, poverty, and long farewell
To Genoa's blue sky and sunny sea
And sunny hearts, in northern cold to dwell,
Hated and hunted by the powers that be.

Slowly to gather strength but to be foiled;
To hurl young lives on desperate emprise,
Only to fail in fight, or, treason-coiled,
To waste in ling'ring count of prison sighs;

To keep the sparks of hope and faith alight
In failing hearts, and not let fail his own:
To read "ITALIA UNA" still writ bright,
Through mists of blood, and clouds of tempest blown;

To learn faith can turn false, and friendship cold;
To be called dreamer, Quixote, coward, fool:
Nay, lest such pillory-pelt friends' trust out-hold,
Branded as tyranny's decoy and tool:

And—bitterer than the bitterest of these griefs—
At length to see hope to fruition grown,
And echo, chief among the nation's chiefs,
Italy's shout o'er Austria overthrown;

And standing high-crown'd in the Capitol,
Chief triumvir of a regenerate Rome,
To mark the glow of the old conquering soul
Come back from long trance 'neath St. Peter's dome;

And having thus topp'd highest reach of hope,
Suddenly to be hurled down to despair;
To feel young right weak with old wrong to cope,
See alien arms Italian overbear;



"YANKEE DOODLE."

"YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN | ON A LITTLE PONY!"



"LITTLE CHIEF"

THE LITTLE CHIEF, A STORY OF THE RED MEN OF THE NORTHWEST.

Worse still—the bearers of those arms to see—
Still red with blood of Rome's Republic slain—
Hailed as the Saviours of Italy;
And crowned with honours Saviours scarce attain.

To see the Austrian yield each guarded hold,
And sadly, from across the salt sea-stream,
Watch Italy's rent robe, fold after fold,
Grow strangely to a garment without seam,

Yet raise no voice to bid the foe depart;
Yet lift no hand for the rent robe's repair:
With strangers' bitter bread to stay his heart;
Watch the work doing, nor be called to share;

Though feeling faith, soul, spirit still the same
As screened from quenching gust and choking air
The spark that now, grown to a lusty flame,
From Northern Alp to Southern Isle burns fair.

And when Italian ground once more he prest
With feet urged by home-sickness o'er the foam,
Italy had a gaoler for her guest,
Could find a prison for him—not a home!

Open at length his prison doors he found:
"Go forth; the score is cleared, even for thee."
VICTOR EMMANUEL in Rome sits crowned,
And so MAZZINI is forgiven—is free.

O mockery of human lots and lives!
Was this the stroke that stabbed him to the heart?
Nay, who can say what shocks such faith survives,
What strength such bitter tonics can impart?

None, e'en for this, saw wavering of his trust,
None, e'en for this, saw doubting of his way:
Stern only to himself, true, noble, just,
"God and the People!" still he made his stay.

To seal that pact, glorious, if less fulfilled
In their lives whom he trusted than his own,
His seed of faith, by fact's worst frost un-killed,
Though for no visible harvest, still was sown.

Was sown, and seeming, though but seeming, dead
Has quickened, and will quicken still, and swell,
Till, haply, when the fields laugh, harvest-red,
Men shall own his the seed that yields so well!

THE BOAT RACE.



I have this telegram from our Oxford Correspondent:—The special train conveying the Oxford crew to London en route for Putney has this moment (9.3 A.M.) glided out of the Station amid the cheers of the crowd, the good wishes of the University authorities, and the handkerchiefs of the ladies who thronged the platform from an early hour in the morning. The engine (the "Bulldog") was gaily decked with evergreens, flowers, and flags, and the driver, stoker, and guard all wore dark blue scarves, and cloth caps of the same distinguishing colour.

The "Bulldog" was driven by MICHAEL PROCTER, who has been in the employment of the Company for upwards of eleven years, and bears a high character for reticence, complaisance, and intelligence in the discharge of his professional duties. He had the honour of being introduced to the crew before the train started.

Our Paddington Station Correspondent writes:—The special train from Oxford has arrived in safety. The men showed no symptoms of fatigue after their journey, and expressed their determination to push on at once to Putney. They were attired in ordinary modern costume, and the majority of them wore light overcoats. Great excitement was manifested as the moment approached for their luggage to be removed from the van in the rear of the train, and it was observed, as a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that the labels which had been affixed to the portmanteaus, hatboxes, &c., at the Oxford Terminus were printed on dark blue paper. Three of the crew carried silk umbrellas of various colours, green predominating, four of them made use of walking-sticks or canes, and the rest of the party had cases slung over their shoulders, apparently containing powerful field-glasses.

By mounted express from Putney we learn that the Cambridge crew established themselves in their accustomed quarters at twelve minutes past two this afternoon. The National Standard was immediately hoisted on all the public buildings, the bells of the parish church rang a merry peal, and the fire brigade were under arms. The crew were met at the Station by the resident policemen, the relieving officer, the collector of rates and taxes, the postmaster, the reporters, the photographers, and other local magnates, and received quite an ovation. The sky was a lovely light blue. No addresses were presented, in deference to the well-known wishes of the crew, but the five-and-drum band of the Sixty-sixth Surrey proceeded then

to their quarters, playing the usual loyal and patriotic tunes. At the hotel they received a respectful but hearty welcome from the landlady, the landlady, and the whole of the staff attached to the establishment, with the one exception of Boots, who did not return in time from a confidential mission with which he had been entrusted to a dairy on Barnes Common. The crew inquired for their letters, and then retired to the privacy of their own rooms. It was noticed that they were all young men, and mostly wore valuable rings and breastpins. Later in the day they were weighed and stared at.

Monday.—Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews were called at an early hour this morning. They are understood to have passed a good night, and to have partaken of breakfast with considerable appetite. Afterwards they received a reporter for one of the leading daily papers, but the particulars of the interview did not transpire through the keyhole. Precisely as the village clock chimed the hour of eleven, the Oxonians went out for the first time in their new boat, which is three-quarters of an inch longer and proportionately narrower than the one in which they rowed the year before last. The smell of the fresh paint, which was still perceptible, and a little uncertainty about one of the rowlocks, created a momentary unsteadiness, too slight, however, to exercise even a transient influence on the betting, which, after various variations, remained in favour of Cambridge; but the odds were both given and taken freely, and an impression got abroad at the Soap Works, that if Oxford made marked and daily progress, and Cambridge remained stationary or at all ground, the Dark Blue might yet be triumphant.

Tuesday.—The water was rather lumpy, and the tide at the top of the slack, but the Cantabs, favoured by a breeze from the S.S.E., settled steadily to their work, and by the time they reached the Eyot were pulling 46 to 46½ strokes per minute. Their catch was thought superior to the Oxford swing, and the style in which they took the flood at the turn elicited general admiration from the crowd on the banks. The Oxonians shot Hammersmith Bridge, but we have not heard of any other accident.

Wednesday.—Both crews were photographed this morning, but recovered in time to go out for a paddle in their new jerseys. The Cambridge boat continue to lift their oars out of the water evenly and harmoniously, and there is a smoothness about their manipulation which sugurs well for their final triumph, but we should like to see a little less raggedness in feathering, and a longer and steadier sweep when the men are all well together at the thwarts. They were accompanied by a coach in a steam gig. Some of the Light Blue's backers seemed rather out of heart and inclined to change colour at Craven Cottage, but they rallied at the Brewery.

Thursday.—There is increased buoyancy in the practice of the Oxonians, and at Crab Tree Reach this forenoon they were going in a way (and on a neap tide, too) which looked vastly like winning on the great day. Their pace quickened, and became still greater as they approached home about luncheon time. The betting has undergone various ups and downs, and in quarters where money is not a medicinal article, a disposition is evinced both to give and take florins instead of half-crowns, so that we may expect more significant fluctuations. Both crews are in good health and spirits, and their appetite is excellent. On the whole their hair is darker than it was last year: perhaps Oxford is a trifle the lightest.

Putney, Friday, 4 p.m. (By Telegram.)—A rumour is afloat, but we cannot trace it to any authentic source, nor is it current in the best aquatic circles, still we feel bound to give it, that shortly after three o'clock this afternoon, one of one of the crews, some say Oxford, others Cambridge, caught something which looked suspiciously like a crab.



THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

Heavy Old Groom. "COULDN'T HA' BEEN VERY FAST! WHY NOT?"

Priggish Light Weight. "WELL, DIDN'T YOU SAY AS YOU AND YOUR GOVERNOR WAS IN IT?"

A CASE OF COCKLESHELLS.

LET us hope that PRINCE BISMARCK is mistaken in his supposition that the Ultramontanes are conspiring against the unity of Germany as well as Italy. There is reason for confiding minds to trust that those pious persons are seeking to compass the political and religious objects which they meditate by means far other than the plots and intrigues whereof they are suspected by a cynical and worldly Statesman. On the evening of Monday last week (the vigil of St. Gregory) a party of travellers, bound for the Holy Land, set out from Paris. According to a statement in the *Patrie*:-

"Among the party are English, French, and Swedes, and also several families from Alsace and Lorraine, who are making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in order to pray for the restoration of their country to France."

There can be no doubt that the devotees who pray for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France are of a solidarity with those by whom prayers are likewise offered for the disintegration of Germany in order to the restoration of the POPE's temporal power. The latter object will, unquestionless, be prayed for by the pilgrims who pray for the former, and of course they will pray for both purposes when they have got to Jerusalem. All the difference between their prayers and those of their fellow-believers throughout the German Empire and Europe, will consist in locality; but though the efficacy of such petitions may not depend upon circumstances of latitude and longitude, BISMARCK has no right to complain of, if he has cause to dread them. Nevertheless, probably, he would be glad if all his Ultramontane adversaries, who pray against him, would go to Jerusalem, and he would be still better pleased if they went to Jericho.

As to the party of saintly Pilgrims bound, like DUNOIS the young and brave, for Palestine, but on a different errand, and having so much farther to travel than the "fifty long miles" before PETER PINDAR's "brace of sinners," bound for Loretto, the *Patrie* omits to mention whether or no they were supposed to have any peas in their boots, raw or boiled.

GOSPEL WITHOUT GUNPOWDER.

DOUBT has been expressed as to the veracity of the following telegram which appeared the other day in the *Times*:-

"Her Majesty's sloop *Rosario*, COMMANDER CHALLIS, has shelled and destroyed the native village on the island where BISHOP PATTERSON was murdered."

If the shelling and destruction of that native village is a fact, it was doubtless a measure which some insufferable outrage committed by the natives had compelled a British Officer to execute. Savages may be improved off the face of the earth or on it, but the latter improvement cannot be combined with the former to any purpose; and let us hope that the bombardment of those natives was not inflicted in aid of any missionary enterprise. Preachee may have its effect upon natives, and so may shelling, but the effect of the former is incompatible with that of the latter; try either preachee or shelling separately, but not preachee and shelling too.

Plea for Patent Medicines.

WITH reference to the proposed Utilisation of Vice by the licensing of Lotteries, Gambling-Houses, and Betting-Offices, it should be observed that the State does already to some extent license Folly, and Vice too, inasmuch as it licenses humbug. There is a duty on certain Patent Medicines. The contributors to it are the dupes who buy and the quacks who sell them. It yields much money, and pecunia non olet.

Reaction.

THAT amusing fellow, JOLLEY CHEDWORTH, like most men who have a great flow of spirits, admits that he has his "corresponding moments of depression," especially when there are arrears of letters to clear off.

A CAD'S WORD FOR THE CLAIMANT.

YER say the Claimant's lost his sense;
There warn't no verdict, you forget.
And, mind yer, by the British laws,
There 's nothin' proved agin him yet.

Ah! whether he's the man, or no,
A plucky feller he must be,
In for a Barrerknight to go
'Gainst all them aristocracy.

And this is what yer can't deny,
That arter havin' kissed the Book,
If he was swearin' to a lie,
In tellin' it he never shook.

One of the People, never mind
His birth, he would, if he 'd a' won,
Have took the pride down of his Kind
Which said he was the Butcher's son.

And then a lesson they 'd ha' learned,
Which would have made 'em dreadful sad,
One of their own blood havin' turned
To what they calls a Rough and Cad.

But O, the Jury stopped the case!
Yah! Much that there agin him tells.
The fact wot stases yer in the face
Is that them Jurors all was swells.

Before a Jury of his Peers
He 's now to go; to twelve plain men,
Oath agin oath, if his appears
The more reliabler, wot then?

The Judge was down upon 'im 'ard.
The 'Turney-Gen'ral's Guv'ment plan
Of persecution, I regard
A dead set made agin the man.

But, Englishmen, with feelings strong,
Won't see 'im crushed by power and spite
Because he spells his writin' wrong,
And don't pernounce his sitches right.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Sprightly Lady. "MR. DORMERS, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH——"
Bashful Curate (who had scarcely spoken to his fair Neighbour). "O, CERTAINLY.
WHAT SHALL I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO OFFER!"
Lady. "——A REMARK!!"

DISTRRAINT UPON PETTICOATS.

THE *Brighton Daily News* has been informed "that the Church Association has, in the suit of *HUBBERT C. PURCHAS*, acted on the writ of sequestration of the *REV. J. PURCHAS*'s goods by employing four bailiffs to seize the rev. gentleman's property." By what follows this announcement, however, readers may be somewhat mystified:—

"The officers were, it is said, instructed to examine every wardrobe and chest of drawers in the house except those containing the property of the servants, as well as the drawers in the library. *MR. PURCHAS*'s property is protected by deed of gift, but a special warrant has, it is said, been applied for to seize and sell the wearing apparel of *MRS. PURCHAS* and family and also the rev. gentleman's clothes. We are authorized to state that this rumour is unauthentic; that the above proceedings have been taken because a compromise submitted to the incumbent of *St. James's* had been rejected by that gentleman."

If the above proceedings have, indeed, been taken, to what extent is the rumour which describes them unauthentic? In case it is true that four bailiffs were employed by the Church Association to ransack *MR. PURCHAS*'s wardrobe and drawers, and even to seize and sell the wearing apparel of *MRS. PURCHAS* and family, a reason quite creditable to that Society is assignable for that rigour. The bailiffs may be conceived to have been sent hunting for mock Roman Catholic sacerdotal vestments, the feathers in which *PARSON JACKDAW* is wont to prank himself in order to pass for *PRIEST PEACOCK*. This supposition is confirmed by the statement that those officers were directed to seize and sell not only the contents of *MR. PURCHAS*'s own wardrobe, but also the wearing apparel of *MRS. PURCHAS* and family—presumably of daughters. The Church Association would naturally suspect that some of the reverend gentleman's ecclesiastical millinery might be concealed amongst the ladies' things.

THE REPUBLIC OUT OF DOORS.

A TREMENDOUS stoppage has unexpectedly occurred, not, however, in the commercial world, but only in the political. The *Hole-in-the-Wall* has been stopped—that is to say the public-house of that name in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, the Patriots' House of Call, is closed against the Patriots. Its total closure was threatened by the tyrannical licensing justices of the Holborn division, but would have been really, in a measure, the Patriots' own fault. The Patriots were intemperate, not, indeed, in their consumption of "intoxicating liquors," but rather after the manner of total abstiners from drinks so called, who are wont to declaim against their use with a fury closely resembling the effects of their abuse. For:—

"The house was so well conducted in its general business by its landlady—a widow—that the police had no complaint against it of the usual character, but a few of the neighbours were induced to sign a memorial alleging that the noise made by the political meetings held in the house was a nuisance to the neighbourhood."

After a period of grace vouchsafed "in order to see whether the alleged nuisance was abated," their Worship, seeing it was not, refused to renew the licence of the *Hole-in-the-Wall*, which would then have been bunged up, yet so as to have no Bung. Now the place of Bung was supplied by a widow-landlady, and since her public-house was respectably conducted as such, it would have been hard that she should have to suffer for the annoyance created by the braying and bleating of the Patriots, some of whom made a Republic-house of it. But those noisy Republicans have had the grace not to lose the poor woman her livelihood. They have betaken themselves elsewhere. As somebody in *SHAKESPEARE* says, somewhere, about somebody else, (we can't be bothered to verify,) "we would do them what grace we can."



"BOOTS AND CHAMBERMAID."

Robin (the Morning after the Cricket Supper). "WHAT DOES THIS 'B' AND 'C' MEAN, DICK!"

Richard (with a Headache). "O, BRANDY AN' SODA, OF COURSE. RING 'EM BOTH, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW!"

A PORTENT AT ROME.

A CONTEMPORARY'S Own Correspondent at Rome informs us that—

"The meeting of the Italian Biblical Society on Sunday evening at the Sala Argentina attracted a vast concourse of people, natives as well as foreigners, comprising ladies, especially English and American, as well as gentlemen."

The speakers at this assembly included Fathers HYACINTHE and GAVAZZI; and ADMIRAL FISHBORNE occupied the chair. Why, here is Exeter Hall on the bank of the Tiber, and under the very nose of the POPE. And his Holiness apparently smells a sweet savour. FATHER HYACINTHE said that "he was encouraged to attend the meeting from the recent praiseworthy act of the Pontiff in permitting, almost with a benediction, the dispute which had taken place so short a time before on the subject of St. Peter ever having been in Rome." Is PIO NONO in the way of being converted to Protestantism, and will that be the consummation with which Infallibility is going to crown its edifice? Possibly. The logic of facts may prove inexorable even for a Pope; and the times we live in are strange enough for anything.

"ALLIANCE" PROGRESS.

THE agitators who constitute the United Kingdom Alliance appear to be possessed with the fixed idea that all the rest of the community besides themselves are habitual drunkards. Men old enough to remember the days when some persons did occasionally drink too much, know what to think of such people as those who keep on saying that their companions are drunk. An illustrated paper lately started bears a title which would have served admirably for the name of an organ representing that class of people—the *Zig-Zag*. That would signify the United Kingdom Allies' Progress in their course of agitation for a Liquor Law—straight as they can go.

THE AMERICAN ARGUMENT.

THERE is one question touching the *Alabama* Claims which, perhaps has never occurred to the Claimants, and that is whether they could have claimed more than they claim if the Government of this country had distinctly sanctioned the equipment of the *Alabama* as a Privateer. But certainly they have right to claim "consequential damages" if any at all. One wonders that humorous Yankees do not see that their demand of two hundred millions reduces their entire claim to an absurdity in point of argument, whilst it is numerically a *multiplicatio ad absurdum*.

Arrest in the Avon.

THE river named in the subjoined extract from the *Hampshire Independent* is only a Southern namesake of the more celebrated one in a Midland County:—

"SALMON.—MR. SLOMAN captured a very fine salmon last week in the River Avon, weighing upwards of 26 lb."

We congratulate MR. SLOMAN on the act of sportsmanship above recorded, which reflects new credit on his name. There have been SLOMANS who may, with a slight liap, be said to have had other fish to catch than thammonth.

"Tempus Fugit."—Fudge.

BANDERSNATCH says that he cannot endure the common cant about the Value of Time. Does Nature value it? Does she not ordain that one-third of every twenty-four hours shall be wasted in sleep? A man of sixty will at her command have wasted twenty whole years. Let us follow Nature, and be as idle as we choose, says BANDERSNATCH.



DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Rural Butler (deferentially). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

Town Gentleman ("in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire).

"WELL, 'Y COURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM,— BUT—'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM." !!!

QUESTIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE practice of asking private Members questions connected with the position they hold outside the House of Commons seeming to be well established, notice has been given that the following interrogations will be addressed to Members when the House re-assembles after the Easter recess:—

ALDERMAN SIR J. C. LAWRENCE will be asked as to the probable saving which might be effected, if the Corporation of London were to substitute at all their banquets (except that given on the ninth of November) mock turtle for real.

LORD ELCHO will be asked, what is the average cost of the uniform of the London Scottish, and whether any complaints have been made by recruits of the inconvenience they suffer in severe weather through the insufficient protection of their nether limbs.

COLONEL HOGG will be asked, whether there is any truth in the report that the Metropolitan Board of Works intend to give a dinner to the Vestrymen, at the Crystal Palace, on the Queen's Birthday, at the expense of the ratepayers.

MR. WALTER will be asked, what are the profits of the *Times*, and particularly how much is annually derived from the Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and who receives the proceeds.

MR. BASS will be asked, whether there is any secret ingredient or process in the brewing of bitter beer.

SIR T. CHAMBERS will be asked for an estimate of the number of deceased wives' sisters who intend to marry their deceased sisters' husbands, when the Bill of which he had charge shall have passed the House of Lords.

MR. CARDWELL will be asked, what are the rites and ceremonies observed at the initiation of a Druid.

MR. CHAPLIN, or MR. MERRY, will be asked to favour the House with some private information as to the respective merits of the leading horses engaged in this year's Derby.

MR. DISRAELI, as one of the Trustees of the British Museum, will be asked, whether it is intended to resume the practice of supplying refreshments to visitors to that great national institution.

SIR ARTHUR GUINNESS will be asked whether all the bottles labelled

"GUINNESS'S Stout" may be relied on as containing that beverage in a genuine, unadulterated, and wholesome condition.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN will be asked, whether he is writing another volume of charming Fairy Tales.

MR. NEWGATE, as one of the Trustees of Rugby School, will be asked, whether he is aware that an under housemaid, professing the Roman Catholic faith, has recently been engaged at one of the boarding-houses in connection with that Foundation.

MOTHER BRITANNIA'S NEW NURSERY SONG.

AIR—"London Bridge is broken down."

SEBASTOPOL was battered down—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
It cost a Czar his sceptre and crown,
And a half-million lives cost armies three.

Sebastopol was a threat, we were told—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
At Turkey flaunted by Bear so bold ;
And that JOHN BULL wouldn't stand—not he !

So with JOHNNY CRAPAUD an alliance he made—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And—a fig for outlay or stoppage of trade—
JOHN, JOHNNY, and Bear went a-clawing, all three !

JOHN and JOHNNY so touselled the Bear—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
His poor old body was one big tear,
And out of his eyes he scarce could see.

Though, thanks to Old Bruin's teeth and claws—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
We were forced to own that his hug and his jaws
Too strong and too sharp to be pleasing could be.

But all is well that well doth end—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And JOHN, for BORO JOHNNY his friend,
Sebastopol's forts blew into the sea.

And what if with them JOHN BULL flung in—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
A good many tons of his own hard tin,
And life that in oash ne'er reckoned can be ?

And what if we learn by the latest mail—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
That the old Bear turns what should be his tail
To JOHN BULL's face, contemptuously—

And proclaims to all his intention plain,
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
Of building Sebastopol up again,
With the forts JOHN BULL blew into the sea ?

JOHN BULL may bluster, JOHN BULL may blush—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
But old Bruin for neither cares a rush,
For he knows JOHN's not in the fighting key.

And JOHNNY CRAPAUD is down on his luck—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And in want of pence, if not of pluck,
So Bruin from fear on that side 's free.

So JOHN must see his work undone
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And whistle, "O, where is my money gone ?"
With the Russian forts flung into the sea !

And the Bear may laugh at the Lion's beard—
Dance to the tune of £ s. d. !—
And flout JOHN BULL, whom once he feared,
When life and money he risked more free.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 18.—Asked by LORD MALMESBURY when the American despatch would be produced, LORD GRANVILLE answered that he did not know. If there is one thing more than another that we admire in a man, it is always speaking the truth.

LORD COLVILLE, of Culross, one of whose supporters is a Rhinoceros—that has nothing to do with the present question, but any general information should always be acceptable to the candid mind—ventilated a grievance on the part of twenty young officers in the Guards. They had been gazetted as ensigns and lieutenants, but under the new arrangements would lose their rank. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that it was all right, and therefore we decline to go into the subject. But several Peers were very irate. It must be allowed that a parent who, like Sir Balaam,

"For his son a gay commission buys,"

may be allowed to feel wrathful if the young gentleman is afterwards placed in probation. But somebody must suffer when reforms are made; and this fact explains, to the credit of our common humanity, the general reluctance to reform anything.

LORD HALIFAX announced a fortnight's holidays, from the following Friday. Therefore the pensive Public will be good enough not to faint away on finding no Essence next week.

In the Commons the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, referring to the case of the "scoundrel" CHAFFERS, said that a Magistrate might use his own discretion in regard to taking Statutory Declarations. Beaks, please copy.

MR. GLADSTONE, interrogated as to the Indian grant to LADY MAYO, £1000 a-year for the Countess herself, and £20,000 for the family, a sum considered by many persons to be small, contended that it was really more than was given to LADY ELGIN. Without needlessly dwelling on a painful and delicate subject, we must say that we fail to see the exactness of the parallel.

The PREMIER had been asked on the Friday, by MR. DISRAELI, for information as to the American answer. He said to-night that it did not accept our views, and it demanded a rejoinder. This was handed to GENERAL SCHENCK on the following Thursday. MR. GLADSTONE has the happiest facility in turning English poetry into Latin, and at the conclusion of his reply was heard by Mr. Punch to be murmuring as follows:—

"Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum
Cabello et calone,
Ornavit plumâ pileum,
Et dixit, 'Maecroni.'"

Which shows that though the day was Monday, MR. GLADSTONE had seen Mr. Punch's Cartoon, given to the Universe on Wednesday. The fact is—but that is nobody's business but the PREMIER's and Mr. Punch's. Vulgar curiosity is very childish.

An Admiralty Debate, in which MR. CORRY, MR. CHILDERS, and MR. GÖSCHEN did all they knew. Nothing could be more satisfactory

than the defence of the way in which our Navy is managed; and, indeed, we heard the same day that the *Lord Clyde*, which had run aground, had got off with only her rudder and stern-post lost, and her machinery damaged. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.

"What are they feared on, fools, 'od rot 'em?"
Were the last words of HIGGINBOTTOM."

The last words of MR. WINTERBOTHAM this evening were even more worthy to be recorded than those of the glorious Fireman in *Rejected Addresses*. The UNDER-SECRETARY moved the Second Reading of a Bill for securing to the workman that all his wages should be paid in money, and for abolishing the Truck system. An admirable measure, for the benefit of thousands, yet we hear no recognition of this act of real statesmanship.

Tuesday.—This was the night of the great DILKE row. SIR CHARLES DILKE was to move for an inquiry into the Civil List, and the House and Galleries were crammed, a scene being expected. For it had gone forth that the Republican Baronet was to be smitten by no meaner hand than that of the First Minister of the Queen whose private affairs it was proposed to inquire into. Before SIR CHARLES could begin, LORD BURY demanded of the SPEAKER whether a profession of Republicanism were consistent with an oath of allegiance. MR. BRAND did not consider it his business to decide that question.

Noises began, and some of them were disagreeable. But the Baronet was heard through his long speech fairly enough. He brought out a great many details, and on the whole sought to show that the Royal Income was not properly spent. Then did MR. GLADSTONE arise in his righteous indignation, and went smashingly into the Chelsea baronet as if he had been Chelsea china—though, by the way, that is about the last thing that MR. GLADSTONE, who hath fine taste in such matters, would smash. He certainly did let SIR CHARLES "have it hot." Mr. Punch does not compare SIR CHARLES to Thersites, but insists on remembering what Ulysses said to that party:—

"Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the Sovereign Reign."

Having demolished his man, our Ulysses sat down amid astounding cheers from the Opposition as well as from his own party. Then another Aristocrat followed in the wake of the Baronet. The Honourable AUBERON HERBERT announced his preference for a Republic. The row then set in fiercely, and Mr. Punch inclines to draw a veil over proceedings that did not greatly redound to the credit of the House of Commons. It is true that they were an index of public opinion in the matter, but Parliament is expected to be decorous, and not to allow cock-crowing as an argument. Even the Gallie Cook could not have behaved worse. The SPEAKER said that the scene gave him great pain. Counts were attempted, and then strangers and reporters were excluded for an hour, and then there was a division on an attempt at adjournment—negated by 261 to 23. MR. FAWCETT opposed the motion in a spirited and sensible speech, and denounced the mixing up the question of Republicanism with "huckstering and haggling over the cost of the Queen's household." Finally, there was division on the motion itself, and the voters for it, including Tellers, were three Aristocrats, namely, Baronets DILKE and LAWSON, and MR. HERBERT, son of an Earl, and they had one friend, MR. ANDERSON, of Glasgow. Against these Four were, without Tellers, Two Hundred and Seventy-Six. The House roared with laughter, and soon went away. The Republican attack on the QUEEN was about as contemptible as that by the lad who presented the flintless and empty pistol the other day; but in the later case as in the former, the affair was one for the police, and Constable GLADSTONE, A 1, was quite equal to the occasion.

Wednesday.—Again questioned on the American topic, the PREMIER made an answer which was, even for him, a miracle of elaborate verbiage, yet his meaning was plain enough, and the case was one in which exceeding tact in diction was essential. But as LORD JOHN MANNERS failed to apprehend the orator's point, the PREMIER said,

"I think my words convey a perfectly distinct and irrevocable pledge that if there were any alteration in the spirit, aim, and direction of the policy of the Government, it would, in my opinion, be a primary matter of duty that we should take care not to allow Parliament to remain in the dark on the subject."

The day was occupied with a debate on the Dublin University Tests Bill; but as it was talked out, and cannot be heard of again this Session, we need say no more than that MR. ISAAC BUTT made his re-entry into the House, and spoke against the measure, as insufficient. When we think of our ISAAC's eloquence in other days—did not H. B. depict the Great Duke as led in triumph at MR. BUTT's chariot wheels?—we should exclaim, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* only that, as an Irishman, he might think we said "taters," and meant personality, which we abhor.

Thursday.—LORD NELSON expects every man to sit down in Church, but he will explain himself after Easter. We can wait.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY defeated the BISHOP OF LONDON about a clause in the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, which clause the lay peer said was unfair to the clergy. The Marquis having thus protected the Priest against the Bishop, the Bill passed. Is it not in King John that it is asked—

"What wilt thou do, renowned SALISBURY,
Succour Vest-milliners and Ritualists?"

MR. BAXTER said, that one of the Record keepers had spilt ink on nine documents in his charge, and had torn out leaves to conceal his crime. But, as he had been awfully penitent, and had a wife and children, it was thought that Vengeance might be satiated without actually ruining him by dismissal, but he is to be under tremendous surveillance for two years. We approve the Clemency of BAXTER, of "Bonny Dundee," where, by the way, the best Marmalade is *not* made—now then. Still, we have "filled up our can" with worse, and need language to match.

We had the Navy Estimates. MR. GOSCHEN asked for 61,000 men and boys, and for £2,674,145 for their wages. Both requests were granted, of course, with just so much discourse as gives grace to a favour, which it is vulgar to fling at a person's head the moment it is asked. These delicacies indicate the English gentleman who reads LORD CHESTERFIELD; better reading, by the way, than is generally supposed.

Friday.—American question raised by the EARL OF DUNSTON, and guarded answer given by LORD GRANVILLE. We send in our counter-charge, "without prejudice" to our declaration that we recognise no preposterous claims.

The Commons sat till one, chiefly amusing themselves with a debate about Irish Party Processions. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland was witty, as usual, and MR. DISRAELI was, as usual, happy with a retort—he apologised for having by mistake accused LORD HARTINGTON of doing a gracious thing, but was quite sure that his Lordship would take an early opportunity of deporting himself in the way MR. DISRAELI had imagined.

HOT CROSS BUNS.



"REALLY, the subject is hardly worth—" Strong-minded Woman, hold your tongue, M'm. Confine yourself to your legitimate themes, general scepticism, resistance to sanitary policy, abolition of restriction on marrying one's grandmother, and the like. Leave culinary matters to superior people. The Hot Cross Bun is an Institution, and in spite of its Catholic pedigree, we believe that MR. NEWDEGATE himself would hand a Bun to MR. WHALLEY. In youth, one vied with one's compeers in regard to the number of buns one could devour on Good Friday—eight or ten was a low figure. The ambition of numerical superiority has passed away, with good digestion. Yet a bun may agreeably diversify breakfast—and alas! how difficult a thing is that. Split, and a layer of marmalade introduced—and that article is palatable. But hearken to an inspiration. A Catholic himself may listen. Open your bun, and lay several anchovies, not too much washed, inside. Make it a fish-sandwich. This is from the autograph recipe of an eminent

nobleman in Warwickshire, who is justly jealous of the fame of that other nobleman and mankind-benefactor who is mentioned outside the bottles of nearly the best sauce in the world. Let everybody try this experiment in fasting.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE MORNING.

PEOPLE were up early looking out of their windows at the weather, fully prepared for a sultry day or six inches of snow on the ground. Ladies had parasols and sealskins alike in readiness. Clouds were about, and policemen, and postmen. The milkman's clients were not surprised to learn that his prejudices were in favour of Light Blue. The transactions in newspapers were enormous, as the Board of Trade returns for the month of March will presently show. The eyes of all London, and a large section of the country, were fixed upon two river-side inns and eighteen muscular young men occupying their state apartments.

THE JOURNEY.

The steamers had their hundreds (judging by the appearance of the Umpire's Boat, the race must have required the assistance of many umpires), the railroads their thousands, the turnpike roads their thousands also. These seem round numbers, but they may be relied on, and quoted hereafter in historical documents as correct within ten or twenty, for our enumerators were men of vast experience, Fellows of the Statistical Society, and had been in all the great crowds of modern times.

The tide of human existence never ceased flowing from morn till noon, and in some instances even later, in and out of vehicles of every description and quality of springs, to the River and its romantic banks; to Soapworks, Breweries, and Aqueducts; to piers and commons; to platforms and pavilions; to church-towers and boat-house tops; to public hostleries and private residences; to bridges which are trophies of modern ingenuity and capital, or relics of bygone times and traditions; to episcopal lawns and grassy gardens sloping down to the water edge; to gravel walks and towing paths; to late breakfasts or early luncheons; to win or to lose, to shout or to cheer from the signal gun to the winning barge, from the moment of departure to the minute of victory; from passive Putney to musing Mortlake—Mortlake enshrined in song, Putney embalmed in story, and both, Mortlake and Putney, now immortalised in *Punch*.

THE RIVER.

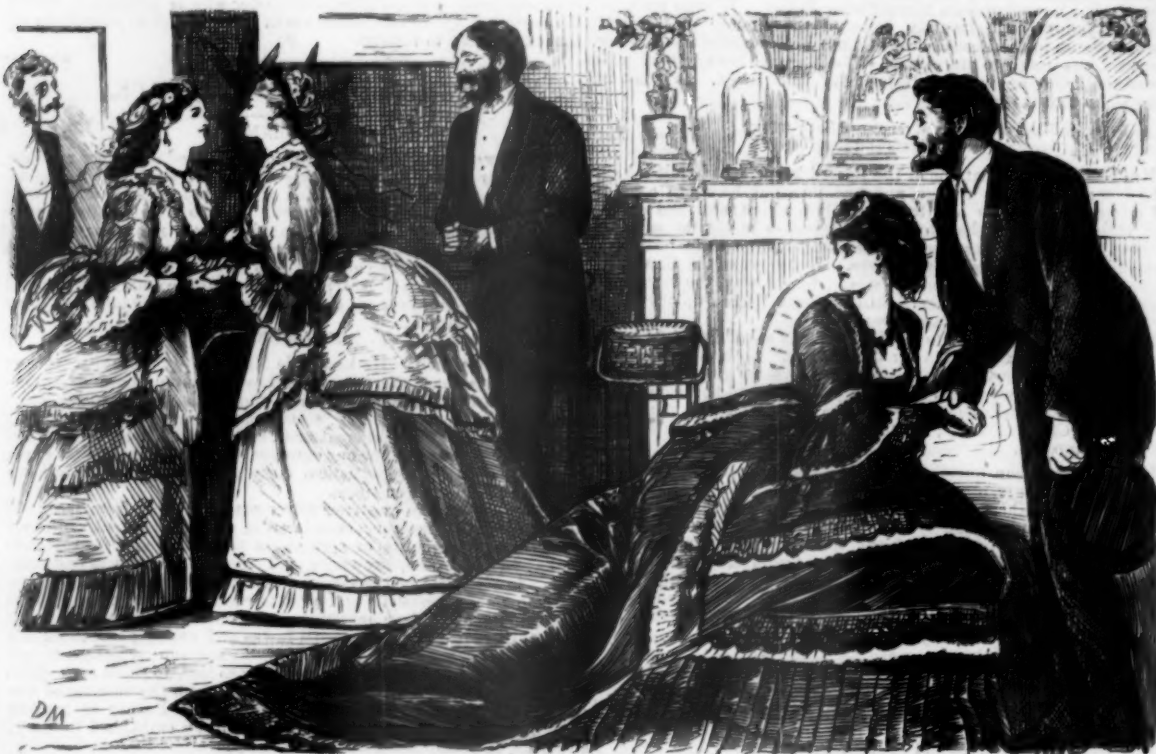
FAR as the eye could see or the binocular could scan, an innumerable concourse of men, women, and people of both sexes, of horses, carriages, and domestic servants, of flags, streamers, and ribbons of every shade of blue. The New Cut barrowman cheek by jowl with the Norman baron; the sturdy meeban elbowing the sublime millionaire; the proud possessor of a hundred quarterings shouldering the proprietor of no quarters at all; the extremes of society and the mediums of the spirits; beauty, fashion, birth, and brain; powder, paint, and wigs; a majority of the ratepayers of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent; large deputations from every other county in the United Kingdom; representatives of the Press and all foreign powers; men bronzed with the fierce glare of a tropic sun, or familiar with the icebergs and preserved meats of Polar seas, others who had travelled many miles that morning by excursion trains; brothers who were rather in the way;—all these fused and blended into a noisy, niveous scene, which only the pen of a FROISSART or a PHILIP DE COMMINES, the pencil of a CARAVAGGIO or a CARAVAGGIO, could describe or depict, and which, therefore, as these eminent men have been dead some years, must be left to the fancy, the imagination, the evening and morning daily papers.

THE RACE.

Had we not gone down to the Thames every day for a fortnight to see the two crews paddle, and spin, and spurt? Was not Cornet Reach as familiar to us as Hyde Park Corner? Did we not know No. 5 in a scratch eight? Had we not made ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the Theory of Rowing? Had we not read "The Coming Race"? Had we not, with severe impartiality, bought the favours of both Universities, so as to be able to assume the winning colours at the triumphant moment? Had we not hired a chronograph especially to time the race? Had we not paid seven-and-sixpence for a seat amid osiers within sight of the goal of Victory?

Then, why did fate, fortune, and destiny, in league with dilatoriness, delay, and procrastination, conspire against us, and cause us to miss the train, and to forfeit the seven-and-sixpence, and to lose the seat in the osier-bed, and to arrive only in time to hear the last reverberation of the last shout, and to be told that Cambridge had won, and to know that we had lost our little all in backing dear old Oxford?

Snow! Unmanly to complain of a little congealed rain at Lady Day. Has not the Derby, which is much later in the year, been run in a storm of crystallized rain?



FOR BACHELORS THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Jones. "O, MALCOLM, LOOK! THAT'S THE VERY MRS. BROWN WE MET AT THE ROBINSONS' LAST WEEK! I SHOULD LIKE TO SINK INTO THE EARTH!"

Mr. Jones. "WHY, DEAREST! WHY!"

Mrs. Jones. "O, MALCOLM, JUST THINK! I WORE THE SAME DRESS I'VE GOT ON TO-NIGHT!"

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY FALLING ON A SUNDAY.

(MARCH 16TH, 1872.)

AIR—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

WHAT'S to be done, when a national festival,
Meant to dance jigs o' nights, and to quench thirst o' days,
Happens to fall on a day that, though best of all,
Isn't so fitted for fun as the worst of days?
Some, for that reason, 'ud wait for next season;
And some, for the Sunday, 'ud keep it on Monday;
And some 'ud like Saturday more than the latter day—
But—

Take my advice, when you come to a holiday
Chancing to fall, by mistake, on a Sunday,
If you've a doubt in decidin' the jolly day,
Keep it on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday!

Love's patron-Saint, t' other day, in despondency,
MONSIEUR and all the Post-Office subornin',
Slyly agreed—to curtail correspondence—he
For once 'ud be born on Ash-Wednesday morning!!
Did he succeed, thin? He didn't indeed, thin;
Each Ash-Wednesday cindther we used up for tindhther
To light twice the matches the Saint mostly hatches—
So—

Take my advice, and whenever a holiday
Thries to slip past unbeknownst, to your sorrow,
Keep it, if doubtin' the date o' the jolly day,
Yesterday, sure, and to-day, and to-morrow.

* Who has forgotten how St. Valentine's Day perversely fell this year on the day of sackcloth and ashes?

Ah, what's the odds, if our Pathron's nativity
Falls on a Sunday, or even Good Friday?
Who but a sowl in Kilmainham captivity,
Ever would let Pathrick's Day be a dry day?
If you drown wid delight your green shamrocks to-night, you're
Only preparin' thim, arrah, for wearin' thim
Sunday and Monday through, reckoned as one day—
Through—

Takin' advice, when you come to a holiday
Chancin' to fall, by mistake, on a Sunday,
And, for the fear you'd risk missin' a jolly day,
Keepin' it Saturday, Sunday, and Monday!

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

SIR,—Can you inform me, if, when stating anything injurious of another person on a postal card, I am guilty of a libel? It strikes me that if I were to tell you in this way that our friend BANDER-SNATCH was not to be trusted, it would be a confidential communication, being strictly between you and me and the post.

Yours respectfully,

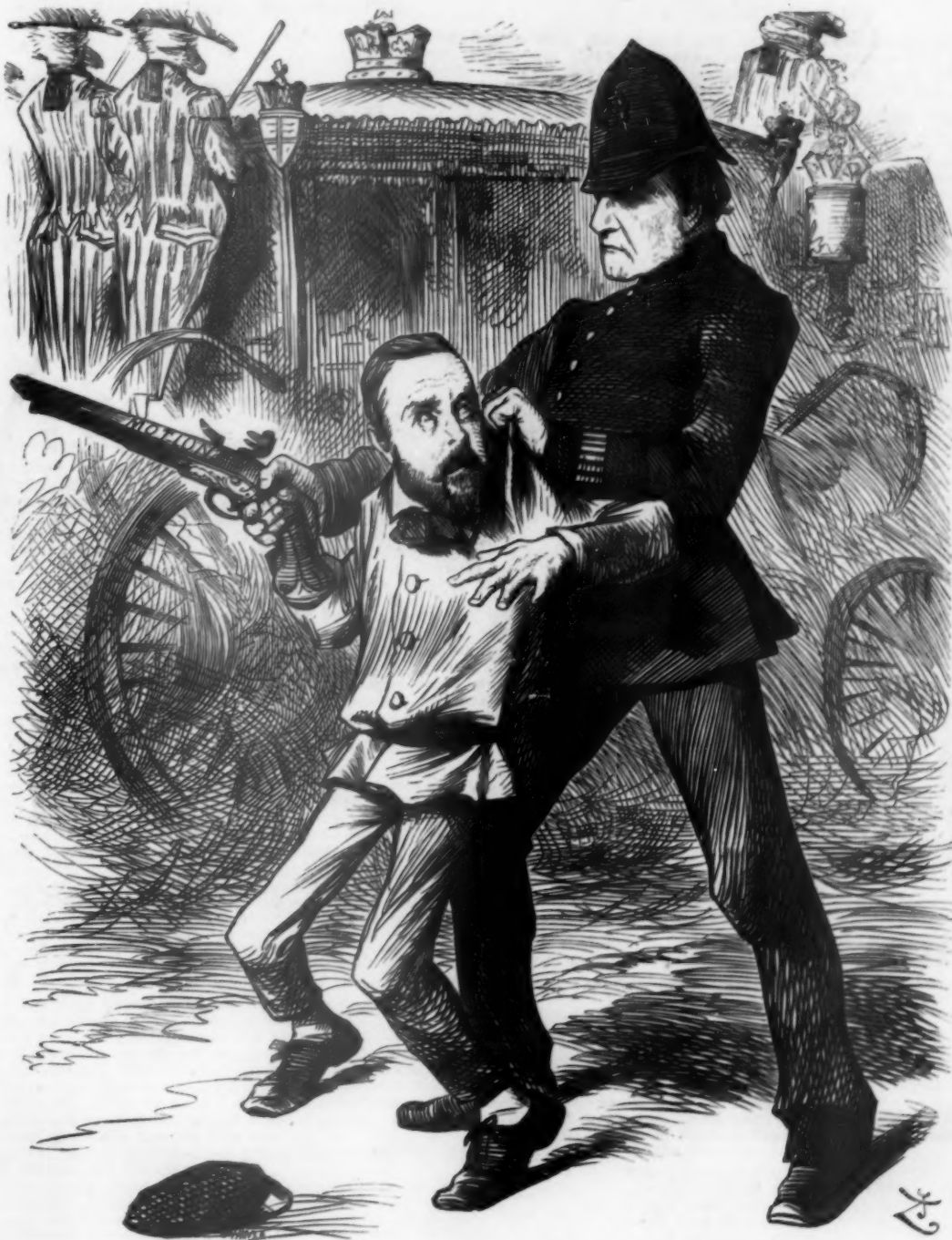
A. BAWBEE.

To Mr. Punch.

Not "Right About—March!"

MARCH scarcely is verifying the proverb of "coming in like a lion, and going out like a lamb." The lion, at any rate, was too fond of turning on his main, and the lamb's fleece is objectionably snowy. Cold lamb is all very well, but a little later on in the season.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.—An American Chair.



ANOTHER EMPTY WEAPON.

LITTLE CHARLEY DILKE. "PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S NOTHIN' IN IT!"

GLADSTONE, A. I. "NOTHING IN IT, INDEED! I'LL TEACH YOU—!"



ARTICLE BY DR. J. H. HARRIS

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.



and bows upon the crown of the chapeau, so as to form a kind of pyramid: but it is now becoming the fashion to place the trimming at the side, and to allow the feathers to curl round the crown. The chapeau is thus reduced to a moderate height, and certainly presents a more graceful appearance."

For gentlemen of small stature this is indeed a delightful piece of news. By the help of high-heeled boots and towering, heaped head-gear, ladies have overtopped them for many a month past, and have made them look still smaller than they really were. Even husbands of fair growth have seemed pigmies by their wives, and the filial reverence of their children has in consequence decreased. Small men, sensitive to ridicule, and vain of their appearance, must have wished that women generally were of the species "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," while at least the fashion lasted of wearing high-crowned hats. May your shadow soon be less! must have been their aspiration as they found themselves eclipsed by every lady that they met. Surely, women must have had a slate loose in their upper storeys when they took to building such enormous structures on their heads. However, now there is to be a downfall of these monstrous headpieces; and although their stature will be sensibly diminished, surely ladies, for their sense in discarding such monstrosities, will, in a mental point of view, be far more to be looked up to.

SACERDOTAL SPIRITUALISM.

Is there another Spiritualism than that which is concerned in the elongation of Mr. HOME and the introduction of Mrs. GUPPY into a room through a closed door, or a wall, or a ceiling, if not down the chimney, or through an open door? Or is this all one with that of which cases are related by the *Times*' Special Correspondent at Paris, who says:—

"As I am on clerical ground, I may mention a curious piece of news, which reaches us from Nancy. It appears that a Nun there has been having visions. The Holy Virgin has announced to her that if France would repent, great events would be accomplished before the end of next month—the territory would be evacuated by the enemy, and the advantages of a monarchical form of Government would be conferred on France. . . . The 24th of April is, I understand, the day fixed for the consummation of these events."

To the foregoing announcement we are enabled to add the assertion of our confident expectation that it will come true. Monarchy may verily be re-established in, and the Germans withdrawn from, France on the above-named day ensuing All Fools'. In that case France will certainly have repented—of Republicanism at any rate. But more probably France will not repent at all; and then the prediction delivered by the conventual medium will be fulfilled by the continuance in France of the present state of things. Either way the medium can hardly prove to have been out.

A case of "seeing mediumship," comprising no less than four seers, is attested by a French prelate:—

"Not long since the Bishop of Laval wrote a pastoral letter on the subject of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin to four children in a village in Mayenne, and was so convinced of the reality of the fact that he has decided to erect a chapel in honour of Mary upon the ground upon which she descended to appear."

To that end the Bishop may possibly have solicited the contributions of the faithful. If, however, he has announced that the chapel which he has decided on erecting will be built at his own expense, his own belief in the "manifestation," for whose reality he vouches, will at least be credible. Sincerity is presumable on the part of one who goes even further to demonstrate it than those do who "back their own opinions with a wager." By the way, given any instance of alleged spiritual or supernatural fact or phenomenon capable of proof or disproof by investigation, and given possibility of investi-

JOTS of Spring are now returning. Violets and primroses once more blossom in the hedgerows. New potatoes and asparagus appear again upon our dinner-tables. The lilac and horse-chestnut expand their budding petals; and the fashion-books again put forth their vernal leaves. Whereof we cull a specimen:—

"Throughout the winter the prevailing style has been to pile feathers, flowers, lace,

CANDID, IF TRUE.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri, M. THIERS seems to think. Has he not taken a lesson in outspokenness from PRINCE BISMARCK? The subjoined telegram from Versailles announces a declaration which looks as if he had:—

"At the reception of M. THIERS last night, the President of the Republic entered into a long conversation with several deputies on the Roman question, maintaining that the true interest of France was to remain a nation protesting Catholicism. It was in Catholicism that lay the traditions and strength of France. Germany rallied around Protestant interests; France must rally around Catholic interests."

This Presidential Allocution must have been intended to reach PRINCE BISMARCK's ears, even if M. THIERS addressed it only to those of his reception-room walls. It is, evidently, a notice to apprise the Chancellor that he had better, as schoolboys say, mind his eye with respect to Catholicism. Will this admonition frighten him into abandonment of his policy of thwarting the Ultramontanes, or rather determine him in the resolve to put them completely down? M. THIERS is a politician, and may have profound reasons for threatening Germany that, on behalf of Catholic interests, she will have France to reckon with. The last reckoning between them was in Germany's favour, and it may suit BISMARCK and his EMPEROR to let her run up another, or they may prefer swooping down and stopping that incipient process at its first start. Instead of giving out that France must rally around Catholic interests, one would have expected M. THIERS to announce that France should devote herself to prosecuting commercial interests, and use every endeavour to secure one ally by establishing a cordial understanding with United Italy.

The Public and Republic.

A LICENCE has been granted to the Hole-in-the-Wall, permitting it to subsist under the sign of the Crown. So much for the Republic and Republic-House. The Crown, that was the Hole-in-the-Wall, is a sign of the times.

gation satisfactory to let us say, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Queen's Bench, is there any one Spiritualist, of what creed soever, who would be willing to bet that it would be proved true?

Will Dr. MANNING now take ten to one against the demonstrated objective reality of any alleged supernatural appearance, however well authenticated, which has, in his belief, occurred to any Nun, or other person whomsoever?

BISHOPS BEHEADED.

In the discussion of "the Deans and Canons Resignation Bill," the other night, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY complained that—

"The sixth and seventh clauses of the Bill (giving power to remove lunatic Canons) would affect certain members of the Universities who, in addition to other offices, held that of Canon. He thought there were two heads of Colleges at Oxford and one at Cambridge in that position, and those Colleges viewed with apprehension the power which the Bill would give the Bishops to make away with their heads, by declaring them lunatics."

But did it need this Bill to give power to the Bishops either to suffer, or perform, this kind of Happy Despatch?

We have surely seen a good many of these venerable Fathers of the Church losing their heads in Convocation, and apparently none the worse Bishops for the privation—

"For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as much as a' that;
Without a wig, without a head,
A B.'s a B. for a' that!"

Not Weber's.

MR. AUDERON HERBERT, on rising to second SIR CHARLES DILKE's motion for an inquiry which every gentleman in the House of Commons regarded as implying an insult to the QUEEN, was assailed with a storm of groans and hisses, mingled with cries of "Divide!" imitations of cock-crowing, and (as Mr. O'BRIEN said) other noises of dumb animals. This was the Parliamentary Overture to AUDERON.



BLOSSOM AT THE BOAT-RACE.



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

Dutiful Nephew. "O, UNCLE, I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY BRINGING MY FRIEND, GRIGO, FROM OUR OFFICE. HE AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, AND HE CAN'T DANCE, AND HE DON'T TALK, AND HE WON'T PLAY CARDS—BUT HE'S SUCH A MIMIC!! TO-MORROW HE'LL IMITATE YOU AND AUNT BETSY IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE ALL THE FELLOWS ROAR!!!"

OUR BOAT-RACE AND BROTHERS.

COME, foreigners of Europe, in England who behold
A nation ever on its knees before the Calf of Gold,
A moody, melancholy race that never can be gay,
JOHN BULL, the dull boy JACK that's made by all work and no play.

Come to the bankside of the Thames, O most mistaken friends,
When year by year the Cambridge Crew with the Oxford Crew
contends;

Behold the British multitude in their glory and their glee,
Of eight youths 'gainst eight other youths a boat-race come to see.

Lo, that enthusiastic crowd immense on either hand,
How closely packed in steamboat, and in balcony, and stand!
In muslins of the lighter and the darker shade of blue
There are beings well your coming worth from e'er so far to view.

What! are we not lighthearted? See what smiles are on each face!
Hark to the joyous buzz and hum of the British populace!
List their warm-hearted cheering as the gallant lads pull by,
And don't keep calling Britons cold with constant cuckoo-cry.

What happier people can you show at Carnival or fête,
For temporary little things with interest keen and great?
O 'tis a sign of happiness, above all other, to
Enjoy a mind intent upon what much concerns not you!

There are, that for the morrow cannot cease from taking thought,
For this world or the other who with cares are ever wrought,
They're a small miserable set, poor creatures, who belong
To another kind of Englishmen than that unselfish throng.

TOWNS ON THE THAMES.

A SUMMARY OF DR. FRANKLAND'S analytical examinations of the somewhat different Fluids supplied by the several Metropolitan Water Companies respectively to the Metropolitan people contains a statement especially interesting to the inhabitants of the districts, S. and S.W. :—

"The Chelsea and Lambeth Companies draw their supplies from the Thames after it has received the polluted Mole and the sewage of six hundred thousand people, including the filth of Oxford, Reading, and Windsor."

The rest of the Water Companies' Fluids or Liquids are described by DR. FRANKLAND as tainted, so to speak as we are wont of solids, with the same brush as the Chelsea and Lambeth, more or less, all but the Kent Company, which "is the only one of the Metropolitan Companies which draws its entire supply from chalk-wells, and does not distribute any water from polluted rivers."

We know that :—

"Kent in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civillest place of all this isle."

And, as regards water for drinking purposes, civilisation in Kent is unaccompanied by the results of civilisation elsewhere, namely the admixture imparted to rivers by tributaries from towns to which a name is given above. "Cometh up as a flower" is a saying applicable to all the other Londoners than those supplied with the Kent Company's water, since that on which the former are reared is of a quality which renders it appropriate for horticultural purposes. Of them, also, it is especially true that all flesh is grass, since that which they drink is about the same with what is better utilised in irrigation. According to DR. FRANKLAND :—

"Living organisms were found in 1871 in most of the turbid samples delivered by each of the Companies drawing their supplies from the Thames, excepting only the West Middlesex, which on all occasions sent out well-filtered water."

But the most perfect filtering will only strain the water off the rest of it, and leave all that is soluble in solution. An Act compelling householders to incur heavy expense for the means of being supplied with the Water Companies' admixture has come into force. Let us hope that it will be allowed to sleep until the Law or the Legislature shall have stopped the contributions from Towns to Thames.

You fancy, whilst those Masses in the Outward you survey
Absorbed, that they no taxes have, no rates, nor rent to pay;
Yet laden with an Income-tax, e'en they, the chosen few,
At most are anxious but about their bets on either crew.

Do not, however, you whom to this Isle hath travel brought,
Yon People's objectivity ascribe to lack of thought;
No, Monsieur, no, good management of care has made then light,
And every one of them, mein Herr, has solved the Infinite.

There's not another country in the world that you can show
Whose natives more on pastimes and on games their minds bestow
Than Britons, whom with all the rest of men if you compare,
You'll find the reason why is that they've more of mind to spare.

What though the bitter North-east wind this year brought cold and
snow?

The People still in their thousands went to see the scholars row.
For Englishmen, when sport's in view, heed neither snow nor rain.
Can France boast that? Can Germany, or Italy, or Spain?

Their Most Sweet Voices.

THE political friends and supporters of the PREMIER will rejoice to learn that, whereas, at a meeting held in St. James's Hall, to protest against the Parks Bill, SIR CHARLES DILKE and the Honourable AUBREON HERBERT were received with "a storm of cheering" each; "MR. GLADSTONE's name was hooted and hissed when mentioned." The Republicans and Revolutionists have found MR. GLADSTONE out. The discovery will be most advantageous to the People's WILLIAM in the estimation of the majority of the people.



THEOLOGICAL MENSURATION.

Severe Churchwoman. "I DIDN'T LIKE THE SERMON AT ALL. IT WAS MUCH TOO 'BROAD.'"

Lively Niece. "WELL, AUNTIE, I'M SURE YOU CAN'T SAY IT WAS AS BROAD AS IT WAS LONG!"

COLOURS OF THE SEASON.

THE East wind blows cold, and Jack Frost lays his hold
On noses and fingers and toes,
In dull leaden grey scowls the sky all the day,
And at last weeps its sulks out in snows.

And the pretty pink blossoms of almond and peach,
And the apricot's petals so pale,
Of cruel Jack Frost vainly mercy beseech,
Or of crueler Easterly gale!

And they piteously cry with a shudder and sigh,
As they shrivel and shrink on the wall,
"Poor fools to be lured by a blink of blue sky,
But to flush, and to fade, and to fall!"

And though tougher my mettle than peach-blossom's petal,
This cold makes e'en my temper hot:
Was it KINGSLEY wrote drivel to East winds too civil?
May East winds in his teeth blow his rot!

One thinks with a shiver of lads on the river,
As it rolls, cold and lumpy and rough;
And mad as March hares the crew reckon that dares
In such weather to strip to the buff!

And scarcely less frantic the public, old antic!
For Oxford or Cambridge *entête*,
That, in spite of this weather, a million together,
Crowds bridge and shore, tow-path, and jetty!

Side by side, rival blues, unlike roses of hues
Lancastrian and Yorkist of old,
In the same field displayed—dark, in noses half flayed,
And light in fair cheeks pinched with cold!

THE LATEST "HAPPY THOUGHT."

WHAT makes a happy home? A good wife? A cheerful baby? An affectionate family? Ample means? Sound digestion? No bills? Excellent servants? These are all old-fashioned notions, not worth a moment's consideration, when compared with the grand discovery of the enthusiastic philanthropist who instructs us that there can be "No happy home without its Easter egg." Perhaps he is right. The most amazing pun which even *Mr. Punch* ever read was made on the subject of eggs, and is attributed to DEAN SWIFT. Macedonia's Madman, "PHILIP's warlike son," disliked the article so much that when he came into a room where his friends were eating "demnition eggs," there was a cry, "All eggs under the grate." "Yes, it is just AWLEXANDER THE GREAT," replied the deceived despot, smiling, and complimenting his Macedonians on their excellent Scotch. If this anecdote and an Easter egg together will not make a British home happy, "our brains are addle."

Shade of Cervantes!

THE *New York Evening Post* considers SIR CHARLES DILKE's resolution for an investigation into the Crown expenses as simply a Quixotic attack upon Royalty. Quixotic? What a libel on the loyal and gallant DON QUIXOTE!

An End of a Sinecure!

THERE is no intention, we are told, to fill up the vacant office of Queen's Advocate. HER MAJESTY does not want one.

LATEST FROM NEWGATE.

No fools are found the Wurga-week to bail;
So he who lied in Court still lies in Gaol.



PURSUIT O' KNOWLEDGE!

First Agricultural (quite a Year after our Branch had been Opened). "WHAT BE THEY POST-ES VUR, MAM'R SAM'L?"

Second Ditto (Wag of the Village). "WHY, TO CARRY THE TELEGRAPH WOIKES, GEORGE!"

First Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIKES VUR, THEN?"

Second Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIKES FUR! WHY, TO HOOLD UP THE POST-ES, MAM'R'Y, GEORGE."!!!

FROM CAPTAIN DYNGWELL.

(Our Own but Long Lost Cockalorum.)

DEAR PUNCH,—

My Old Cockalorum, how goes it! Have you cast your eye over an awful tip, which is a warning by a Milingitary Cove, that the Easter Volunteers had better try no "Dangerous Manœuvres." Not likely, says yours truly. But did you think it was me round the corner? Eh, my young Cassowary? Not me, GEORGE! Perhaps, I don't mean bustling 'em a bit, O, no, not at all. I've just knocked off a little poem on "A dangerous manœuvre," which you can chaunt. It goes to something like the tune of *Nae Luck about the House*, with second part out, and admits of any number of notes being put in when you want 'em, and a tol de rol coal-box to finish up with. Do it, and you'll be quite the Mario.

Yours ever, D.

If you know a man what keeps a van,
As a furniture remover,
To break his head with a warming-pan,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre,"
Tol de rol.

If you're a walking with another fellar,
All about the Louvre,
To smash the pictures with your umbrella,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."
Tol de rol.

If your lady-love, you chance to meet,
And think you can improve her,

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

THE eyes of provident young bachelors may with profit be directed to this elegant description of some articles of toilette, which they will doubtless be expected, if they marry, to provide:—

"The coiffure consisted of a LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH puff, composed of blue feathers, Alençon lace, and a bouquet of flowers; while LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH shoes of blue faille, with rose-coloured heels, trimmed with lace, blue bows, and a rose-coloured puff, completed the toilette."

Es pede Venerem. One may judge of the extravagance of all the rest of the costume of this Venus of the period, merely from the costly decoration of her feet. Shoes trimmed with lace, and beautified with blue bows and adorned with roseate heels, would be sadly out of keeping with a simple muslin dress. So we are told that lace and feathers were worn upon the head, to match the lace and ribbons that were lavished on the feet, and we further are informed that—

But no: in mercy we forbear to finish the account. What costly furbelows and flounces, what prodigious puffs and paniers, what amazing silks and satins, and what innumerable flowers, feathers, fringes, flagree, and flummery, were further spent in the adornment of this fashionable Venus, we leave to timid bachelors in their innocence to guess. Wary husbands will not thank us for further revelation of the wonders of the fashion books, which, being perused by feminine intelligence, may lead to imitation rather than disgust.

Foreign Finance.

THE Committee of the French National Assembly on the Customs' Tariffs, though it has agreed with M. THIERS to impose duties on "skins, wool, oil, and oleaginous seeds," is, we are told by telegram, still adverse to taxation of textile fabrics, with or without drawback. As a case of textile fabric with drawback, MR. PILGARD-LICK instances a blister plaster spread upon linen, to be applied between the shoulders.

Eh? our Well-informed One?

AT Nice, the PRINCE OF WALES went to the French Theatre, where the Orchestra saluted his Royal Highness with *God Save the Queen*, whilst, says a Newspaper Correspondent, "the audience, amongst whom were many British subjects, gave the Royal Party a warm ovation." What, pelted them with omelettes?

By standing on your head in the middle of the street,
It's a "Dangerous Manœuvre."

Tol de rol.

If you want to swagger and would act,
In Adrienne Lecouvre,
To walk in on stilts with your face all blacked,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."

Tol de rol.

If you are walking in the Zoo,
And looking at the Puva,*
To go in the cage, and say how d'y'e do,
Is a "Dangerous Manœuvre."

Tol de rol.

No more at present. D.

"Milk Below!"

A BILL to prevent the Adulteration of Food (really almost as necessary as the Ballot) is at the present time before the House of Commons. In Committee it will be proposed to allow milkmen to sell the white fluid with which they supply their customers mingled, as now, with water, on condition that they make it clear to the public, by an inscription painted over their shops and on their carts, cans, and pails, in large and legible characters, that they are Milkandwatermen.

* Some animal—know him well. D.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 25. — What occurred in the House of Lords? Didn't we tell you last week that the Lords meant to rise, and that you would have no Essence of Senate? Did we not tell you not to faint at finding none? If you feel inclined to such weakness, hold a bottle of Ess. Bouquet to your nose, and you will find that delicious perfume, which was christened after Mr. Punch's Essence, a pleasing substitute for it, once in a way. And yet the Lords did meet for a few minutes, and heard the Royal Assent given to some Bills, especially the Consolidated Fund Bill, regarding £5,411,099 3s. 3d. "The three-penny-bit be demd," said MR. MANTALINI.

MR. LOWE said that the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's had passed out of his hands. He believed that it would be completed within the contracted time. It occurs to Mr. Punch that the time has been anything but contracted. Of the Great Duke it was said, in Sanskrit, on September 14, 1852, *Paralokam gato*, that is, *abid ad phores*. That is nearly twenty years ago, yet hitherto the progress of his monument "has been rather architectural than sculptural." To be sure, no man's Fame can better afford to wait beside her pedestal.

A very long question and a longer answer about a most trumpety case of search for liquor in the house of one GOODERED, in the Haymarket, on which case MR. A. A. KNOX gave, as usual with him, a rational decision, were allowed to delay the House. MR. OSBORNE hinted at the small character of the topic, and the SPEAKER "was bound to say that the Home Office descended to very minute particulars."

In answer to a question about Life-Boats, the highly satisfactory answer was given, that such things were not supplied to vessels except on demand of the Captains. The *Ariadne*, a name now connected with as sad a casualty as ever happened to a group of brave young officers and men, had no Life-Boat, nor had she either of the contrivances by which boats can be instantaneously and safely lowered.

MR. GLADSTONE said that the Parks Bill should be pushed on, and that he could recognise in the demonstrations against it no reason for stopping it. Further, he refused to see a deputation of its enemies. They are growing very savage, but truculency will probably fly from truncheons, should the *ultima ratio legum* be needed.

Then did ROBERT LOWE, Esquire, Chancellor of Exchequer, produce his

Budget.

1. He had a Surplus of more than £3,500,000. How he obtained it will be in the remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. J. BULL.
2. So he makes some sort of Restitution, being, like Cupid, "a child of conscience," as well as of Bingham, Notta. He takes off Two-Pence from the Income-tax. JOHN BULL is now JOHN O'GROAT.
3. Income-tax payers under £200 were exempted to the extent of £60. This is extended to payers under £300, and the exemption is £80.
4. Half the Coffee duty comes off.
5. Half the Chicory duty comes off. The Grocer's duty, not to adulterate, is of course unrecognised.
6. House-tax to be modified, so as to relieve shops and offices.

Such is the Budget of 1872. "Not once or twice in our famed island story" has Mr. Punch felt inclined, like *Master Slender*, to say "Mum" to a Chancellor's "Budget;" and on the present occasion it need only be said that our friend MR. JEREMY DIDDLELOWE pays us back the two-pence he owed us, and we hope he does not mean to borrow again in a hurry. We have no objections to make

to the rest of the Budget, and the House of Commons made none worth noting.

MR. LOWE said that he was "really shocked by the letters he received from persons in the position of gentlemen, begging time to pay the tax-money on which they did not know how to lay their hands." We dare say. He is not naturally unamiable. But does he think that those letters represent one-hundredth part of the misery caused by unfair taxation?

"Had we a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspired by iron lungs,
We could not half its odious crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments it ought to meet."

With which Virgilian—that is, Drydenian citation—we dismiss our friend (not without some plaudit) to the contemplation of one of the most remarkable Cartoons ever executed.

The Elections Bill went into Committee, and the clause which knocks Public Nominations on the head (the words are singularly happy, considering the proceedings at such nominations) was agreed to, after some struggle for postponement.

We also considered Oysters and Mussels. The first are horribly dear, and the second are, always were, and ever will be, horribly nasty.

Tuesday.—The DRUID CARDWELL said that he was deliberating whether cavalry should be employed at the Brighton Review. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE calls this force the eyes and ears of a real army, and it seems absurd that an imitation army should be blind and deaf. By the way, it is in excellent keeping with Druidical tradition for the Autumn Manœuvres to take place on Salisbury Plain. We presume that the principal encounter will be called the Battle of Stonehenge.

MR. MACFIE and friends in the North are desperately afraid lest a hostile fleet should attack Leith and Edinburgh, and they have been frightening themselves by reading about PAUL JONES and what he was going to do in 1779. We rather forget what this was, but have a strong recollection of seeing in childhood (about the year just mentioned) a flaming coloured picture in the shop windows. "PAUL JONES shooting the Lieutenant who dared to strike the bloody flag." In fact, for many years we always ran home screaming when we saw it, and we can sympathise with MR. MACFIE. The Druid ably answered that PAUL JONES lived a long time ago. However, he said that the defence of Edinburgh should not be forgotten.

Finally, MR. FAWCETT gained a victory, and deserved it. For it was thought that his Dublin University Tests Bill was shelved for the Session. He cleverly manœuvred it into a place again, and carried the Second Reading by 94 to 21.

Finally, and lastly, as the old preachers used to say, we rose for Easter, and hoped that the Sun would do the same thing (though not likely) even if he did not dance, as SIR JOHN SUCKLING reminds us that Sol does on that anniversary—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an Easter-Day
Is half so fine a sight."

We should have been much obliged to hear if he had been able to spare enough time from his other luminous engagements, to give the poor holiday people a dance out of doors on Good Friday. It was the hottest day of the year, *vide* thermometer register, and rather more disagreeable than the Boat Race day. But we believe that the fault is with the foolish persons (as silly as those who fought for Old Style), who will not let Easter be fixed properly, instead of tying it on to some moon or other.

Natural Hesitation.

(By An Ulster Tru Blue.)

GIVE Trinity College to CARDINAL CULLEN!
Dumbfoundered sits WHALLEY—and NEWDEGATE sullen!
And as for the person whose measure would cause it,
No wonder, if speaking, "*vox hæcibus Fausit*."

Combining for an Advance.

THERE is a saying which, though of sacred origin, is of such trite usage as to save any reference to it from profanity, viz., "The labourer is worthy of his hire," which some people quote mistakenly "The labourer is worthy of his wage," confounding it with the popular saying "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Our rural population seem inclined to blend both readings together, and to set up as a principle, that the "labourer is worthy of his higher wage."

A RECENT ANNIVERSARY.



MY, it was kept everywhere all over the world, in all latitudes and longitudes, and by every nation, race, creed, colour, clime, class, tongue, temperament, and temperature. Great kingdoms and empires celebrated it; small country towns and rural parishes observed it.

Ministers of State, maids of all work, city magnates, country bumpkins, rich merchants, poor hucksters, senates and servants' halls, colleges and outeries, thrones and tapestries, people who wore their own hair but dyed it, people who wore other people's hair

and paid for it, nations which added to their national debt, dandies who increased their tailors' bills, the young, the old, and the middle-aged, the rich, the poor, and the moderately comfortable, the blondes and the brunettes—all were faithful to the traditions handed down to them from their forefathers, and showed by their actions that they were not unmindful of the obligations of that great festival kept from time immemorial by the human race—All Fools' Day.

Mr. Punch's special correspondents have forwarded him surprising accounts of what took place on the first of April in every part of the globe, duly attested by Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassadors, *Chargés d'affaires*, and Consuls, but so much of interest happened at home, that he can only touch on occurrences within the four seas.

Parties were formed to inspect the progress of the new Law Courts and Natural History Museum, and to view the improvements in the centre of Leicester Square.

Mr. ROBERT SPIVITT, with a wife, five children, and a salary of £230 per annum, increasing ten pounds a-year, became security for his brother-in-law, a gentleman who attends races.

A purchaser (name and previous history unknown) was found for a novel in three volumes at a guinea and a half.

Mr. JOSEPH ANDREWS ADAMS paid a call on his shares in the Bubbleton and Swindley Railway.

Old LITTYGATE instructed his lawyer to commence an action to establish his right to some ancient lights.

Mrs. WIDMERPOOL laid in a stock of LOBBISON's celebrated Lumbagofuge, on the faith of a printed testimonial from a retired timber merchant in North Wales, who had found instantaneous relief, after sixteen years' constant suffering, from using a single bottle.

Young DE GOSLING gave fees to the attendants at a theatre where they were positively prohibited.

Miss MAIDA DALLAWAY, having just recovered from a severe cold, went to Mrs. GOLDIE DYVES's ball in a dress of thin material, and open construction, and cooled herself repeatedly during the evening in airy halls and corridors.

SILLIMAN bought some wonderfully cheap Amontillado, a remarkable bargain—for the vendor.

Several very young men (Members of the House of Commons) spent a considerable portion of the day in perfecting themselves in the imitation of the crowing of cocks, the bleating of sheep, the braying of donkeys, &c.

A visitor from the country, an elderly man in old-fashioned garb, went to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, expecting to see SHAKESPEARE enacted at one or other of these great national theatres. Disappointed, he refreshed himself with oysters, and was surprised at the bill.

The Annual Report of the Metropolitan and Provincial Prawn and Periwinkle Delivery Company was issued to the Proprietary. It entered into an elaborate account of the prospects of the undertaking, and held out a hope that, if the Company did not avail itself of the Winding-up Act, the shareholders at no very distant day might receive a dividend on their investments. A further call was announced.

A report was prevalent that the great Livery Companies had undertaken to complete the decoration of St. Paul's.

Mr. FREDERICK SAWDER SUDDERBY speculated in soft soap, of which he knew nothing, and lost.

Young LORD DROPSHINKS backed *Shuttlecock* (a dark horse) heavily for the approaching Derby.

Miss LUCINDA ROUGE-MOORE (age 48, income £2,500, payments ready money) accepted the Hon. PARLEY PAUNCEPORT (age 29, income £250, liabilities extensive).

MARY DISHLEY gave her mistress warning: no fault to find with her place, but wanted a change.

HUSBANDS AND HEARTS.

DURING the last twenty years, says the *British Medical Journal*, speaking of death from heart-disease as greatly on the increase—

"There is no change in the percentage of deaths from this cause in males under twenty-five years of age. Between twenty and forty-five years of age it has risen from .553 to .709, and that almost exclusively in males, for there is almost no increase in the percentage of females dying from heart-disease during the twenty-five years of life from twenty-one to forty-five."

To the foregoing statement our medical compatriot and contemporary submits the following observation:—

"These figures convey their own lesson, and warn us to take a little care not to kill ourselves for the means of living."

Yes, certainly. We must take every care not to kill ourselves by incurring heart-disease. One principal cause of heart-disease is excessive muscular exertion; we must avoid that. Another, and a more common one, is anxious effort, especially the effort to keep the wolf from the door, as the saying is, and pull the devil by the tail. No wonder that the deaths from heart-disease have much increased of late years between the ages of twenty and forty-five, but not at all under twenty-five, and that the increase between maturity and middle age has been nearly confined to men. That period is the period of a man's struggle to maintain a wife and family; and wives and families are much more expensive than they used to be. If the *British Medical Journal* will further investigate heart-disease, it will probably find that the increase thereof has coincided with the increase of the expensiveness of feminine dress and ornamentation.

Moral.—Let no man marry unless he is liable for a very heavy income-tax, and certain to be liable for it all his life. A husband is the partner of his wife's joys and sorrows. If she cannot follow the fashions, and enjoy herself to her heart's content, she has only sorrows to share with him; whereas, not being rich, he has more than enough of his own. Though her sorrows may not absolutely break his heart, yet they tend to disorganise it, the rather when they vent themselves not only in a discontented demeanour, but also by positive "nagging." If, then, men would not contract heart-disease, they should not contract matrimony unless they can well afford it. They ought not to rush to the Hymeneal altar, or the Registrar's Office, and marry on the strength of a rise in the price of bread, as, according to statistics, is the manner of the People.

The almost total exemption of females between a marriageable age and a certain age from heart-disease, is perhaps to be accounted for by the freedom of the confiding heart of woman from anxiety so long as she has a husband to confide in.

THE DIGNITY OF PLAY.

In a serious leading article on a recent foot-ball match, a contemporary described that particular match as constituting the Blue Riband of Foot-ball. Play is looking up. We shall soon hear talk of the Blue Riband of Prisoner's-bars, the Blue Riband of Stag-out, the Blue Riband of Rounders, the Blue Riband of Hockey, the Blue Riband of Leapfrog, and the Blue Riband of Hopscotch. Even marbles (which we hear have again become fashionable among young gentlemen) will perhaps have more than one Blue Riband, and newspapers will contain glorifications of the Blue Ribands of Shoot-ring and Lob-out, and the Blue Riband of Gobblehole.

Following Suit.

To the Alabama claims it seems that we have a counter case to be submitted to Arbitration at Geneva. Suppose we ask, not only direct, but also consequential damages for the Cotton Famine, and leave the Arbitrators to decide whether our own demands or those of the Yankees are the more preposterous?



JUSTLY GRATEFUL:

"ISN'T AUNT KIND, MAMMA! SHE'S LET ME BLOW MY OWN NOSE MYSELF!"

BOS LOCUTUS EST.

THE LABOURERS' STRIKE.

"AN OX SPOKE"—so the record in Roman annals ran,
Whene'er a year more big than wont with great events began.
And is not an ox speaking now, when the call to *strike* goes round
Our diggers and our delvers, and our tillers of the ground?

Balaam wondered when his ass, so patient, strong and slow,
Found speech to bid his master hold his hand and spare his blow:
And not less worthy wonder *our adscripti glebae*, wrung
By bitter pinch of poverty, at last, to giving tongue.

Untaught, ill-fed, thin-blooded, thick-witted, heavy-heeled,
Whose words drip slow and scanty, as from thought's fount half-
congealed,
Turners and treaders of the clay, till the clay seems to have ta'en
Possession in joint-tenancy of body, heart, and brain,

Till scarce one gleam of thought, you'd say, or spark of manly fire
Beyond the clods he works in bade the human clod aspire:
Till the team that he has groomed and driv'n, the kine that he has fed,
Seem by his side but brethren, better housed and fuller fed.

E pur si muove: even this mass inert the will commands
To draw to centres its slow strength, and knit its clumsy hands;
And magistrates and guardians and farmers stand aghast,
At the breath of life that, sudden, o'er these dry bones has past.

"Let town workmen strike, and welcome: better fed than taught
are they,
Have a margin to fall back on: reserve for rainy day
But that these, who have no butter, should quarrel with their bread,
These clods, of whom 'tis hard to say, if they're worse taught or
fed—

That these serfs should cast the collar, what they'll work for
dare to say—
Villeins in gross, turn villeins regardant their week's pay;

Heresy and sedition! Treason—Socialism—What, ho!
Man the engines! Swear the constables! The globe is on the go!"

If the upper-ten stand startled, 'mong the tens of tens beneath,
What sharp thoughts must be fretting in many a clayey sheath!
Starvation aye at arm's length; shop-bills and nought to pay!
Pale wives and hungry young ones—and the bread-winners at play!

Well may they wait and waver, and doubt and doubt again,
If the way to better wages by the strike's road be so plain;
Hard not to wish these kickers well, who have such cause to kick,
Yet hard to counsel kicking, against points so keen to prick!

Are wages small? What profit has the farmer for his pains?
Are rentals high? What figure represents the landlord's gains?
"Nay: landlords' rents can spare their pound, and farmers' gains
their crown,
But labourers' earnings *must* go up—they've no room to come
down."

So says HODGE, as half afraid, half amazed at his own pluck,
He insists on living wages, and learns that he has struck:
And Capital that long for equal foe Town-Labour owns,
Finds Country-Labour up in arms, and o'er the alliance groans.

And all that pray for the blest hour when this ill war shall end,
And Capital and Labour each the other hail as friend,
Feel hopeful, now the struggle has ta'en up this larger ground,
That the way to reconciliation may more easily be found!

A New Benefactor.

THE height of stinginess might be said to be exemplified in the
parsimony of a person who would grudge a steam-engine its fuel. It
is not, therefore, the less certain that the man who should make one
pound of coal generate the quantity of steam which two pounds had
to be consumed in generating before, would be considered a bene-
factor of mankind.

AN AGRICULTURAL STRIKE.—A Strike of Wheat.



“JEREMY DIDDLEWE.”

MR. BULL. “YES, JEREMY, YOU CERTAINLY OWED ME THE *TWOPENCE*: BUT I HARDLY LIKE TAKING IT—IT LOOKS SO UNCOMMONLY LIKE YOUR BORROWING *FOURPENCE* NEXT TIME!”

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WONDER why it is you men call ours the weaker sex. The weaker sex, indeed! I wonder who of yours could stand the wear and tear and worry we young ladies have to go through. Just look at us, for instance, in the middle of the season. See how we have to dress, and dine, and dance till daylight doth appear, and then get up again to dress, and ride, and drive, and "drum," and dress, and dine, and dance till daylight doth again appear! And this not once in a way, but day by day and every day, excepting only Sunday, from May-day till the dog-days. The weaker sex, indeed! one had really need to be a *Samson* to stand it.

Besides, you know, young ladies *always* have to practise the piano, and have you the *least* notion

what prodigies of strength are demanded for that exercise? I confess, myself, I had not, until I read in the *Pall Mall* that at a concert lately PROFESSOR SCHMIDT had counted up the notes (just fancy what a bother!) in a piece that he heard played, and had tested the force requisite to press the keys in playing it, and that he then sat down and made this dreadful calculation:—

"The force exerted by the pianiste in playing the piece of 62,990 notes he calculated to amount to nearly ninety-four hundredweight and a-half."

I can't do sums a bit, but I dare say the Professor can, and I'm sure one ought to be exceedingly obliged to him for making such a very useful calculation. Certainly I had no idea one's fingers were so powerful, although I knew that one of them (I won't say which) is strong enough to hold a man for life, if he will only put a ring on it. But the idea of my ten fingers having actually the force of more than ninety hundredweight! Really, girls who play pianos must be as strong as steam-engines. Music ought to be regarded as an athletic exercise, fit for only people of the strongest constitutions. To play a composition of some sixty thousand notes, a girl must have a hand of nearly five ton power! No light matter this for her future husband to take into reflection; and I should recommend you gentlemen to bear the fact in mind, when you talk about the weaker sex, as you are fond of doing. It is the fashion to accuse women of having a strong mind, but it is well that you should know that they have strong muscles also.

As you have the happiness to be a married man, you possibly ere now may have ascertained this fact: and so, with my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Punch,

Believe me, yours most truly,

SOPHONISBA SMITH.

Camellia Cottage, Tuesday.

VERBUM SAP.

THE young gentlemen from Cam's side who travelled up to London to witness the aquatic triumph of their fellow-students from Thames' bank, and after emerging from the crowd with which they had perforce to come into uncomfortably close quarters, found themselves minus a watch, a *portemonnaie*, a stock pin, or other portable property, would have done well to remember, ere they thus exposed themselves, JUVENAL's reminder *apropos* of contented poverty, giving it this triflingly altered reading:—"Cantab-it vacuus coram latrone viator."

Sad Deprivation.

THE Nation will learn with profound regret that one of its most distinguished lawyers is not in the full possession of his senses. In a recent debate in the House of Commons SIR ROUNDELL PALMER confessed "that he had no taste at all!"

SIMON LE SIMPLE.

BRAVO, M. JULES SIMON! You would have the five chief Theatres of Paris supported by Government principally "for the influence they exercise over the artistic taste of all Europe." Truly all Europe ought to feel itself highly honoured by the compliment you are so good as to pay it in so saying. As to England, we know that the multitude of the pieces which our dramatic authors have taken from the French is exceeded by their merit, and that for the matter of artistic taste, all those who have any among the British Public prefer that kind of pieces infinitely to SHAKESPEARE. As to music, Monsieur, you are really too modest in propounding a criticism so very sparing in glorification of your country (supreme in that art as well as every other) as this:—

"For the genius of Italy itself bows to the genius of France, and the music of BOSSINI, VERDI, and MEYERBEER never reached its maturity till they obeyed the influence of Parisian audiences."

This, to talk in musical language about music, is really, Monsieur, singing comparatively very small. What is the musical genius of Italy to the musical genius of Germany? Unhappily HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER failed to develop their style by going to live in Paris, and, in the production of their masterpieces, obeying the influence of Parisian audiences. But, if they had only done that, what much higher degrees of spirituality, grandeur, and beauty they would have attained to in their wonderful yet still imperfect compositions! What an improvement we should have had on the *Messiah*, and the *Israel in Egypt*, in the *Seasons* and the *Creation*, in the *Figaro*, the *Don Juan*, the *Zauberflöte*, the *Requiem*; also in the *Fidèle*, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the *Heroic ditto*, and the *Mass* in D. SEBASTIAN BACH should have sojourned some years in Paris, learning to obey the influences of Parisian audiences, and then we should have heard a considerably more solemn and pathetic specimen of *Passion-musik* than what we have been lately listening to. "*Suoni la tromba intrepida*" (was not that composed for the Théâtre Italien?) blew away, only a little louder, and more courageously, if you please, good Monsieur.

A TRAVELLERS' STRIKE.

THE French Government has re-established the old passport system of France in all its stringency. The animal of the canine species has returned to the rejected substance, and the porcine pachyderm to volutation in lutulent matter. This, however, is not a sudden stroke of suspicious impolicy. In July, 1871, they had agreed to accept, in lieu of a passport and visa for the convenience of British subjects intending to land in France for a few hours, a simpler and less troublesome "*laissez-passer*." *Nemo repente fuit stultissimus*. But now the LORD MAYOR has been informed by the British Consul at Calais that these "*laissez-passer*" will not be accepted in future, "but that every person now landing in France, for however short a time, must be furnished with a passport duly viséd by a French Consul in England." This regulation would perhaps be revoked if it were found to have the effect of preventing British money from being spent in France; an effect which would very soon be produced by a general strike, against that country, of British travellers. Nobody now, unless on business absolutely necessary, should go to France, as long as the reimposition of the passport plague continues. Countrymen, therefore, all you who can, and do not want to go abroad elsewhere than across the Channel, for the present stay in your own country. "Britons, strike home!"

ALLEVIATION OF MOURNING.

PERSONS about to depart this life in narrow or moderate circumstances, and leave wives and families behind them, will derive some solace from the following announcement:—

"The *Kentish Observer* states that at a recent meeting of the clergy at a Bishop's house, it was determined that for the future they would decline to accept the scarves and hat-bands at funerals."

At the time when the State pounces down on the widowed and the fatherless for Probate and Succession Duty, Society, by obliging them to add excessive mourning to their sorrow conspires with the Inland Revenue Office and the Undertaker to beggar those who are bereaved of their bread-winner. Honour to the Kentish Clergy who have resolved on ceasing to remain parties to that conspiracy.

Traitors.

A SOCIETY exists in London calling itself "The Union." We confess to a little surprise at finding that a society bearing such a name could have a discussion, and decide "that early marriages are undesirable."



PLEASANT SUGGESTION.

"I'M NOT A BIT HURT, PAPA, DEAR! AND, IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE HOLD OF THAT HIND LEG, I SHALL GET ROUND HIM!"

THE TWO THUNDERERS.

"Now, Mercury, what news from Earth below?"
Said Jupiter. Him answered Hermes, "O
King of the gods and men, these papers say
A Ship was launched at Pembroke last Moon's day,
A Ship of War, and, thy celestial right
How mortal men usurp! the Thunderer hight;
A Turret-ship, and she will carry guns,
No less than four, of five-and-thirty tons."

"Hey, what!" exclaimed the Monarch of the Skies,
And, staring, wide as saucers oped his eyes;
How many? Thirty-five tons saidst thou, eh?
I wonder what the bolts they hurl may weigh;
That Thunderer's thunderbolts, for all this throne
And sceptre, must be monsters to my own.
None such could'st thou forge, Vulcan, or I fling.
This is a most insufferable thing!
By Styx! By Jove—myself that is—I swear,
There's nought those British mortals will not dare:
As for Salmones and his rumbling brass,
He only mocked my thunder—they surpass."
So said, he nodded; his ambrosial locks
Shook out, and shaking gave Olympus shocks,
Which Ocean's breast in ripples threw afar—
He then for nectar called, and a cigar.

Seasonable Compliments.

THE POPE, when visited by our Heir Apparent, in the course of the pleasant chat that then took place between these two rival defenders of the Faith—one present, the other future—congratulated H.R.H. on the religious spirit of the English people. *Punch*, in turn, congratulates the Italians, who after all that has been said against them, have so interested the world, and confounded their detractors by turning out Prus.

ALL PAY AND NO WORK.

THE good old times seem not to be so remote as we have been in the habit of regarding them—indeed, they may be said not yet to have come to an end. Pickings and perquisites are still to be had without much trouble or exertion, and imaginary services, or rather services which have not even existed in intention, do not go unrewarded.

A Treasury Minute has been issued regulating the future remuneration of the Law Officers of the Crown; and it is comforting to those of us who are under the vulgar necessity of doing something for the money we earn to find from it, that amongst other desirable reforms, it has been resolved that "All complimentary briefs and payments for services not intended to be given shall be abolished." Lucky lawyers, to have been paid for services which there was not even the intention to render! Unlucky people, out of whose pockets these payments have come for a good many years past! A question suggests itself—Are these the only "payments for services not intended to be given" which called for abolition? Are they the last and worst of such venerable abuses? This is an inquiry with which SIR CHARLES DILKE might fairly charge himself.

An Act of Authority.

THE *Speranza* of Madrid, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, according to the *Post*, says that His Holiness the POPE having been requested by the DUCHESS OF MADRID to contribute to a lottery which she is getting up for the benefit of the poor Carlists of Spain, has sent a magnificent cameo. Now, then, who will say that lotteries are immoral, and insult the belief of his Catholic fellow-subjects?

A Bright Idea.

WHY should such a fuss be made about "a free breakfast-table," as if the first meal were the only one that contributed to help Mr. Lowe to a surplus? If it were so, then the French proverb might be thus amended:—"Ce n'est que le premier re-pas qui coûte."

ECCLESIASTICAL ATTITUDE.

A CAPITAL subject for a Pre-Raphaelite picture, or a memorial-window in a "pro-cathedral," is suggested by a telegram from Berlin, which follows:—

"The German Catholic Bishops will assemble in April to concert a common attitude towards the Government."

It is well known that the German Catholic Bishops have nearly all of them accepted the Dogma of Papal Infallibility; and, in so doing, many of them eaten their own words. It is also known, to some perhaps by whom it is denied, that the Dogma of Papal Infallibility is a pretence first put forward in the Middle Ages. Furthermore it is evident that the attitude which those Bishops will assume towards the Government will, whatsoever one they adopt, be an attitude which will have been determined by the promulgation of that Dogma. The attitude, therefore, of the German Catholic Bishops, pictorially represented, should correspond to the medievalism which it will signify, and be very stiff and angular; the Bishops being delineated all more or less wry-necked, standing on tip-toes, and holding their crooks between the palms of their open hands, as *Mr. Punch*, in his street drama, wields his cudgel. Thus they will be portrayed in a medieval attitude of menace towards their Government, intended to frighten it.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

"WOMEN'S DISABILITIES REMOVAL BILL. — MR. JACOB BRIGHT'S Bill proposes to enact that in all Acts relating to the qualification and registration of voters in the election of Members of Parliament, wherever words occur which 'import the masculine gender,' the same shall be held to include females for all purposes connected with, and having reference to, the right to be registered as voters."—*Times*.

We give this without note or comment, except the expression of a hope that at last the strong-minded females will be satisfied. The Italians are ours, nobody else's.

A Suggestion to Secretaries.

Do not ask a poor Curate to subscribe to Charities. It is quite as much as he can afford to put down his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles.

DECORATIONS IN DOUBT.

LE FOLLET, which *Le Punch* studies with unrelenting avidity, continues to be as instructive as usual; only there is an ambiguity in certain of its statements which makes them uncertain. In describing a "Dinner dress, of black faille, with long trained skirt," our elegant contemporary says of the flounce:—

"In front it is looped up to about half its width in two wide scallops by three bunches of gold wheatears—one in the centre and one on each side of the front breadth."

As to the tunic also:—

"It is edged all round with gold lace, slightly full at each side; where the back breadths are full to the front, is a handsome bunch and trailing spray of wheatears and gold grass."

Lastly, as touching body and head-dress respectively, that they are decorated with:—

"Bouquet of wheatears in front. Tiara of wheatears with black feather, spangled with gold."

Wheatears? What does *Le Follet* mean by wheatears? Not necessarily ears of wheat. For there is also a bird named a Wheat-ear (*Saxicola cinanthe*), and *Le Follet* may be well enough supposed to mean that, now that ladies have taken to wear stuffed birds. The context of "wheatears" in the foregoing quotations by no means makes it clear that they are intended to be taken for cereal and not passerine. What are we to make of "wheatears with black feather"? An image quite naturally suggested by "a bunch of wheatears" is similar to that which we picture of a bunch of larks. Some ornithologists class the Wheat-ear among the *Sylvia* or warblers; and it is said to sing away finely, in custody, all the year round. But the gift of song has not protected the rest of the pretty warbling choir from being hushed, and stuffed to embellish chignons, or damsels' wigs. For aught, therefore, that appears to the contrary, *Le Follet* may really mean to tell us that the "Fashions" do, in point of fact, include, amongst the ornaments of female



ZOOLOGICAL.

Little Tommy Trout (who has never seen a Respirator before). "DOES THAT OLD GENTLEMAN BITE, MAMMA?"

dress proper to the present time, stuffed specimens of the bird common during part of the year on our South Downs, and called the Wheatear—very good eating. This supposition is all the more likely for that the Wheatear is a bird of passage, which visits these shores early in the spring. Now the present spring is remarkably early.

LITTLE BETHEL AND LORD BYRON.

A LATELY published Life of LORD BYRON has revived the controversy as to the Noble Poet's principles and opinions. It is too commonly supposed that BYRON was a heathen. *Childe Harold*, however, contains a passage which clearly proves him to have been a mystic, a recluse in the bent of his inclination, and a Dissenter:—

"O that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my Minister!"

It thus appears that LORD BYRON was a Nonconformist; only, instead of a STIGGINS or a CHADSBAND to sit under, he wanted an Angel.

Royalty at Rome.

THERE were, last week, at Rome, no less than a dozen Royal Personages, including the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF BRAZIL, the QUEEN OF HOLLAND, and the KING and QUEEN OF DENMARK, besides the GRAND DUKE OF NASSAU, and many other "mediatised" Sovereigns of German States. In the Eternal City what a glut of Sovereigns! The POPE, however, would probably prefer one single Sovereign, with several Triple-hatfuls of Peter's Pence.

Verily O!

THE prevalent supposition that Quakerism is on the decline, appears to be disproved by the frequent obituary request that "Friends will please to accept this information."



"NEVER MORE!"

SHE USED TO COME EVERY DAY WITH HER AUNT ("THERE WAS NO DOUBT HE WAS A VERY CLEVER YOUNG MAN," THE OLD LADY HAD SAID), AND ADMIRE BROWN'S SKETCH OF THE JETTY; BUT ONE MORNING WHEN SHE SENT HER NEWFOUNDLAND DOG INTO THE SEA, AND HE SHOOK HIMSELF ALL OVER THE FINISHED DRAWING, OUR ARTIST MOMENTARILY FORGOT HIMSELF, AND UTTERED "STRANGE OATHS." THEY LEFT BY THAT AFTERNOON EXPRESS, AND HE SAW HER NO MORE.

ON AND OFF.

LOWE, Treasury-magician,
Exchequer statistician,
Most rare arithmetician!

Whose crisp, curt surname "BOB,"
Alike to swell and snob,
Suggests twelve-pence in one's fob!

Bright thy physog—and who'd smudge it?—
Great thy cackle—and who'd grudge it?—
When delivered of thy budget!

After twelvemonths ta'en to hatch tax—
Though last year produced a Match-Tax
(And that *not* a Colney-Hatch tax)—

Till, warned by *Punch's* show-up
And the universal blow-up,
You were glad that tax to throw up:

This year more happy, BOB LOWE,
Thank his surplus, escapes oblo-
'Quy, of stooping thus to rob low,

To saved pounds at last can screw pence:
And dock Income-tax the two-pence
Last year added to 't as new pence!

And asks BULL's congratulation
For this alleviation
Of the burden of the nation!

But how can BULL be grateful
For a spoonful less in the plateful,
When the *dish* is so distasteful?

Thank you Income-tax for making
More light, by four-pence taking,
Who last year were six-pence "faking"?

For the two-pence off that's gone,
We'll be grateful, when you've shown
By what right you put it on.

Till then Britons must say No,
When bid bow down to LOWE:
Meanwhile, their thanks they'll owe;

And at compound interest leave 'em,
Till BOB LOWE—keen to receive 'em—
Of *all* Income-tax relieve 'em.

Should e'er that millennium come,
Who their gratitude shall sum?
Till then—patient JOHN—be dumb!

Natural and Manly Response.

SIR,—Am sure that the Pityous apéal of the Pore fellow wich is in Trubble in Newgate will be ansered jenerous by all Hatters of tyranny and oppression Sir i rite to say if a Frendly Leed could be got up at the Monster tavern wich busses pass reglar and is most respectable hotell only name most appy to His size or elsewhere no dout oasts of Simpersizing gents and swells would atend and Chareman mout be faced by mr. bajant by inserting wich and oblige

Your obedt. servt.

EDWARD NIMMER.



A REMINISCENCE OF EASTER.

"'F Y SHEE ANYTHING SHTRORDINARY ABOUT ME, YER WON'T MIND—(hic!)—ITSH'OLIDAY TIME, YER KNOW."

JURY REFORM.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has promised to look to the amendment of the law relative to Juries, which at present renders a man who is away from home, and possibly gone abroad, liable, if summoned to serve on a jury in his absence, and thereby prevented from attending, to be fined from one to ten pounds. This liability is a remnant of oppression imposed by absolute tyranny on the middle classes, and never repealed because those classes have not been accustomed to hold intimidation meetings in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square.

For one thing in the reform of Jury Law, SIR ROBERT COLLIER will doubtless propose a due extension of the obligation of serving on Juries over other persons besides those now alone subject to it. Among those persons it may be suggested that he should include persons of the other sex. His best plan would be to make service compulsory for spinsters, allowing married women the privilege of being represented by their husbands: a husband, also, if summoned, to be permitted to send his wife as a substitute.

There is no reason to suppose that twelve women in a box would, whatever verdict they might return in any case, not acquit themselves at least as well as twelve men of corresponding average in point of intelligence, or that if any number of women were empanelled on juries there would ensue any increase whatsoever in the present per-centage of ridiculous decisions and failures of justice.

The rights which women quite reasonably demand of a Legislature which has enfranchised almost every fool in the Kingdom out of a madhouse or a gaol, they might obviously claim with additional justice if at the same time they offered to undertake the correlative duties. A deputation of ladies will perhaps wait on MR. GLADSTONE, conjuring him, by his respect for the dignity of his own flesh and blood, and in order to their attainment of their due political rights, to make his Attorney-General effectually provide for their subjection to the sweet yoke of service as jurywomen. It may then be expected that, before next Michaelmas, the Jury Lists on the church doors will include the name of every lady in the parish of full age, under sixty; that will be, probably, without exception.

EASTER MONDAY MANŒUVRES.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

EASTER MONDAY, unto Brighton
What for went ye out to see?
Volunteers' Review—sham-fightun'—
Too fur distant sight for me.
I, if 't'adn't ben no furdur
Off nor Poachmouth, med ha' gone,
'Gainst invasion, robbery, murder,
Curous how our 'fence gits on.

Thee, I says, young man, that larnest
How to vight for native land,
In sham-fightun', as in earnest,
Always thee obey command.
Dwun't now, dwun't, on the contrary,
Useless powder blaze away,
All the moor unnecessary
When thee 'st got no foes to slay.

If they wun't obey their tasker,
Scollards must at times break down;
Make what some calls a flaker
In your lingo up in Town.
There! the mess warn't so distressun'
As 't'ood be in reglar fight.
Next time they repates their lessun,
Very like they 'll do un right.

Wust of all neglectun' order
Is not mindun' where to stop,
Breakun droo forbidden border,
Tramp-a-raavun o'er a crop.
For they sham-fights no improvers
Of the land be, to be sure;
Wuss than sarious war's manoevers,
Laves no copes for manoor.

Foreigners, if they attacked us,
Fellers as 'ood wish to beat,
Stands to reason they must practus;
'Tis a prutty sight to see 't.
Now, too, they 've britch-loaders, bolder
Folks can view 'un nor afore,
'Cause they can't shoot no beholder;
Fire no ramrods off no more.

FOLLIES OF THE FASHIONS.

COMMON sense is the last thing we should expect to find in any book of fashions. So we are not a bit surprised by the following announcement:—

"Toilettes de promenade are now made to touch the ground, and at times are even worn with a *demie traine*."

A pretty foot and ankle are by no means the least admirable parts of female beauty, and we cannot but regret that dresses should be made to render them invisible. Short skirts permitted feet and ankles to be decorously seen, and, moreover, allowed ladies to walk cleanly and in comfort. Dresses made to touch the ground, and even trail upon it, will not merely conceal what is delightful to behold, but will draggle in the dirt, and be a little unseemly. Whene'er they take their walks abroad, ladies will perform the work of crossing-sweepers; and when they reach their homes will need, ere they go in, to clean their skirts upon their door-scrappers.

President Pussy.

THINKS on Rome Priest-Rule, would, if he could,
Refix; meanwhile holds France from domineering,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
"Like the poor cat i' the adage," fain, but fearing.

Mordecai.

At the Pomona Gardens' demonstration, Backup enjoyed the proud distinction of exhibiting the most attractive banner. The portrait of MR. DISRAELI which adorned it was made more memorable by this inscription "The man whom we delight to honour"—an appropriate motto, but one which might have been improved by the alteration of one word, causing the legend to read, "The man whom we delight to Backup."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, April 4.—

Her Majesty's faithful Commons met again, that is a few of them met, after their short holiday. Perhaps they were depressed by returning to work. Anything more dull than their first evening could hardly be. But let us see whether the magic touch of genius can vivify an inert mass. Though 'tis a parlous experiment, shepherds, for what says MILTON?

"No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper."

(Remember that, dear Madam, when He comes home and humbugs about having been detained by business. Smiles sweetly, and after a time he will get so cross you can't think. Then you'll know what sort of "business" it was.)

After some unprofitable talk, the discussion of the Budget was resumed. MR. VERNON HARCOURT proposed we should vote that the Na-

tional Expenditure ought to be reduced, in order that Taxation might also hide a diminished head. He made several very good points, and quoted, effectively, several *dicta* of distinguished men. But, *cui bono*? We must keep up appearances. What happens in private life happens in public. SIR BALAAM was small, and had only one dish on the week-day, but "an added pudding solemnised the Lord's." SIR BALAAM grew great, and

"Live like yourself, was soon my Lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board."

Lady Britannia has long insisted on MR. J. BULL's having Two Puddings, and all he can now demand (which he often does in vain) is that their proof shall be in their "eating handsome," as MR. PEYS would say.

MR. RICHARD, of course, was strong for stinginess. Perhaps he is a descendant of the famous POOR RICHARD. But as he is a professional Peacemonger, much as we respect him, we can no more argue with him than we could play at draughts with him if he kept all his men on the blacks and we ours on the whites. Perhaps, however, he would not play at draughts, as it is a kind of fighting, and worse, of fighting for crowns. We must pray, with *Falstaff*, "Evans defend us from this Welsh Fairy, lest he transform us to a piece of cheese;" i. e., to a meal for foreign Rats.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK spoke wisely, as usual. No doubt, there had been reduction of taxation, to please the House, but it might not be for the benefit of the country. The poverty of the country, like the poverty of an individual, depended much more on character than income or taxation. Do not fidget over temporary shifts, but do something towards reducing the National Debt. A word, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK. Your respected name, says the *Patronymica*, is possibly derived from Lubeck, a city in Lower Saxony, but that is not to the point—this is. "Base is the Slave that pays." Yes; and "Britons never, never," &c. "Trouble me no more about that matter," as RABELAIS remarketh.

MR. R. N. FOWLER agreed with SIR JOHN, but did not see how, in the face of the strong feeling (which *Mr. Punch* had caused to be) manifested all over the country, Ministers could help taking off that Two-Pence from the Income-Tax. No, dear Sir, nor do we. Excuse the facetiousness, but the more we have looked at that tax

"The Fowler grew its goblin hue."

MR. RYLANDS did not want to talk about the National Debt then. He was for retrenchment. 'Tis a good word, immediately French, but possibly from the Spanish *atrincheramiento*, also a very good word, better than Mesopotamia.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER began by announcing that he should not take off the half-duty on Coffee until the First of May. This delay is to please the trade. Not in the interest of the public. "O no, MR. JEREMY," as MRS. BLAND used to sing at Vauxhall, in our younger days. He then said that the observations about paying off the Debt commanded his cordial esteem, but practically the operation was impossible. As for reducing expenditure, the proposal was an abstract one, and that was not the way to do things. Economy was a matter of detail. He had been abused as much as most mortals (we are glad that he admitted his being a mortal, as we are saved the trouble of writing him a letter with that information), but nobody had ever called him extravagant. Then, he said, fairly enough, that as regards the attitude of England, she means to hold the good things she has, and also to hold, towards other nations, such a face as will keep them civil. Incidentally he quoted the clever remark, that a Paternal Government means a Childish people. Clever, dear J. D., but childish and child-like are two things, and Gushing Governments get into a roaring rage if confidence, of the second sort, be not extended to them. Then, if they don't behave "paternally," they ought to be wopped—we forget whether there's a word that jingles to the quadrisyllable. He opposed MR. HARCOURT's resolution, adding, "Our business is to do our business, and leave you (the Commons) to do yours."

MR. FIELDEN reminded the House that MR. GLADSTONE, when stamping Lancashire in 1863, had dwelt emphatically on the extravagance of his opponents, and by implication, on the economy of himself and his friends. Yes, those were days of excellent good Lion-roaring, but this week another Lion hath been roaring in the same region.

MR. J. B. SMITH remarked on the courage with which the Americans had grappled with the reduction question. They had saved in interest eight millions in six years. He advised MR. LOWE to screw up his courage to the work. He will not. His tool-chest lacks but one screw-driver, but that happens to be the one wanting for the purpose indicated.

On division, MR. HARCOURT had 35 votes and the Government 78, so the Income-Tax resolutions were voted, as were the tea and coffee arrangements. Now, British grocer, how much dearer do you mean to make the articles, in consequence of the reduction of duty? Be gentle, or we may take to claret at breakfast—and not your claret, by any manner of means, but real wine, such as is called Clary in the naughty old comedies.

A debate on a Bill for a certain treatment of Chancery Funds (we need hardly say that it has nothing to do with handing them to the rightful owners) and MR. HENLEY said that the habit of Grabbing other people's money was catching. The grabbers, however, led by MR. BAXTER, triumphed by 89 to 37.

Then we had final discussion of the Parks Bill in Committee, and a beautiful Ayrtonianism was let off. Speaking of a certain clause, the *Ætyle* said, that it was perfectly matter of indifference to him, for he had not prepared it. However, he defended the measure very sensibly, and said that if it passed he should assuredly enforce it against the friends of Republicanism, Internationalism, and Revolution. The Bill passed through this stage, and poor MR. AUBERON HERBERT, who wanted to hinder it, actually could not find a supporter.

What in low fighting slang is called a smeller
To AUBERON HERBERT (on the Parks Bill) fell:
The young man could not find a second Teller—
Hard, as he thinks himself a second TELL.

Friday.—MR. GÜSCHEN promised to reconsider the question whether it shall be left to the Captain of a ship to have a boat-lowering apparatus or not. The making this voluntary is an implied recognition of a gallant officer's good sense, as it supposes that he would certainly demand whatever is good for his ship, but we can't afford to pay compliments when lives may be lost by a crotcheth.

MR. NEWDEGATE demanded explanations as to what had passed between the POPE and the PRINCE OF WALES, in Rome. MR. GLADSTONE replied that His Holiness had been very kind and courteous, and that his observations on the religious character of the English people were not at all calculated to destroy our Protestant institutions. But MR. NEWDEGATE had not then heard that the POPE had said to the PRINCESS OF WALES, "Get thee to a Nunnery;" that is, had given H.R.H. leave to visit any convent she might desire to inspect, a favour rarely accorded. If His Holiness's gentlemanly good-nature do not produce another question from MR. NEWDEGATE, we shall take an early opportunity of despoiling of the religion of these realms.

But all our time was not lost, for we read a Second Time the Sanitary Bill.

Manchester is not Parliament, but statesmen's utterances are Parliamentary history, and it shall be set down here that there has

been a Monster Conservative Demonstration in Lancashire. MR. DISRAELI has been received there with unbounded enthusiasm, and he has delivered, in the Free Trade Hall itself, a long and brilliant oration, in which he clearly proved that the British Constitution was a "sweet boon" that all who would destroy it are venomous cusses, and that the Conservatives are not yet ready to go in for a fight for office. He likened the Ministers to a row of Extinct Volcanoes. The PREMIER's probable sentiments on the oration are illustrated in Mr. Punch's Cartoon.

AT LAST!

THE moment has arrived!
Let us say that
We have burnt one Bishop—
We have smashed one Director—
We have run over one Member of Parliament—
We have poisoned one Peer—

All this by way of bold metaphor,—meaning, let us suppose, that we have offered up the precious sacrifices, which, in this practical country, will have to be waited for before the abolition

Of locked railway-carriage doors—
Of train-running without block-telegraphing—
Of furious driving and unprotected crossings in London streets—
Of the making up of prescriptions by unqualified chemists and druggists.

But now we have so handsomely drowned two officers and a boat's crew of the *Ariadne*, we may hope that the sacrifice has been performed which was necessary to drive into the heads of the Admiralty the expediency of enforcing the use, in men-of-war, of CLIFFORD'S Boat-lowering apparatus; or some better, if there be a better, which, as advised, we doubt. They have already taken the first step to this desirable result—which has not been urged upon them for much more than twelve years—by giving Naval Captains the option of fitting their ships with CLIFFORD'S apparatus or one, as we are assured, though MR. SHAW LE FEVRE tells a different story, admitted by all who have tried both to be in every point its inferior—KYNASTON'S. KYNASTON being an Admiral, and having a brother at the Admiralty, of course his apparatus had every claim to precedence over CLIFFORD'S, which possessed only one merit—efficiency.

Let us hope that the question, if there be a question, of relative merit between these contrivances, will, at last, be settled, if there be a better and a worse, that henceforth option between better and worse will be withdrawn, and that GÖSCHER will have the use of the best boat-lowering apparatus made compulsory and universal, or JOHN BULL will know the reason why. We have surely offered up lives enough to Admiralty prejudice, or Admiralty interest, or Admiralty supineness and stupidity, whichever it be, that has stood so long between the British man-o'-war's-man and the most perfect plan possible for diminishing his chances of drowning.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWING an amateur performer on the ophicleide, or bagpipes, who feels himself insulted, if, when he is asked to dine with you, he is not begged to bring his music!

Being asked to execute your country friend's commissions, from a cradle to a crinoline, or a banjo to a baby-jumper, because you, who live in town, of course know best where to buy things.

Knowing a funny fellow who mimics all your little eccentricities of manner, not behind your back merely, but before your very wife.

Being perpetually pestered by your friends to get them boxes at the theatres, because you happen to know the managers, or possibly the authors.

Knowing a clever fellow of an artist, who takes advantage of your hospitality by making you a study for his wildest caricatures.

Knowing a fine lady, of the family of Snobs, who, because you happen to have mentioned that you have once met a lord, persists in prattling "Peerage" to you every time you meet.

Being ordered to get up and make a circuit of your premises at two o'clock A.M., because your wife says that she *knows* that thieves are in the house.

A Long Time Ago.

DISQUIETING rumours of the existence of a "King of Rûm" (in connection with a paper read at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society) having reached the ears of the "National Alliance," that body caused inquiries to be made on the subject, and were relieved to learn that whatever baneful influence such a disolute monarch may have exercised on society, it was confined to the Eleventh Century of our Era.

THE GROCER'S FRIEND.



HAT excellent M.P., MR. J. G. T. SINCLAIR, has written the *Times* a letter epitomising his arguments for a "free breakfast-table"—the table to be freed at the Income-tax payer's expense. The following one is the basis of all the rest:—

"That tea, sugar, and coffee are necessities because they are universally given in workhouses and gaols; that it is contrary to the Constitution to tax those who are not represented for necessities."

Whatever things are universally given in workhouses and gaols are necessities; but tea, sugar, and coffee are univer-

sally given in workhouses and gaols: therefore tea, sugar, and coffee are necessities, quoth ARISTOTLE? No, MR. SINCLAIR. But in saying that it is contrary to the Constitution to tax those who are not represented for necessities, he states that which nobody can deny without braying. On the contrary, everybody but a Moke must admit that he has spoken very much within bounds; for we all feel that taxation without representation is tyranny, whether levied on necessities or luxuries. So at least all feel who are taxed and misrepresented. See how much this maxim has to do with the question of a free breakfast-table. Every man almost who consumes tea, coffee, and sugar bought with his own money is represented, if he is taxed, particularly if taxed on little else but his intoxicating liquors; and all prisoners and captives, whether immured in a gaol or a workhouse, if unrepresented, are untaxed. Their breakfast-table, such as it is, stands free for them, having been emancipated by the rate-payers, who pay for the entire banquet, whether including tea, coffee, and sugar, or limited to skillogalee. Women, to be sure, are taxed without being represented; but this wrong is to be redressed by the emancipation of Beauty, not of the breakfast-table. The freedom of the breakfast-table, moreover, concerns only a few old maids and widows; probably the ladies in general would very much prefer a free boudoir.

Perhaps MR. SINCLAIR would argue that oakum is a necessary because it is universally given in workhouses and gaols—to pick.

The reason, furthermore and finally, says MR. SINCLAIR, why I protested against the reduction of Twopenny in the Income-tax in preference to the remission of taxes on the breakfast-table, was that—

"I thought it astonishing and distressing to hear rich Members of all parties in the House of Commons, over their turtle and champagne, cordially sanctioning the confiscation of the entire surplus for the benefit of their own class, and doubting whether it would not be a violation of the Constitution to allow the wretched out-door pauper, the helpless widow, or the poor seamstress of Spitalfields, a cup of untaxed coffee with their crust of dry bread."

Pathetic, pitiful, compassionate, condoling MR. SINCLAIR! As feelingly, at least, as you, Mr. Punch commiserates poor people who can afford nothing for breakfast dearer than dry bread—though they who can afford that can afford nice oatmeal-porridge; can't they? But would our poor brothers and sisters, now able to afford nothing above dry bread for breakfast, really be enabled to afford anything better by a free breakfast-table? Alas, no! The breakfast-table would be none the cheaper; on the contrary, for reasons of which the grocers would give a most satisfactory explanation, there would be an immediate rise in the prices of tea, coffee, and sugar, sweet MR. SINCLAIR.

Inns of Court Head Quarters.

OPINIONS differ about the style of Architecture which would be the most appropriate for the New Law Courts in their proposed combination ironically called by some people the Palace of Justice. There are some hints of the best design for that Building to be found in *Paradise Lost* where MILTON describes Pandemonium.



"WHAT NEXT?"

Mistress (to New Housemaid). "JANE, I'M QUITE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE! I'M SURE ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS WOULD GLADLY UNDERTAKE TO TEACH YOU —"

Maid. "O, LOI', MUM, IF THE YOUNG LADIES WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO LEARN ME ANYTHING, I SHOULD SO LIKE TO PLAY THE PLANNER."!!

RESULTS.

(Manchester, Easter Week, 1872.)

BAD colds.
Enthusiasm.
Hoarseness.
Damage to wearing apparel.
Mishaps to flags and banners.
Misfortunes to umbrellas.
Six columns of the *Times*.
Delight of young people called upon to read the whole of Mr. DISRAELI's speech aloud to elderly relatives.
Enormous sale of London and local papers.
Great demand for Mr. DISRAELI's novels.
Brisk traffic in Mr. DISRAELI's *cartes*.
Researches into the history and antecedents of Pomona.
Dinner-parties.
Excitement about "CAWLEY and CHARLEY."
Projected new room at Hughenden Manor to hold the Addresses.
Stern determination of "boys between 14 and 20,"* to take care of the English Constitution and their own, to be careful and Conservative, to save their money and their country, to eschew tobacco, and to resist the allurements of malt and spirituous liquors, so as to become householders at the very earliest opportunity, and supporters of Mr. DISRAELI and the House of Lords.
Inexpressible weight on the minds of those to whom Mr. DISRAELI delivered "the cause of the Tory party, of the English Constitution, and of the British Empire."
Consternation, confusion, distraction, and dismay in the Ministry.
Frequent Cabinet Councils. Mr. GLADSTONE unable to eat, drink, or look at old china; LORD GRANVILLE attacked by gout; the

* "I am far within the mark when I say that one-half the people present in the Pomona Gardens yesterday were youths—literally and actually boys between fourteen and twenty."—*Special Correspondent of the Daily News*.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON discovered insensible in the Phoenix Park; MR. STANSFELD moaning in his sleep and shouting, "ADDERLEY! ADDERLEY!" and MR. CARDWELL threatening to enlist in his own Army.

The House of Lords breathing again.

Manchester, Saturday, 6 p.m.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

Hoarseness abating, likewise enthusiasm.

SANG BY SAWNIE.

THERE 's ae question I wad speer,
Ere I loupit intil marriage;
Heeh, noo, lassie, luvie an' dear,
Cou'd ye live on airtmeal parritch?

Cou'd ye wear a cotton gown?
For the Sawbath keep aye plaidie?
Be content wi' Nature's crown,
Nae fause chignon cost your laddie?

Wad ye, Doo', your gizzard fret?
Wad ye nae ith' sullen linger
For a' trinkets gin' ye'd get
Bit o' gowd on wee fourth finger?

Mutato Nomine.

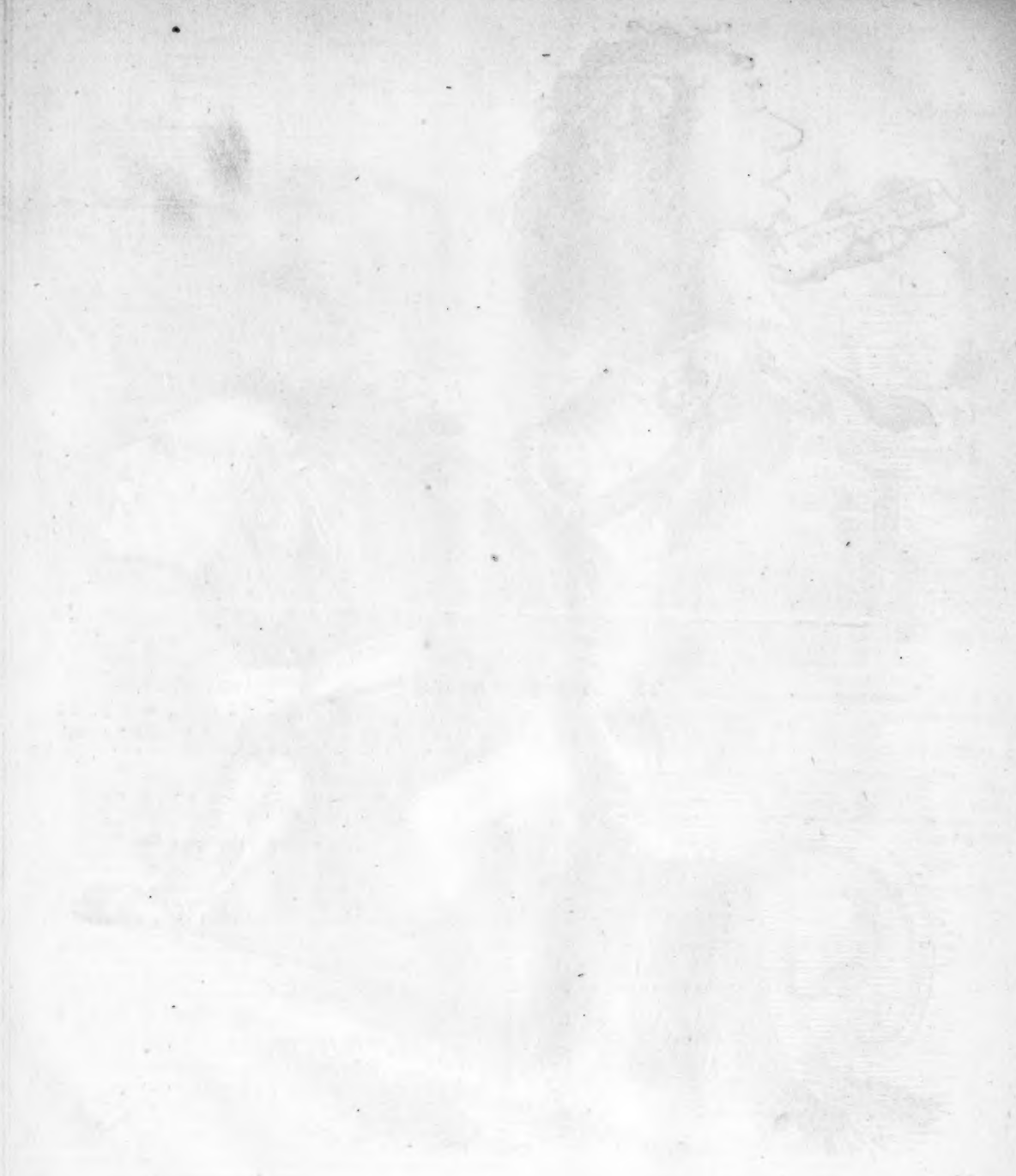
OUR Republican and Socialist friends of the Patriotic Society, now the "Hole-in-the-Wall" has been blocked against them, have found a refuge, we are told, at the "Crown and Can." Considering the result of their attacks on royalty, we would suggest a slight change of sign—the "Crown and Cannot."



THE LANCASHIRE LIONS.

"SO HAVE I HEARD ON INKY IRWELL'S SHORE,
ANOTHER LION GIVE A LOUDER ROAR,
AND THE FIRST LION THOUGHT THE LAST A BORE."

Bombastes Furioso.



THE LANCASHIRE JOURNAL

AND A WEEKLY RECORD OF THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY
AND A WEEKLY RECORD OF THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY
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AND A WEEKLY RECORD OF THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY

FLOURISH ON THE FRENCH HORN.



DURING the late siege of Paris by the victorious Germans, the inhabitants of that beleaguered city were reduced to eat strange flesh—the least strange being that of swans. Forty of those birds have now been distributed in pairs amongst the Tuilleries, Parc Monceaux, Buttes Chaumont, and other public gardens of the French Capital, to replace the swans which the Parisians devoured. Swans are institutions which Paris replaces. France will, at any rate, not find that all her swans are gone.

Shoddy and Sand.

FROM a discussion which lately occurred at a meeting of the Manchester Chambers of Commerce, it appears that the adulteration of American cotton with sand has come to be practised extensively. The

authors of this fraud deserve being doomed perpetually to fabricate ropes of sand; or, which would answer the same purpose, to manufacture that material into cotton twist. As duly, with justice only rather less poetical, they might be sentenced to picking oakum without end.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

[N.B.—MR. BARLOW, for himself and his young friends, takes the earliest opportunity of contradicting the report that he, attended by his beloved Pupils, has interviewed either MONSIEUR CLAIMANT, at Antwerp, or the Monster Claimant in Newgate.]

A ROUND of unexampled gaiety in London having somewhat impaired the usual excellent health of MASTER TOMMY MERTON, MR. BARLOW proposed that, as the time had arrived when the Holidays were fast drawing to a close, he should take his young friends for a change of air to the South of England. TOMMY MERTON now insisted upon defraying the expenses of the trip, and after MR. BARLOW had judiciously written for and obtained apartments in the *Abbey Boarding House* at Torcombe, the party set out for their destination, their high spirits being somewhat damped by the remembrance that in a very few days they would have to return to the routine of their ordinary studies.

Travelling by the night-train they beguiled the time with conversation, which naturally turned upon the diversions of which they had so largely partaken during their sojourn in the Metropolis. MR. BARLOW now desired to hear HARRY's opinion upon Pantomimes in general.

"Why, Sir," answered HARRY, "I am very little judge of these matters, but I protest that it seems to me that all honest folk can but be of one mind with regard to this sort of theatrical entertainment."

Tommy. I vow that I have always considered a Pantomime a vastly comical and diverting performance.

Mr. Barlow. Your sentiments, my dear TOMMY, remind me of the story of *Arcturion* and the *Unnecessary Infant*, which, as neither of you has heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know then—

Here HARRY, with much modesty and compunction, informed their beloved tutor that he had himself already recounted the tale to MASTER TOMMY, a statement which his young friend hastened, with no little warmth, to corroborate.

Harry. As, MASTER TOMMY, you appear to have a somewhat high opinion of a Pantomime, let me ask you whether you consider it a benefit for the uneducated to witness a virtuous, or a vicious, example?

Tommy. Indeed, it appears to me that to have perpetually before our eyes such an exhibition of virtue as our revered tutor affords us is vastly beneficial.

Mr. Barlow. Softly, TOMMY, softly. For although your candour and penetration do you infinite credit, yet I would rather be assured that this frank and generous acknowledgment were made equally in the absence, as in the presence, of the person to whom, you would have us believe, you are so deeply indebted.

MR. BARLOW was then going to descend and enter another carriage, but TOMMY, with many tears and protestations, begged him to remain and hear HARRY's answer to the question which he had put to him.

Harry. A Pantomime, then, Sir, appears to me to be filled with little else but cheating, dissimulation, treachery of the grossest kind, and cruelties of the most revolting and barbarous nature, practised, I regret to say, upon those whose helpless condition, either by reason of their sex or age, demands our utmost consideration and most chivalrous protection. The babe is remorselessly torn from its nurse's, or its mother's, arms, to be brutally doubled up, in order to accommodate its shape to the capacity of the *Clown's* pocket, or it is bandied from one to the other, with less care than would be bestowed on uncaring bundles of firewood; and when outraged justice at length interferes to punish the evil-doers, it is the innocent baby which serves the *Clown* as a most formidable weapon in his effectual resistance to the police; and, when it is of no further use, either for defence or offence, it is callously jerked aside, put into a pie-man's can, or hurled into the midst of some fearful street-fight, where its dismal fate is sealed, and it is for ever lost to view. And, let me ask you, did you, my dear MR. BARLOW, or you, my dear TOMMY, see one spectator of this series of inhuman crimes shed so much as a single tear; nay, on the contrary, did we not notice how the younger portion of the audience vehemently applauded the while the elder looked on in smiling satisfaction? Not to multiply instances which your own experience would suggest to you, you will remember what roars of laughter greeted the cold-blooded decapitation of an unfortunate policeman, the ghost of whose head subsequently appeared, horrible to relate, in the large party, with which both *Clown* and *Pantaloon* were regaling themselves in their dishonestly-acquired lodgings? And therefore, not to detain you further, I could not help wondering, during the last Pantomime at which we were present, that people could throw away so much of their time upon sights that can do them no good, and take their children and their relations to learn fraud and insincerity, to behold the utmost cruelty greeted with shouts of laughter, to see justice held up to derision, the law triumphantly defied, and meanness, vice, chicanery, and trickery most vehemently and heartily applauded.

MR. BARLOW smiled at the honest bluntness of HARRY; and TOMMY, who had already commenced writing the first scene of a Pantomime, hung his head and appeared not a little mortified.

However, as he could not contradict the charges which HARRY had brought, he thought it prudent to be silent. TOMMY's Pantomime was founded upon a story of MR. BARLOW's, and was entitled *Harlequin Agenius* and *The Versatile Plumber*, or *the Convulsive Pairies of the Silver Spoon and the Cow that Jumped over the Moon*, or *the Little Dog of the Ottogamies and the Unaffected Scullion*. He had secretly purposed calling on the *Lewee* of Drury Lane, or if no other way were open to him he was going to ask his father, who was a very wealthy man, either to purchase for him a share in Drury Lane Theatre, which would entitle him as a renter to compel the attention of the *Lewee*, or to take the *Opéra Comique*, for the ensuing winter, to be opened, under the management of MASTER TOMMY MERTON, with his new and original Pantomime. These schemes he now determined to drop, having been much moved by HARRY's discourse.]

At Swindon, MR. BARLOW and his young friends refreshed themselves with a plentiful supper of buns and as much soup as they could swallow without scalding their mouths in the few minutes allotted for this repast.

Before re-entering their compartment, MR. BARLOW, ascertaining that the Guard had not heard the story of *Pharabazus* and the *Modest Buffalo*, was forthwith about to recount it to him, when the signal was given for the train's departure, whereupon MR. BARLOW, wishing to exhibit in his own person an example of scrupulous punctuality, and exact adherence to the Rules, Regulations, and Bye-Laws of the Company, at once stepped into his carriage, and, with his usual happy expedition, was very soon fast asleep.

A Contradiction in Terms.

ONE thing *Punch* will say of the new Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, which all who know the late Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster will echo now, and to which the people he governs will soon—we have no doubt, say ditto—that the Government, having the most important and honourable post in any British dependency, after the Governor-Generalship of India, to fill up, has not put a duffer in!



THE INTERESTING EVENT.

Curly Poll. "SO THAT'S THE NEW BABY THE DOCTOR HAS SENT HERE TO MAMMA, FREDDY!"
Freddy. "YES. AND DON'T IT SQUEAL! AND I DO SAY IT'S A GREAT SHAME OF THE DOCTOR TO SEND BABIES WHEN PEOPLE ARE ILL, LIKE POOR MAMMA. I HATE HIM!"

Frederick Denison Maurice.

BORN 1804. DIED 1872.

NOR Bishopric, nor Deanery, nor Stall
 Of Canon or of Prebend, empty stands,
 By reason of this death, whose tidings fall
 To sadden many hearts in many lands;

Yet to uplift e'en whom they sadden most;
 The steady star, whose dimming here we mourn,
 Beams ever for us in the heavenly host,
 And only there seems to have reached its bourne.

The broad bright light, whose guiding radiance shone
 So wide on earth, shines broader, brighter now:
 What though the true voice, and sweet smile be gone,
 Closed the kind eyes beneath the steadfast brow—

The life of love he lived, the truth he spoke,
 The seeds of good he sowed on earth remain:
 In many brave hearts, eased from Evil's yoke,
 The fruitful soul of MAURICE lives again.

Stout runners, over duty's dusty course,
 Will carry on the torch his hand lets fall;
 Whose flame, he bearing it, nor craft nor force
 Quenched, or made quiver—a sure light for all!

If e'er man's life showed Christian faith and love,
 If ever man's lips Christian doctrine spoke,
 That life was lived by him while here he strove,
 That trumpet-truth from his tongue souls awoke,

Which slept, and would have slept, while, like a fall
 Of lulling waters, orthodox ground

Its barrel-organ, and the popped pall
 Of seventh-day slumber shed its influence round.

A dangerous spirit, by decorum's gauge,
 Who on Heaven's road shook turnpikes and scorned tolls,
 Could fling forth words white-hot with noble rage,
 As well as lit with love, compelling souls.

Armed with his well-proved thought he faced abuse,
 Loss, conflict, obloquy, believing still
 That God, who gives us reason, wills its use.
 That reverent trust in right can work no ill.

He ne'er met lie but off its mask to tear,
 Nor e'er encountered truth but to embrace:
 Heedless what seemly vizard he might wear,
 Or what thick veil might hide truth's noble face.

Why pause the lot of such a life to read—
 Its band of high, and humble, grateful friends,
 Of honours, wealth, its small share, smaller need:
 How can he miss, who seeks not, worldly ends?

He being dead yet speaks, and still will speak
 More widely, as men grow more brave and wise,
 In wider sympathy, and faith less weak,
 And interchange of larger charities.

Crowned with a radiant crown, than earth's more fair,
 'Mid love and reverence he leaves life below,
 To seek the life above, and welcome there,
 Face to face, all 'twas his, e'en *here*, to know!

Satisfactory Vote, nevertheless.
 THEATRICAL BALLOT.—"HODSON'S Choice."



FASHIONABLE AND APPROPRIATE COSTUMES

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

Alice. "DO PRAY TAKE MY UMBRELLA, FANNY, DEAR! I'M JUST AT HOME!"

A DANGEROUS EXAMPLE.

WILLIAM LASH, an appropriately named attendant at the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, having been seen by one of the medical officers striking one of the lunatics under his care, was very properly suspended, committed, tried, and found guilty last week, at the Middlesex Sessions. It was proved that the lunatic he had struck was much bruised and injured, and LASH pleaded that he had been "provoked." The jury seems to have thought the provocation justified the assault, for while finding LASH guilty, they added a gratuitous, and on the face of it, highly improbable opinion, that "as he had been but a short time in the Asylum, he probably was not acquainted with the restriction that no attendant was allowed to strike an inmate"—the first thing every attendant is made to do being to master the printed rules, of which this stands at the head. Whereupon the judge seems to have showed himself, if he will allow Mr. Punch to say so, more imbecile even than the jury, for he merely ordered WILLIAM LASH to enter into his own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon.

Considering the number of Lashes loose in too many Lunatic Asylums, if we may judge by the frequency of rib-breaking, bath smotherings, and similar murderous acts of brutality on the part of Asylum attendants brought to light from time to time; the peculiarly helpless position of the lunatics who are the victims of these brutalities; and the difficulty of securing that same evidence, which alone juries seem to think warrant for a verdict of guilty on such charges, we should have thought that of all conceivable cases, one in which an Asylum attendant is convicted on an Assistant-Surgeon's testimony of brutal violence to a lunatic, was the one for an exemplary sentence.

We had flattered ourselves that corporal punishment was forbidden in all well managed Lunatic Asylums. The cat has been banished in effect from the Army and Navy, and is only allowed, now, to claw the backs of ruffianly garrotte robbers. But such lenient treatment as visiting justices, jury, and judge have given this LASH seems very likely *encourager les autres*, and so to

stimulate the use of the Lash in our Lunatic Asylums generally. There are few of them, we fear, without a Lash handy among their attendants, only to be kept in abeyance by good rules, strictly enforced, and their violation heavily punished.

FAIR WARNING FROM FRANCE.

EUROPE bids fair to advance—crab-fashion. If she do not progress, at any rate she will march. At the suggestion of M. CHASSELOUP-LAUBAT, in his report on the organisation and recruiting of the French army, it is likely that the National Assembly will pass a law to make every able-bodied Frenchman between twenty and forty learn soldiering. All Europe must follow suit. Hooray for the prospects of the peace and civilisation of the world! Hey for the Millennium! When France is armed, Europe makes ready. Of course M. THIERS will lose no time in converting France into one camp able to revenge Sedan, and reinstate the Pope-King. M. THIERS knows that he can effect that transformation in a twinkling, as it were with a wave of a Harlequin's wand. Otherwise he would try to do it by degrees, and say nothing of what he was about in the meanwhile. If it were made a work of time, it might chance to get arrested at an early stage of development. BISMARCK may be asleep, and snoring very loud, and perhaps a prolonged noise of military preparation would not soon awaken him; but perhaps it might, and then what if he were to nip a magnificent project of glory and vengeance in the bud?

A Shrewd Observer.

Mrs. MALAPROP, whose head is still full of the Tichborne case, is puzzled to think why some of the ground at the Brighton Review was "tattooed." The same worthy matron also wonders at the fuss that has been made in Holland about "the capture of Brill,"—a fish which, for her part, she thinks very inferior to turbot.

THE PIG AND THE RING.

I WISH for a thing.
Who will give me a Ring?
What good angel, or genie, or fairy,
On my finger to wear,
And be pinched with it there,
Whensoe'er in good living unwary?

The utmost to eat,
And to drink that were meet
For my health me I'd have it to suffer;
But when I did exceed
That degree, then indeed
To admonish this erring old buffer.

How well, then, I'd dine!
And go on drinking wine
Without end, till my Ring pinched me warning,
I should then feast without
Getting in for the gout
By-and-by, and a headache next morning.

COMMON MISQUOTATION.

LOW-BORN creatures who do not know, and pretend not to care to know, who their grandfathers were, not having family-trees like the pedigree of Mr. Punch, who came in before the Conqueror, are apt to say that the grapes of genealogy are sour, quoting, as they commonly do, the lines from Noses—so our Young Hopeful the other day dared to call the poet, PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO:—

"Nam genus, et proavos, et que non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco."

Et que non fecimus ipsi? By this rule, we should like to know how anyone could possibly call his soul his own?

A Thought upon Taffy.

Your Welsh Cad is a greater Cad than any other.
He numbers among his ancestors a CADWALLADER and a CADWALLON.



AN IRISH MODEL.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her Daughter). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR FANT TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAYHONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"

FRIGHTS AND FASHIONS.

MEN laughed, when wearing Pig-tails was the rule,
At one who wore no Pig-tail as a fool.
She that hair-powder, patches, paint, eschewed,
Was funny to the female multitude.
When womankind their waists made long or short,
Whose waist was Nature's waist, she moved their sport.
In days of Crinoline's extent immense,
Attired in skirts of just circumference,
Amid the modish throng if one appeared,
The others at her for a "dowdy" sneered.
Now Chignons are in vogue, they deem her odd
Who fails to pile the fashionable wad
Aloft, like towers of Cybele, and groan
Beneath a load of hair that's not her own.
The crowd, their ears with pendants who adorn,
A lady without earrings hold in scorn;
Who fish-bones through their nostrils thrust, so those
The fair who wears no fish-bone in her nose.

"Because he had Too much Cheek."

THE Spaniards are getting up another agitation to regain Gibraltar. At a time when she cannot even look out her brigands from her railway-stations, but allows those scoundrels to tear up the rails and murder the passengers, Spain asks to be trusted with the keys of the Mediterranean! If a Spaniard could read *Bleak House*, we should refer him to Mr. Bucket's answer to his own question "why they killed the pig."

ANOTHER "BALANCE OF COMFORT."—At your Banker's.

WAGGAWOCK SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

"THERE are some people with plenty money but no brains, and other people with plenty brains but no money."—*The Ex-Claimant.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Eight Donkeys in a Pound.	1	0	0	An American Publisher	1	1	0
One who has suffered by Justice	0	2	6	Gents using the parlour of the Duffer's Head.	0	6	0
A Gushing Gent.	0	1	6	Houndeditch.	0	0	6
A Hater of Law.	0	3	6	Pious Potboy.	0	0	6
Asinus.	0	0	6	A Butcher.	0	1	0
Fagin and young friends.	0	4	0	A Friend (Hanwell), with seven oyster-shells and a flageolet.	0	0	3½
A Female Idiot.	2	0	0	Tattoo Diaboli.	0	4	6
One who would gladly have seen him among the base aristocracy.	0	1	0	Servants in a kitchen, after reading the "Penny Dreadful."	0	2	6
Five Cads.	0	6	0	Jonathan Wild.	0	10	0
A Fellow Prisoner.	0	0	6	Titus Oates.	0	10	0
Clyfaker.	0	1	0	One who has bellowed at the Cat.	0	1	0
A Stubborn Cove who sticks to his opinion.	0	2	0	"Dear Clever Boy."	0	0	6
Conscience-money; half an overcharge by a converted Cabman.	0	1	6	A Hater of Swells.	0	1	0
A Pigeon-Shooter.	0	6	0	A Howling Idiot.	0	1	0
A Sensation-monger.	0	1	9	A Baby Farmer.	0	10	0
Eleven Touts.	0	11	0	A Woman Hater.	0	2	6
An old nurse.	0	0	6	Mother Goose.	0	0	2

Mancunium and Mythology.

MANCHESTER is most classical. In her hours of relaxation she seeks Pomona, but in the pursuit of business she is ever faithful to Vertumnus as the God of 'Change.



SOUNDINGS!

The Living down at our Village falling vacant, LORD PAVONDALE left it to the Parish to choose the new Rector.

Influential Parishioner. "THEN AM I TO UNDERSTAND, MR. MANIPLE, THAT YOU OBJECT TO BURY A DISSENTER?"

The Rev. Mr. Maniple (one of the Competitors). "O, DEAR ME, NO, MR. JINKS; QUITE THE CONTRARY!!"

SERIOUS INTERJECTIONS.

If you were asked what you considered to be the chief characteristic of the Great Transatlantic Branch of the Anglo-Saxon Family, would you not mention a peculiar gravity, manifested in the frequent combination of the affairs of common or political life with devotional solemnities, and undisturbed by any idea of their incongruity or dissociation by unfitness of things? This it was which enabled the Chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature, upon the opening of its session the other day, in offering up the customary prayer, to introduce a special petition for the guidance of the members' hearts in the direction of bestowing the suffrage upon women. The Speaker, however, having been appealed to against this kind of praying, ruled that the chaplain must in future refrain from such admixture of secular and spiritual matters, whereupon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, congratulating the Legislature of Massachusetts on having out short what might otherwise have proved a very inconvenient precedent, remarks that:—

"The peculiar advantages which the position of the chaplain would give him in setting forth, through the medium of prayer, his political opinions, were not likely to be meekly borne by his opponents. It is true that the party whose views were shared by the chaplain would not be permitted to mark their approbation by cheers or cries of 'Hear, hear!' But they might freely interpolate 'Amen,' whereas the expression of 'Oh, oh!' and other Parliamentary signs of dissent, would be absolutely forbidden to those who had the misfortune to differ from the officiator."

Very probably, as sounds of Parliamentary dissent, "Oh, oh!" would be interdicted. But, as sounds of Parliamentary assent and spiritual yearning, "Oh, oh!" would be quite in order. There is a sense in which "Oh, oh!" are sounds of both assent and dissent, as the writer of the note above quoted will acknowledge, if he has ever sat under the REVEREND MR. STIGGINS in Ebenezer.

CRITERIA OF CLOTHES.

METHOUGHT mine overcoat was growing old With five years' wear, but, walking with it on, I met a boy the other day, to me Who, mind, he could not see my watch through it. Said, "Please, Sir, what's the time?" He said, "Please, Sir, And he concluded that I had a watch From data which were, save mine overcoat, Below it but my trousers' legs and boots, My billycock above. Both it and they Were somewhat seedier than the sack which did Between them intervene. Then, to that sack I yet will wait before I give the sack, And in another vestment cash invest, Maybe some thirty hob, or more. Besides, The beggars have not ceased to beg of me. "Gentleman, please, would yer," they cry, "relieve A poor man?" Poor? Why, then, I do look rich, And mine exterior yet is gentlemanly. Then underneath what matters how I go, Whilst upper Benjamin makes outward show?

VOTERS OF VALUE.

A CLAUSE in the Ballot Bill provides that the presiding officers at an election may cause the vote of an elector, incapacitated by blindness, or any other physical cause, from voting in the manner prescribed by the Bill, to be secretly marked on a ballot-paper, and the paper placed in the ballot-box. It has been suggested that this provision should be extended to electors who can neither read nor write. But would they be incapacitated by a cause merely physical? Should they not also be presumed to lie under an intellectual incapacity, and is it really desirable that a vote should be given (not to say recorded) by every illiterate fool in the kingdom?

Green Park v. Black Moor.

THEY are resolved on running a railway through the finest people's park in England, and, what is more, in the very midst of the Black Country, where park scenery is most wanted and most welcome. This park is at Sutton Coldfield, but the wish to turn "Coldfield" into "coal field," however natural to the region, is not a transformation those who wish well to its workers will be inclined to favour or to forward. (Lords' Committee on the Wolverhampton and Leicester Railway Bill, please make a note.)

MACFIE'S LAST—LET US HOPE.

MR. MACFIE shows a wonderful capacity, even among unwise M.P.'s, for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. He is the sage lawgiver who, because patent law is unsatisfactory, patent cases sometimes scandalous, and patent rights occasionally inconvenient to those who want to eat the fruit of other men's brains without paying for it, would do away with all legal protection to the inventor, and make all machinery, processes, and published matter, once given to the world, public property in perpetuity. This notable project of plunder is worthy of the logician who in SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS' silly Sunday Trading Bill—ignominiously and deservedly kicked out on Wednesday week—could see an attempt of the House of Commons to perform "its sacred duty of protecting the working-man's day of rest from being sacrificed to the rapacity of the capitalist."

Such was MR. MACFIE's account of the measure. Considering that it is the working-man who insists on the Sunday market, that it is his purveyors, the costermongers, who chiefly supply it, and that the only capitalist concerned is the small shopkeeper, who would fain see all Sunday trading squashed, that he might put up his shutters on the seventh day, and be off with the old woman and kids on an outing to 'appy Ampton or umbrageous Epping,—in the way of foolish misrepresentation and distortion of fact, one would think even MR. MACFIE could not go beyond this last. How if we were to clap a tail to the name, and dub this egregious gentleman for the future MR. MAC-FIE-FOR-SHAME?

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.—*Mal-à-propos* of the Alabama Claims, MRS. MALAPROP remarked that she had no patience with those over-reaching Yankees, they were so unscrupulous.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 8.—
MR. DISRAELI appeared, fresh from his great Lancashire triumph, and not looking at all like a wearied Lion, but rather as one prepared to roar again at the shortest notice. However, to do him justice, he never assumes the lionine without provocation—he bath a temper, Sirs, which is much to be envied.

MR. NEVILLE GRENVILLE curiously inquired whether six counsel had been retained to prosecute the *MAR CASTRO*, now in Newgate. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the

enormous mass of evidence to be dealt with required a strong legal staff—not, however, that there was any difficulty in the case itself, which was most simple, “the ‘Claim’ being an insult to the common-sense of mankind.” Yes, but that sense is not so common, especially among the commoner sort, *CASTRO*’s chief patrons and backers. Evidently LORD ENFIELD is not let into all secrets. He stated that there was no hope of any relaxation in the French Passport System. On a later night his chiefs in both Houses proclaimed that it was to be immediately and entirely abolished.

MR. DODSON, Chairman of Committees, announced his retirement, and he was duly complimented by the two Leaders of party.

When MR. DODSON publishes a third volume of the enchanting adventures of MISS ALICE, of Wonderland and Looking-glassland, he shall be duly complimented by the Great Leader of all, *Mr. Punch*. The latter cannot as yet recover from his admiration of the marvellous poem, “Jabberwocky,” and of his own miraculous adaptation thereof. His only regret is that his amber embalms a bloated blow-fly.

MR. BONHAM-CARTER, who has been for many years the M.P. for Winchester, was made the new Chairman of Committees, and it is to be hoped that though our Carter will usually guide his team by ejaculations, he will not forget that he carries a whip for use on fit occasions.

“On hackney stands,
We reverence the coachman that cries ‘Geel!’
And spares the lash.” (Rejected Addresses.)

but if horses will not go, or will jib, the resources of science must be employed.

We then got upon the Ballot Bill, and the obstructives made the discussion rather amusing. Several divisions were taken, and there was a pleasing fight on the question whether the polls should be kept open after dark, for the convenience of our artisan friends. MR. FORSTER thought that disturbances would be the result, but had no objection to open the poll till sunset, provided that happened before eight o’clock. Imagine Sol being the arbiter of elections. There was also a struggle to insert a clause for detecting personation, but Ministers were afraid that this would interfere with the absolute secrecy in which it is imagined that Britons desire to involve their voting.

What do you say to this, MR. FORSTER? Suppose that electors who are indignant at the idea of its being supposed that they are afraid to declare their votes should set up a sort of Register office, on election day, and should proceed thence from the poll-booth, to set down their suffrage for publication among their fellow-citizens. Will this be illegal?

“What, hang a man for speaking Out?
Then farewell, British Freedom.” (Cueper.)

Tuesday.—The Lords met again, and were entertained with a discussion on the case of some young officers who, having been already gazetted as Ensigns and Lieutenants, are now to be sent to Sandhurst for education. It was explained that they were so gazetted, with notice that they would have to be subject to new rules, then in preparation. But, on the whole, these young Swells have a griev-

ance, and *Punch* hopes that their military ardour is not to be checked by any harshness.

Rather an odd debate in the Commons, touching the right of everybody to be heard against a certain Metropolitan Improvement Bill, the House having decided that the Board of Works should alone be heard. But it was fairly contended that the Board is not the representative of everybody, but only of Vestrymen, who are certainly “not everybody.” Ministers had to split. MR. AYRTON opposed the larger proposal, and MR. GLADSTONE supported it, which as M.P. for Greenwich, he was almost bound to do. It was, however, rejected by a good majority.

We had a debate raised by MR. FOWLER, on the subject of Entail. He wishes to make land much more easy of transfer. An unlucky reference to some cottages which are in a disgraceful state, gave MR. DISRAELI the means of making a good point. He was able to show that the dwellings were not the property of a Tory landlord, but of a Liberal tradesman. MR. GLADSTONE thought that the subject was not ripe for legislation, and asked MR. FOWLER to withdraw his motion, to which MR. FOWLER replied that if MR. GLADSTONE could not make up his mind how to vote, he could easily walk out of the House. (There is a new manual of politeness just published.) The snare of the fowler was escaped on division, 103 to 81.

Wednesday.—MR. G. ONSLOW, one of the distinguished treasurers of the *Castro* Fund, presented a petition from some people at and about Titchborne, declaring that they believed in the Claimant, and begging that he might be defended at the public expense. MR. ARTHUR GUEST presented a somewhat similar petition from Poole, but next day wrote to the *Standard* to say that he had merely discharged a Member’s duty, and had refused to ask that the petition might be read, as that would have implied his approbation of it.

Other proceedings were dull, except that the Sunday Trading Bill was opposed by MR. PETER TAYLOR in a really clever and effective speech, in which he deprecated, very properly, all needless interference with the sale of the small necessities and comforts of the needy. The Bill was rejected by 69 to 40. The smallness of the aggregate number, when a question involving the interests of lowly folk was at stake, shall be charitably explained by the suggestion that solvent gentlemen felt ashamed to be meddling with the ways of the poor, who have bother enough, without Parliamentary addition.

Thursday.—MR. JOHN BRIGHT re-appeared in the House, after his long and much-regretted absence. He came in at prayer-time, so there could be no demonstration of welcome, or he would have been hailed with hearty cheers. *Mr. Punch* hereby cheers him lustily. At any time our JOHN would have been joyfully received, but there is just now special reason for shaking his hand hugely. For we this week read a capital letter (a “patriotic” letter, as the Conservative *Standard* justly calls it) to MR. CRENS FIELD, in which MR. BRIGHT sets the conduct of the Americans “in order before their eyes,” denounces the “folly” of the indirect demands, and declares that England will never go into Court upon a claim which, if given against her, she would never accept. “Has the Presidential Election anything to do with this matter?” asks MR. BRIGHT, demurely. Ha! ha! Does he remember the big bellows and the Yankee “Claimant” in *Mr. Punch*’s masterly Cartoon?

There is a Railway Bill, for enabling a company to cut through the most beautiful part of Sutton Park, a favourite haunt of the people of Birmingham. A slight deviation would answer all engineering purposes, and save the scenery. But *Mr. Punch* need hardly say that the Railway interest was much too strong to listen to any sentimental appeal. However, the Birmingham people mean to ask the aid of the House of Lords, and here will be a capital opportunity for the owners of Parks to show that they understand the feelings of the lovers of Parks.

MR. AYRTON indulged in a scoff at the Clerk of the Weather, remarking that as he had actually favoured us with two fine days in succession, tan might soon be put down in the Park, unless the official in question changed his mind. It is pleasing to see that MR. AYRTON’s reverent habit never abandons him, be the topic what it may.

Young Gentlemen of the Foreign Office, who is responsible for this blunder? In the Correspondence about the Treaty with France, the words “*sur lest*,” meaning “in ballast,” have been translated as if the second word had been “*l’Est*,” and “coming from the East” had been meant. “*Nous sayons! Say un mûl de la première magnitude, ay tout le gras sera dans le feu sec et sort de chose ay de aller sur.*”

Friday.—In both Houses there was explanation of the state of the American negotiations. We lodge a Counter-Case, but we avoid any argument on the indirect claims, and we reserve all rights, and also liberty to recede. If no further blunder has been made, these precautions would appear to be sufficient.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved a resolution to the effect that England should declare that she would never fight in anybody’s quarrel but her own, in any circumstances whatsoever. After a good

debate, in which the doctrine of isolation was shown to be absurd, SIR WILFRID SELFISH (as an old comedy-writer would call him) was defeated by 126 to 21.

MR. BAILLIE-COCHRANE stoutly denounced the International Society: the lesser MR. BENTINCK was exceedingly impertinent to MR. GLADSTONE: we got through Committee on the Ballot Bill, and also on the Parks Bill, and we walked off to bed observing that this had been the warmest day of the year, and that we felt quite summery. Also we spoke of the sea—"speech which in England is a pleasant sign."

A CASE FOR CRYING ODOROUS FISH.



THAT must have been a nice business of MR. SALMON'S! Carried on down at Bermondsey, in the midst of a dense population—the making of manure from carrion—its ingredients are thus savourily described:—

"The blood and refuse of slaughter-houses, stinking fish, pigs' hair, putrid animal matter, and garbage of all sorts. These remained collected together in heaps while waiting the process of manufacture by which they were converted into superphosphate."

JUSTICE BYLES had dealt with this wretch's cauldron, on indictment, very summarily, in 1868.

"The moment it was proved—as it was in a few minutes, by the first witness—that the effluvia from the premises was so offensive as to be a serious annoyance to the neighbours, the Judge said at once,

"This is a public nuisance. The quantum of the nuisance is quite immaterial, except for the purpose of sentence, and, therefore, unless this evidence can be controverted there must be a verdict for the Crown." It was impossible to controvert the evidence, and accordingly that course was taken, and the defendant submitted to a verdict against him."

But a big Bermondsey Salmon is not so easily "gaffed"! The local Magistrates were not quite up to the mark of the Justice of Q.B. When proceedings under the Nuisance Act were taken before them against this odoriferous establishment, they dismissed the complaint, and pronounced MR. SALMON a "benefactor to the neighbourhood."

Of course, under the august *egis* of Local Justices' Justice, SALMON stank on, and defied the Vestry and their Inspector of Nuisances, and when

—"in December last the medical officer visited MR. SALMON to warn him in a friendly way and induce him to remedy the grievance, he received his remonstrances in a very hostile spirit."

Here is the charge brought against the fragrant Salmonian plant, in a Doctor's affidavit sworn in Chancery proceedings taken last year by Messrs. PECK and FREAN, the great Bermondsey biscuit-factors, against their strong-smelling neighbour:—

"The process of manufacturing manure carried on by the defendant is detrimental to the health of the inhabitants, and especially to the plaintiffs, their servants, and workmen, and it is impossible, I believe, so to carry it on as that it shall not be a constant source of annoyance."

DR. PARKER also stated:—

"The fumes of the process are particularly disgusting, and pervade the streets and gardens, but the smell is worse in digging out the putrid mass and putting it in bags and carting it away."

At length the nuisance has again been attacked at law before CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN. All that we have quoted was borne out, to the letter, by the evidence given at the trial the other day:—

"It was shown that the most horrible effluvia emanated from the defendant's premises, from the heaps of rotten and putrefying materials collected there, and that on 'mixing days,' as they were called—that is, days on which the materials were boiled down—there was an escape of pestiferous gases, and a kind of heavy steam, which left a mould where it fell, and was accompanied with an acrid sensation in the mouth and throat. Evidence was given that vast quantities of fish-heads, garbage from slaughter-houses, and other filthy materials, were brought on the premises, and kept there until mixing days, which occurred, it was said, only once or twice a month; so that the neighbours either had the foul effluvia of the materials, or the still more offensive effluvia of the 'mixing.'"

Of course there was the usual cross-swearing, the usual arraying of eminent "scientific witnesses" to prove that everything was for the

best in this best of all possible manure-manufactories; that nothing which could be done to prevent nuisance was left undone; that no nuisance was possible, if the Salmonian processes were carried out as devised; that the bad smells came from other sources; finally, to cap the climax, that there were no BAD smells, for that the Salmonian odours were rather nice than otherwise! Sanitary officers (not of the district), agricultural chemists, and chemical lecturers came forward freely to testify on behalf of SALMON and his sweetness. At last CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, who has a highly undignified and unwelcome way of taking bulls by the horns, daringly proposed that the jury and himself should go bodily to the place, and have what he called a "view," but what we should rather have called a "smell," of the premises.

Chief Justice and jury went, saw, and smelled, and came back satisfied—that whatever DR. LETHBRIDGE might have done for the process of manufacture, the storing of materials for the nice little mixture called "Salmon's Patent Superphosphate" produced odours which actually, as the Chief Justice said, "took your breath away"—and no wonder, when one reads in detail the ingredients of this highly fertilising compound, "putrid pigs' hair, rotten fishes' heads, stale slaughter-house offal, and fermenting horse-dung!"

But to the sweet all things are sweet:—

"The Messrs. SALMON were a good deal cross-examined as to the collections of foul materials they had upon their premises; and denied any unpleasant smells."

"One of the jury asked MR. SALMON, JUN., whether he thought the smell at a certain place he described offensive; and the witness answered that he did not, upon which the juror lifted up his hands."

And we don't wonder at it, any more than the Chief Justice did.

Of course, "on the smell," SALMON was found to stink, though apparently with considerable reluctance on the part of some of the jury, even after smelling on the spot!

But what a pleasant picture the proceedings suggest of this not abnormally odoriferous "law" neighbourhood!

What a practical people we approve ourselves in allowing such processes to be carried on in the midst of dense populations, and how our respect for trade and capital rises superior to stench! *Odor lucri*, indeed! What was ROMAN VESPASIAN to British Vestryman? With the great medicine-man's *sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas* at Manchester, MR. STANFELD's Public Healths Bill in the House, CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN's sound sanitary sense at Bermondsey, and LORD DERBY's "Common-health Commonwealth" wisdom at Derby, we ought surely, as a nation, to be progressing fast and far on the way to that cleanliness which is next to godliness.

But how if *sanitas* still rhymes to *sanitas*: if the half-empty House listens languidly when "Public Health" is the order of the day: if CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN lays down the law against stench amid stench, and LORD DERBY has to insist on the uselessness of sanitary law without sanitary sense to stimulate and guide its application?

Till we have enlisted Public Opinion in the service of Public Health, talk will do little, and law less. JOHN BULL must properly value sweet air to breathe, sweet water to drink, and clean streets to live in, before all his law-makers and law-enforcers will give him either one or the other.

THE GIANTS AND THE BUNKUM-BAG.

Two well-intentioned Giants, face to face,
Anxious to shake hands, by-gones bid be gone,
Are held apart from cousinly embrace
By a huge wind-bag, all of Bunkum blown!

When Giant JOHN calls Giant JONATHAN
No more to let this Bunkum-Bag prevent
The two stout cousins' doing all they can
To clear off scores of ancient discontent,

Shall Giant JONATHAN to Giant JOHN
Turn a deaf ear, and swear that wind has weight,
And pin his faith the Bunkum-Bag upon,
And ope new sores, and old sores aggravate?

Shall not both join the Bunkum-Bag to triek,
And give its heated humbug to the winds,
And fall to settle the substantialist's lie,
And pay, or take, as arbitration finds?

Logic for Ladies.

It has been said by some wise person, and believed by many not otherwise, that it is in the power of any woman to make any man marry her she pleases. Very well; then do away with actions for breach of promise of marriage.



"IT IS A PRINCE, YOUR GRACE."

[Nurse Lilly, correcting the Iron Duke.]

"HOW IS MRS. TOMKINS?"

"MRS. MONTGOMERY TOMKINS IS AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, MA'AM."

"AND THE LITTLE BOY?"

"THE LITTLE BOY, MA'AM!"

"WELL, THE LITTLE GIRL, THEN?"

"THE LITTLE GIRL, MA'AM!"

"YES—ONE OR THE OTHER, I SUPPOSE!"

"THE DOCTOR SAID AS A HEIR 'AD ARRIVED, MA'AM!"

MORE THAN PETER'S PENCE.

THE Prisoner of the Vatican (his own gaoler) will not yet come to terms with the Government of his country, though those which they offer His Holiness are handsome. According to a telegram from the Capital of Italy:—

"The Pope has not accepted the 3,325,000 *lire* offered him by the Government. His Holiness will receive nothing from the Italian Government, and will only accept the alms of the Catholic world as a means of subsistence."

This intelligence inspired a minstrel on behalf of Italian Unity with the following lay of—

PIUS AND PETER.

"*Non possumus*," continually,
The Pope, persisting, says;
"We cannot:" and some think that he
Affects St. Peter's phrase.
But Peter talked not in that way,
With ears to reason shut.
Quite the reverse did Peter say;
He said, "We cannot but."

The words entire which PETER spake
Would PIUS speak as well,
A liberal offer he would take,
VICTOR EMMANUEL!

"*Non possumus*" he still would cry,
But also would augment,
And say as much as "We comply:"
"We cannot but consent."

And then His Holiness, in his Pontifical robes, would "impetuous the gratuity" of 3,325,000 *lire*, merrily and wisely singing "*Lira la!*"

MANLY MILLINERY.

YOUNG ladies seem to dress now in a very gentlemanly manner, at least if we may trust this fashionable intelligence:—

"As we prophesied last month, white muslin waistcoats, profusely embroidered and trimmed with lace, are very much admired for *demi-toilette*; they are lined with silk the same colour as the dress, or its ornaments, if the latter are of a different hue."

An artist might do worse than take a hint from this new fashion, if he had to illustrate TENNYSON'S *Princess*. "Sweet girl graduates with golden hair" might be fittingly portrayed in academic costume, whereof a white embroidered waistcoat formed a part conspicuous. Fast young female Undergrads might be depicted wearing their waistcoats inside out, in order to display the colours of their linings, which, like hat-ribbons, might serve to mark the College Croquet Club whereto they were attached. Well, women are gregarious, and it is no use to fight against the fashion. We can only hope that the wearing of white waistcoats will not lead young ladies, when they get a husband, to don a still more manly article of dress.

Fie, Mr. Fergusson!

THE MISSES KIRKINGTON have discontinued the *Times*. They could no longer allow a paper to enter their doors which devoted a considerable portion of its space to an article with such an objectionable title as "Rude Stone Monuments."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

A LADY wrote of her lover who had become insane that "he had gone out of his mind, but had never gone out of hers."



LAND AND LABOUR; OR, "HOW TO SETTLE IT."

LORD BROADACRES, "COME, FARMER, I THINK WE MAY MANAGE TO MEND MATTERS FOR OUR FRIEND HODGE, WITHOUT THE HELP OF THAT PROFESSIONAL MEDDLER!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



RICKS SANDFORD
and MERTON and
Mr. BARLOW at
Torcombe.

On the second evening following their arrival at The Abbey Boarding House they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded; amongst whom there were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who were, as they were afterwards informed, on their way to their various scholastic establishments at Bath, Bristol, Clifton, or other equally famous localities.

Mr. BARLOW, than whom no one was better acquainted with what was strictly due to his own position and that of his young friends in the company by which they now found themselves surrounded, was, on this occasion, attired in an elegantly cut tail-coat made of a blue cloth and ornamented with such bright brass buttons as would have suggested to any one of an astronomical bent the idea of examining the revered tutor of MASTERS TOMMY and HARRY through no other medium than that of a telescope.

As soon as MASTER TOMMY MERTON entered (whose father was now universally well known to be a very rich man), every tongue was let loose in his praise. His eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle in order to receive the congratulations of the company on his personal appearance, and to be introduced to the young ladies staying at the "Abbey Boarding House."

As for HARRY, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except an old gentleman, who received him, in a corner, with great cordiality, and presently proceeded to inquire what amount of pocket-money might then be in his possession, and whether he had ever acquired the knowledge of whist and other games. To which questions HARRY replied with so modest a bearing and such unaffected simplicity as at once endeared him to his venerable companion, who now promised to impart to him, after dinner, what science at cards he himself possessed.

Mr. BARLOW had, in the meantime, seated himself next to a stout matronly lady, whose short fat fingers were bedecked with rings of apparently enormous value, while her short neck was almost concealed from view by such a quantity of gold chains and strings of pearls as would have crushed a less delicate frame. Her plump round arms were clasped by bracelets, and the miniature of a gentleman's head and shoulders, about the size of a frontispiece to a piece of music, glittered upon her bosom. This lady inquired of Mr. BARLOW if that (pointing with her fan to HARRY), was the little ploughboy whom his teaching had so vastly improved.

Mr. BARLOW answered her that she was indeed right.

"I protest," said the lady, "I should 'ave thought so, not judgin' so much from what I've 'eard, but from his plebeian haspeck and vulgar hair."

"Indeed," exclaimed another lady on Mr. BARLOW's right hand, "you must be a vastly wonderful instructor to have effected so great marvels with such unpromising materials."

Mr. BARLOW acknowledged these courtesies with a profound bow towards both ladies, who thereupon raised their fans, and, for a moment, were compelled to blush beneath the eloquent gaze of the young lady's tutor.

"My daughter MATILDA," said the first lady, "is about MASTER MERTON's age, and 'as received a hexcellent heducation." "And

my SOPHONISBA, too," replied her friend, "plays divinely on the piano, and talks French, and draws to perfection."

Mr. BARLOW now informed the two ladies that what they had heard of MASTER MERTON's wealth, and of his own influence with his pupil's parents, was strictly in accordance with fact. He added, with a fervent sigh, that, alas! for himself he was a widower; but that nothing would be so consonant with his own feelings as to be united to some worthy and tender companion, who had been left by providence with a daughter, who would thus afford for MASTER MERTON that soothing and refining influence which was the only thing wanting to perfect his character, and which, alas! in his own house, he had been hitherto unable to give him.

While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady, observing that nobody except the old gentleman, who was now talking to somebody else, had taken the slightest notice of HARRY, advanced towards him, and addressing him with the utmost affability, inquired after the state of his health, the condition of his appetite, and his opinion of affairs in general. HARRY, who was unaccustomed to female society, did not at first know what the young lady meant by terming him "little Cookalorum," and was at a loss how to reply to her inquiries as to whether he was "slow" or "fast," and if he "smoked" and played billiards and blind hockey. But as this young lady possessed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, and as MASTER HARRY had been endued by Nature with that innate politeness, and readiness of wit, without which all artificial acquirements are more offensive than agreeable, he soon felt himself quite at his ease, and made so many smart replies in the course of conversation, that Miss SMUDGEKINS (for that was the young lady's name) protested she should either be obliged to box his ears, or should be compelled to complain to her uncle, who, she gave him to understand was no other than the old gentleman who had so kindly noticed him on his arrival.

Miss SMUDGEKINS was reported to be of Italian descent, and had been for years under the care of her estimable uncle, the REVEREND ZENOPELUS POTTS. This gentleman had such peculiar notions of female character, that he considered no lady properly educated who had not been brought up in his own fashion.

He made his niece always rise in the dark, without fire or candle-light, at all seasons of the year, and took care that she should invariably walk five miles and then swim eight before breakfast. He called her SUKEY, though her name was ISABELLA; and he had himself taught her the mouth-organ, and a few tunes on the comb and paper, on both of which instruments she was no mean proficient.

She knew enough French to reply with confidence "Wee tray bang," or to ask with simplicity, "Polly voo frangsey," "for," said this excellent uncle, "I do not intend her to marry a French barber, or valet, or dancing-master, and if she can only make toffy, a batter pudding, and darn my old buttons, that's enough for me or any other Englishman."

Such had been the education of Miss SMUDGEKINS, who was the only one of all the fine company, with the exception of her worthy uncle, that thought HARRY deserving the least attention.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner "which," Miss SMUDGEKINS explained to HARRY, "is a sort of *tabbly doat*, where we all mess together; so you hook on to me, and we'll sit together."

HARRY could not help sighing when he reflected on what he should probably have to undergo. However, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, especially as he saw his friend TOMMY gallantly escorting a beautiful fair-haired girl considerably taller than himself, and his beloved tutor, Mr. BARLOW, almost concealed behind the expansive founcces of the stout elderly lady to whom he had already been paying considerable attention.

The gong now sounded, and they proceeded to cross the hall to enter the spacious dining-room.

AN ILL-READ PARABLE.

THIS is from a Manchester paper :-

A TRADESMAN, who has over-stocked, asks twenty Ladies to help him, by buying each £5 of DRAPERY, and so act the good Samaritan. Samples on application. Address, &c.

A cool and ingenious tradesman this (and certainly not "over-stocked" with bashfulness), but there may be a word to say in somebody else's interests. His notions of good Samaritanism are rather one-sided. Ladies usually spend money earned by other persons. Now the good Samaritan's oil and wine and twopence were his own. At least we are not aware that he took them from anybody else at Jerusalem or Jericho. To the latter district we should therefore be inclined, were we a Manchester husband or father, to request the advertiser to go.



OUR BRILLIANT FINISH

(ON OUR LAST DAY)

WHEN WE NEARLY GOT POUNDED, BUT ONE OF THE BEST FELLOWS OUT SHOWED US THE WAY AT SOME STIFFISH POSTS AND RAILS.

"WHO'LL MARCH THRO' COVENTRY?"

TRUE Bills, for Perjury and Forgery, have been found against the Man in Newgate, and he lies there for trial. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* proposes to say no more upon the subject until the verdict shall be pronounced, unless anybody's impudence shall make it expedient, in the interest of society, to remind everybody of what has already taken place. But as subscriptions for the Man's defence are being constantly solicited, and lists are published, an occasional excerpt therefrom may be amusing, as illustrative of the order of mind of certain classes of the community. The following items are from the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, the 11th of April:—

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
R. M. B., who believes the tattooing to be a got-up Popish plot	5 0 0	Colney Hatch, Middlesex	1 0 0
From the Cabdrivers of the Great Eastern Railway, per William Giles	1 17 6	Anti-tattoo Humbug	1 0 0
One who considers a Bench Warrant should not have issued, as there was no verdict	2 2 0	Purge the Bench of Judges	1 0 0
From a few Income-tax payers, who protest against the prostitution of the public funds by filling the pockets of six counsel to prosecute in this case	1 10 0	Nine Livery Servants, Lovers of Justice and Fair Play	1 0 0
Several disgusted with Judge, Jury, and Attorney-General	1 3 0	One who considers that neither the Judge, Attorney-General, nor Jury should ever sit again	0 14 0
Penny Subscription from the Customers of a Pawnbroker	1 0 0	A few "Favourite" Omnibus Drivers and Conductors	0 15 0
		A few Workmen, no Admirers of Justice Bovill	0 15 0
		Believers in the mill trick, employed in Portsmouth Dockyard	1 7 9
		From a few Young Ladies at School who wish to see justice done to the Claimant	0 15 0
		All Men are Fools	0 10 6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
A Real Englishman, who prays "God defend the Right"		0	10	6	Two who think the Tattoo Marks a Conspiracy	0	5	0
A few Sympathisers		0	11	0	Five shillings' worth of Salts for the Attorney-General	0	5	0
To help Sir Roger to a fair trial		0	11	0	Confusion to Villany	0	5	0
A few Lovers of Justice and three Servant Girls		0	12	0	Three who fear the Attorney-General has Tattoo on the Brain	0	4	6
Nine Friends who believe the Claimant to be a persecuted man		0	10	6	Enemies of Persecution	0	4	6
A few Cabmen		0	8	0	Catching Minnows with the Left Hand	0	4	0
A Believer in eighty-five Witnesses against a few Jesuits		0	7	6	Judge Jeffreys and his Jury coming to Life again	0	3	6
Boys of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, Wellclose Square		0	7	0	Liberals who Protest against Coleridge being Attorney-General any longer	0	3	0
Detesters of Bovill-justice		0	7	0	From Friends at the White Lion, but no Cheats	0	2	6
Twelve Honest Jurymen		0	6	0	Arundel, who is Robbed of both his Title and Estates	0	2	6
From Four who pity Roger much		0	5	6	One who desires the Claimant's food to be analysed	0	2	6
Wagga Wagga		0	5	6	From one who knows <i>he</i> is Sir R. Tichborne	0	1	6
Anti Noodle Tyranny (<i>sic</i>)		0	5	0	Flashing Sword!	0	1	6
C. M., no faith in his Lordship's Tattooing		0	5	0				

The Substance of Soldiership.

THERE may, perhaps, be some room for improvement in the military efficiency of our Volunteers. The one thing, however, of all things most needful to place them anywhere nearly on a level, in point of soldiership, with the troops of the Line, would probably be pronounced by some of their professional critics, if those gallant officers would speak their minds, to be Pipeclay.



“WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID, WAS YOUNG,”

IN FACT, VERY YOUNG INDEED.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE IS THE MISERY OF THE PRESENT—WOULD IT BE
A MEMORY OF THE PAST!

[Such, at least, are little Mabel's Sentiments.]

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEVERAL important new works are on the eve of publication. PROFESSOR MACQUEURIE's long and eagerly expected Monograph, which has occupied its learned author for more than fourteen years and a-half, during which period he has never taken any other stimulant than whiskey and water, may be looked for any day. It deals with one of the most interesting epochs of the pre-civilised age, and bears the attractive title of *Pictures of the Picta*.

Recent experiments, conducted under the auspices of the Royal Farinaceous Society, prove beyond a doubt that “the glutinous and granular substance obtained from the roots of the Cassava plant” is a sure prophylactic against lassitude and low spirits when taken in conjunction with the best brandy.

The Serioscopic Company are about to publish a selection of photographs of the Fathers (*carte de visite* size), taken from authentic pictures, busts, gems, intaglios, and black shades.

Rumours continue to gain ground of projected new theatres at Shepherd's Bush, Ball's Pond, Peckham Rye, West Brompton, and Shadwell.

MISS MINNIE MALTRAVERS, MISS LOTTIE DE LAUNAY, and MISS CONNIE FITZ-ASHURST are specially engaged for the new burlesque of *Oliver Cromwell* at the Frivolities.

A new trade publication, with novel features, the *Greengrocer and Occasional Waiter*, is announced to appear at irregular intervals during the London season.

SIGNOR TRILLINI has been suffering from a succession of severe colds in the head, accompanied with violent sneezing fits (the consequences of our treacherous climate), since his arrival in Leicester Square from the principal Continental Opera Houses, to fulfil an important metropolitan engagement. Under the skilful treatment of MR. MINTO LAMB, M.R.C.S. and L.A.C., the Signor is now convalescent, and will make his first appearance in this country in a favourite rôle at the Bloomsbury Music Hall on Whit Monday.

MR. THADDEUS RIGGLESWORTH is engaged on a new libretto for *Punch and Judy*. A dress rehearsal will take place on an early day in one of the riverain streets of the Strand.

WORDS TO A WIFE.

LOVE, thou'rt like yet unlike mutton,
Likewise beef, and veal, and lamb.
Do not answer that the glutton
I bespeak me that I am.
They in price, year after year, are
Rising, thou must needs allow;
Butcher's meat grows ever dearer:
So, and yet not so, dost thou.

For although my annual payment
To my Butcher waxeth still,
Less and less each time for raiment,
Wanes thy Linendraper's bill.
Thus by thrift expense thou meetest;
Whence thy wisdom doth appear:
Also, that I find thee, Sweetest,
Cheaper still and still more dear.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PARK.

PERADVENTURE the Parks Bill would be rendered more gracious to MR. ODGER and the People who like to stand under him if it were altered so as to offer them a certain compromise. That is to say, suppose it is made absolutely to prohibit all public meetings in Hyde Park, and all the other Parks in the West of London, where they create terror, alarm, and annoyance in the minds of the neighbouring inhabitants, and of the majority of the frequenters of those places of resort, whilst it legalises any such assemblies in Victoria Park, whereof they interest the surrounding population generally, and wherein they frighten or offend nobody.

A Base Calumny.

SOMEBODY has dared to publish, in a record of agricultural wages, that in Burton Union the labourers received twelve shillings a week and *two quarts of cider*.

Cider in Burton! Bass to the rescue!

And Bass has foamed over, and repelled the foul calumny—declaring that if two quarts of cider be drunk in the Burton Union in a twelvemonth, he will be content that the Union be put, for all time to come, out of the pale (ale) of civilisation!

The discovery in the older pliocene beds of Bedfordshire (formed, we need not remind our non-geological readers, of successive accumulations of blue lias and London clay, interspersed with phosphoric nodules) of a waistcoat button, seems to point to the existence of man at a period long anterior to the dates hitherto current in geological circles, and will probably lead to a serious revolution in anthropological science, and to a great outbreak of controversial literature, and personal attacks.

The forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition is likely to prove one of even more than average interest. The majority of the Academicians and Associates will be represented on the walls and floors of Burlington House, Piccadilly, in company with most of our rising and risen painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, and a large proportion of those who, as it has been well observed, have yet to win their spurs in the lists of Fame. Several new names will appear for the first time in the Catalogue, which will be printed, as in previous years, by MESSRS. CROWZ, and sold at the usual price of a shilling. We are glad to hear of further reforms in the Academy. It is understood that the Council are preparing an agreeable surprise for the public in the shape of an entirely new series of numbers, to replace those now used for the umbrellas, sticks, and parasols, temporarily deposited with the Academy's officers; and which are said to be as old as the presidency of MR. BENJAMIN WEST. Several meetings have been held to devise some more simple and expeditious method of attaching these numbers to the umbrellas, &c., than that which is now adopted (by the agency of string), but at present, we regret to have to add, without success. The Hanging Committee are hard at work, and passing sleepless nights.

Happy Man be's Dole.

THOUGH now the Tichborne dole no more takes place,
The Tichborne Claimant lies in doleful case.

A MORALIST'S LAST REMARK.

THERE are few actions of my past life which I recall with any pleasure, except instances of having defeated attempts to take me in.



TRAGEDY AT THE COUNTER.

Customer (distinctly). "I WANT A PAIR OF MORNING KID GLOVES—LAVENDER—NOT STITCHED AT THE BACK: SIZE, EIGHT-AND-THREE-QUARTERS."
Shopman (as usual). "SIR?"

Customer (sternly). "DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID!"

Shopman. "PAIR OF LAVENDER GLOVES, PLAIN, EIGHT-AND-THREE-QUARTERS!"

[*Customer nods, and exit. May the Lesson be blessed to Shopmen!*]

A BISHOP ON BITTER BEER.

THE two most sensible big-wigs now speaking are, as we take it, the BISHOP of MANCHESTER among the clergy, and the EARL of DERBY among the laity, of the Upper Ten. The Bishop, measured by bench-mark, seems a marvel of courage and sense. He thinks nothing of calling a spade a spade, looking an ugly fact in the face, confronting a meeting of factory hands or of roughs, and speaking his mind to them, which mind is generally much to the point, and such as sensible people can say "ditto" to. Without forfeiture of due reverence for religious teaching and truth, he can rise above religious prejudice and religious difference in talking about education; and on this sore point, as on others, seems free alike from episcopal twitters and ecclesiastical bitters. He has been heard to admit the necessity of amusement, and even to rejoice that it can be found, wholesome and good, in a well-managed Manchester theatre. And only the other day he stood his ground, in a stormy meeting, between the well-to-do citizens of Manchester, who wish to see public-houses better regulated, and the roughs and rowdies who, on pretext of defending the poor man from being robbed of his beer, are egged on by the low publican to stand up for the freedom of Mr. BURN to debauch and poison his customers, without check of policeman or control of analyst.

At this meeting the Bishop actually admitted having sat down to a quiet lunch, after a charity sermon, and relieved the exhaustion of preaching with a glass of bitter beer!

It is as refreshing, as it is rare, to see a Bishop thus stooping to the "common things" of lay life, and revealing under his lawn sleeves the broadcloth of a Briton and a brother, instead of the feathers of an alien angel.

In a word, the Very Reverend of Manchester is precisely the sort of Bishop Manchester wants, to show Shoddy that religious zeal may coexist with sound common-sense and a clear head for business; that manners, education, and piety are not necessarily incompatible with manhood; and that high-place in the Church may be main-

tained without blinking facts or fearing to hear or speak plain truth, however unpalatable.

Let us hope that BISHOP FRAZER is a normal type of the Bishop of the future, the spiritual overseer as he is to be!

For the moment, with all Mr. Punch's respect for the Bench, he is at a loss to find a match-prelate, to run in a carriage with DR. FRAZER, except DR. TEMPLE.

Both are from the Gladstone stables, and we earnestly hope there are more of the same sort where they came from.

"A SONG OF THE SEASON."

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

O, THERE'S not in the West-End a valet so sweet—
 As our JEAMES when with drawing-room bouquet complete;
 With the light "œil de poudre" on his side-curls so smart,
 And where his back-hairs so symmetrically part!

'Tis not that he shows his six feet all serene,
 In the reddest of red and the greenest of green;
 'Tis not his *grands airs*—gazing nursemaids that kill—
 O no, it is something more wonderful still!

'Tis the thought how amazing a product is bred
 From the finest of shapes and the emptiest of head,
 When in folly's first flight launched to dazzle the eye,
 Clad in all that's most foolish of fashions gone by!

Most fragrant of valets, sought Folly a nest,
 The sweetest she'd find in thy Glenfield-starched breast!
 Rotten Row shall be riderless, Kensington dark,
 Ere the calves of that valet are driven from the Park!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 15.—Appeal (from the French *appeler*, Latin *appello*) was the topic of the evening, in the Lords. Faithful to his custom of introducing a quotation, in or out of season, to a non-reading age, *Mr. Punch* has glanced into the drawers of his memory for a line in which the word occurs. Such a line instantly presents itself, of course, and that it has no kind of bearing on, or connection with, the matter in hand is an advantage.

"Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud LEONE thus answered the Appeal,
'Thou com'st, O holy man!'"

Lord of the Isles.

Refer to the passage, and you will find that it leads, as passages should, to something worth reaching. This is the splendidly dramatic situation in which the priest, who was about to curse THE BRUCE, is over-mastered by an inspiration, and blesses him in a noble and prophetic strain. But the business in the Lords? Ah, true. Well, LORD HATHERLEY proposes to construct a new Grand Court of Appeal, and to do away with the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Retired but still able lawyers are to form the principal members of the Court, but any Lord who may rightfully be called Learned is to be qualified. The plan has to be carefully considered, and when their Lordships discuss it in detail, *Mr. Punch* will cast his illuminating beams upon the topic.

MR. AYTON has decreed that the old houses in Abingdon Street, close to the Palace of Westminster, shall be pulled down within the month. Thanks, *Ædile*, but they ought to have fallen long ago. Do you recollect a quotation so miraculously introduced by LORD MACAULAY at a dinner-party given just after some edifices had tumbled down in Tottenham Court Road, and at which party an American lady, whose theological views were not over-orthodox, put them forward over-fluently?

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And there a female Atheist talks you dead."

It is alleged that sundry officers in the Ninth Lancers have made things unpleasant for a gentleman who joined on the strength of having passed a brilliant examination, and not by purchase. Also that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has given it to the offenders rather hot. The papers are to be moved for—let us wait for them. *Mr. Punch* rather likes Spangled Officers, if they do not shake their spangles too proudly, and he is ever loth to be harsh with them, but discipline must be maintained.

"And Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their force to nerve."

This night began anew the Ballot Battles, which ere the week was spent resulted in an extraordinary cropper for the Cabinet. The case is this. The authors of the Ballot Bill, in their great zeal and tenderness for the unfortunate persons who are afraid or ashamed to vote publicly, are tremendously hard upon the majority of Her Majesty's faithful Elector-subjects, who have also been accustomed so to vote, and who detest secrecy. It was proposed to inflict dire and terrible punishment upon anybody who should raise the Isis veil of the Ballot—(A *propos* of Isis, what says LORD LYTON?)

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what HAMLET means."

and to-night there came on the clause for giving two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, to any person who should irregularly take out a Ballot-paper. This creation of a new offence, and visiting it with about eight times as much vengeance as is poured on a ruffian who batters his wife to pieces,

aroused a good deal of wrath. Both the BENTINCKES, for whom *Punch* does not profess habitual adoration, spoke manfully against it, as did LORD E. CECIL and MR. BENSFORD HOPE. But the Government carried this by 203 to 152, majority 51.

"But hope not thou," said TURNER, "when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike."

TURNER means VERNON HARCOURT—*resipio Anem*. MR. WEST tried to get six months, instead of two years, prescribed, but he failed. However, MR. FORSTER consented to insert a provision that the act must be fraudulent.

More strife and struggle, and some pleasing personalities, MR. J. HARDY informing MR. SAMUELSON that he got into the House by undue influence—however, MR. BONHAM-CARTER caused that expression to be "took back."

But now begin to take notice, like the little babies. MR. LEATHAM moved that no voter after marking his vote on the Ballot-paper should wilfully display it, so as to make known how he voted. The Conservatives opposed this (coupled as it was with the penalty of being sent to prison), and so did some Liberals, especially MR. FAWCETT, who declared that the instincts of England would never let a man be put into gaol merely for performing a public duty openly and honestly. But Government adopted the tyrannical proposal, and after a bungled division another was taken, and the numbers were 167 to 166, the majority for MR. V. HARCOURT and against MR. GLADSTONE *Ono*. Whereat there were huge Opposition cheers. *Resipio Anem*, we repeat.

Tuesday.—We told you that EARL NELSON, some time ago, said that he expected every man to take his seat in church. We waited his explanation. He has a Bill, which the Archbishop said was aimed at a real grievance. The object is to preserve sundry free seats in a state of freedom. A *propos* of anything you like, what an odd way the foul fiend had of tempting Poor Tom, in *King Lear*, by "putting halsters in his paw." If a gentleman in church were suddenly seized with a desire to hang himself (and perhaps SHAKESPEARE knew what kind of dementing sermons can be preached) the place is most unsuitable for such a purpose. Even a beadle would have almost sense enough to prevent its being carried out.

LORD KIMBERLEY, the Colonial Secretary, introduced the new Licensing Bill, in the House of Lords. BANDERNATCH, who has no reverence, supposes that his Lordship was selected to deal with the spirit-shops because his motto is "A-gin-court." Let BANDERNATCH be anathema. It was right to give the Lords something to do. Of the Bill, of which we had heard much, we shall not say much, yet. The points are these:—

Existing rights not to be disturbed.

As regards new licences, those granted by County Magistrates not to be valid unless confirmed by a Special Committee of Quarter Sessions.

In boroughs where there are not more than nine Justices, (they are to have jurisdiction; when more than nine, they are to appoint a Special Committee, but its acts are to be confirmed by the whole body and by the Home Secretary.

Various appeals are provided.

London Public-houses to be shut from midnight till VII. in the morning.

In towns with fewer than 10,000 people, from X. to VII.

Over that population, from XI. to VII.

On Sundays, no houses to open till I. London houses to shut at XI.; in the second case at IX., and in the third at X.

Well, you know, that *won't* do. We mean, particularly, the Hours regulation. *Mr. Punch* knows and cares nothing about anybody's wants and comforts but his own, and if everybody would mind his own business, everybody's business would be minded. *Mr. Punch's* is to say that the Opera is very often not over till XII., or a little later (if MYRTLEBECK's learned sock be on), and he likes to hear the end, and if he is not to be allowed to go round to the Albion for a silver flagon of beer,—

"One drop, the last, to cool him for the weed,"

he will become an International Republican Co-operative Democratic Communist. More of this anon. The Second Reading is for the second of May.



"A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Cramfie (Governess at the Squire's, who plays the Organ at Church, and coaches up the Choir). "MR. JORKINS, YOU ALWAYS TAKE UP THAT 'LEAD' IN THE ANTHEM SO DREADFULLY FLAT!"

Mr. Jorkins (with a Modesty rare in a Tenor). "WELL, WE DEW, MISS; BUT—YOU SEE MR. MANGLES AND ME AIN'T SIMS KEEVES, MISS!"

Do you know what Local Taxation means? Ratepayers, who undergo it, do perfectly well, and do not "rejoice therefore." To-night they made SIR MASSEY LOPEZ their champion. He explained well, in fact

"Loosed all their bars of Massey light,"

and after a long debate, in which MR. STANSFELD, for Government, opposed him, he inflicted upon the said Government an extraordinary defeat. He carried a resolution for the re-adjustment of such taxation by 259—majority against Ministers, *One Hundred!* Of course, heaps of Liberals stayed away, because they were ashamed to sustain the present unrighteous system.

Wednesday.—SIR SELWYN IBBIKSON had another Licensing Bill, and Members talked over it, until the time for rising came. It will, however, be considered alongside of the Government one, so no more at present on either head.

Thursday.—The American question has, of course, cropped up several times, but there is nothing particular to say on it, save that Counter-cases have been exchanged, England utterly repudiating the Indirect Claims.

It had been very emphatically stated by the *Daily Telegraph* that PRINCE VON BISMARCK had sent to Paris an ultimatum, menacing a renewal of the war, if the French persisted in arming hugely, with intention of "revenge." MR. GLADSTONE "believed" to-night that no information to this effect had been received by the Government, an answer by no means of a re-assuring sort. Nothing would surprise us less than such action by Germany, only that France is her debtor in an awful sum, and it is not wise in a creditor to jeopardise his claims.

Now then.

"The cannon is pointed, and ready to roar,
And crumble the wall it had shaken before."

We resumed the Ballot. MR. VERNON HARCOURT, in reference to MR. LEATHAM's amendment, proposed to put "with

A SMILE IN EXETER HALL.

KING STEPHEN was a worthy Peer. So is the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. Worthy of the Peerage everybody knows him to be. But everybody does not know him to be worthy of *Punch*. Know, therefore, everybody, by these presents, how *Punch* worthy the noble EARL is. For hath he not said the thing which is pleasant? Yea, verily; and in Exeter Hall too. Therein, presiding, on Tuesday night, last week, at the seven-and-twentieth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and:—

"Speaking of an allusion made by the Rev. HUGH HANNA to the possibility of some of the young men present being elevated in the course of the next forty or fifty years to the peerage, LORD SHAFTESBURY said he doubted whether the demagogues of Trafalgar Square would allow that venerable assembly, the House of Lords, to sit so long. But, in the event of the proposal for the creation of life-peers being again brought forward, he should, he thought, move an address to the QUEEN, praying that the two most notorious speakers on that point should be created respectively EARL OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE and BARON HYDE PARK."

Is LORD SHAFTESBURY also among the jokers? There were probably many amongst his Lordship's hearers to whom that question presented itself in those words. It may be answered that he is indeed. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and Exeter Hall is a *locus*, a *locus in quo* there is such a deal of serious talking as to need being a little enlivened occasionally by a flash of mild merriment.

The Cuckoo.

(DR. WATTS, adapted to an uncertain Spring time.)

'Tis the voice of the Cuckoo
I heard him come, plain;
But he came here too soon,—
Shall I hear him again?

Rather 'Tother.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE pleads as a reason for letting the Claimant out on bail that, "as the question will be one of his identity with ARTHUR ORTON, it will be necessary that he should see his witnesses." We should have thought that all that would be necessary would be that the witnesses should see him.

corrupt intent" into the clause about displaying the paper. MR. FORSTER would not accept this, and MR. HARCOURT delivered one of his best and most incisive speeches, making vast fun of Government for insisting on such penalties as now absolutely and vitally necessary, when they had not been inserted in the Bill the Lords had been abused for throwing over. MR. LEATHAM stuck to his own form, Liberal after Liberal opposed him, and MR. GLADSTONE advocated MR. LEATHAM's amendment in the most earnest way. But even MR. GILPIN, one of the most sincere of MR. GLADSTONE's friends, abandoned him, as did MR. CHILDERS and MR. BOUVIERIE, and on division the numbers were—for the LEATHAM motion, 246; against it, 274; majority against Government, 28.

MR. GLADSTONE, appealed to by MR. OSBORNE, reproachfully called the attention of his friends to the Tory cheers. He was ready to part with the provision rather than part with the Bill. The latter should be pressed with unabated vigour.

We should like to cite something magnificent and worthy of this tremendous crisis. But we can recall nothing but TOM HOOD'S—

"What do you think of that, my Cat,
What do you think of that, my Dog?"

Friday.—Parsons, Oysters, and Mussels occupied their Lordships for a couple of hours. For the two former classes of our fellow-creatures we have the utmost respect, especially when the parsons give pearls and the oysters do not open their mouths indiscreetly. But that the Peers of England should demean themselves by mentioning Mussels!—we are ashamed of the Senate.

The wrongs of the Negroes in Cuba, of the Jews in Roumania, and of the Biscuit-eaters in the Navy, occupied their Commonerships. The latter subject prompts a Shakespearian parody, with which Mr. *Punch* closes his ornate record:—

"The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil,
I should have feared her had she been a Weevil.'
Love's Labour's Lost.



ONE OF THE "SYMPATHIZERS."

James. "I'M AFRAID, ME LADY, I'LL REQUIRE TO LEAVE YOU."

Lady. "WHY?"

James. "WELL, ME LADY, I CAN'T AGREE WITH MASTER'S SUCKASMS AGAINST THAT POOR PERSECUTED 'SIR ROGER.'"

EPITHALAMIUM IN GENERAL.

JUST now o' mornings with what din of bells resoundeth air!
How are St. George's clergy worked in Hanover's gay Square!
Day after day how long the list of weddings in the *Times*
Doth strike your eye as your ear is struck by the music of the chimes!

Hey? What! Has there occurred of late a fall in the price of bread,
That to Church doth make the people rush so furiously, and wed?
Perhaps; but there's evermore a burst of the after-Easter tide,
With the Lent-dams down, and the channel free for the bridegroom
and the bride.

What Alps of snow-clad semblance would arise on every hand
If wedding-cakes upon wedding-cakes were piled about the land!
What acres broad might wedding-feasts be spread on o'er each plain,
Chicken and lobster-salad amid rivers of champagne!

What hosts of human beings now each other daily bless!
O happy thought to estimate their sum of happiness!
How long to last, on all the pairs around you look, and see,
Young folks, and know ye that as they are now so you will be.

It is a goodly sight to gaze upon a bridal show,
Demonstrating unshaken faith in a Paradise below.
Forefend all fond young couples, Gracious Goodness, from mischance,
May none of them ever come to crave the help of LORD PENZANCE!

Stuff of the conscience 'tis to fast from wedlock during Lent;
No time to marry being that which time is to repent.
But marriage, when past Easter, is esteemed the thing to do,
Nowise fearful that repentance of the bargain will ensue.

O the wedding-bells throughout the land do make a merry noise,
A sound it is which the raptured ear of Sympathy enjoys,
And away with PROFESSOR PUMPKIN, whose reflection it compels
The more wedding-peals there be rung, the more will be tolled,
hereafter, knells.

CONVERSE DEMONSTRATION.

It is proposed that, before the tyrannical Government Parks Bill shall have passed the Lords, the middle and upper classes, taking a lesson from those that constitute the basis of Society, shall assemble in their thousands, and march through the streets on a Sunday in procession to Victoria Park, there to hold a demonstration with the object of enforcing the immediate repeal of the Income-tax. The demonstrators will comprise a very large number of persons, clerks and other people of respectability with slender or precarious incomes, on foot, as well as numerous gentlemen and ladies in carriages and on horseback; and they will proceed to and return from their destination with banners emblazoned with coats of arms flying, and violins and pianos playing; whilst a chorus, with band in attendance, will keep on singing "*Viva la Liberté!*" and other appropriate operative selections. By this display of numbers and determination it is hoped that a section of Society at present subject to the injustice of inquisitorial confiscation will succeed in obtaining for themselves the concession of equality before the tax-gatherer.

Well Classified.

In an article headed "The Agricultural Labour Question," we read, among other news of the "movement," that "the Newmarket trainers have advanced the wages of their men from 14s. to 16s." This is the first time we ever saw Newmarket trainers figure as agricultural employers, and their men as agricultural labourers. But the classification may be defended. If our labourers are *serfs*, what are trainers' labourers but *adscripti glebæ*? Isn't their work altogether of the turf, turfy?

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET IDIOT.

WHAT is the difference between a Sofa and its fair occupants?—About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-o'-women!

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. BARLOW and MASTER SANDFORD and MERTON continue their "Evenings from Home" at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House.



THE dinner was, if possible, more dreadful than anything HARRY had before undergone. A card was placed before him announcing the names of the numerous viands with which the company were about to be regaled.

This card was highly ornamented with tradesmen's advertisements intended for the perusal of the guests, and MASTER HARRY would have been vastly entertained, had he not been so alarmed by the novelty of his position, on observing that a most prominent place was given to an advertisement of a Medical Hall in Torcombe, the assistance of which establishment might, it was foreseen, not improbably be required by those who indulged too freely in the luxuries provided by the Abbey Boarding-House.

There was indeed such an apparatus of dishes which HARRY had never tasted before, and which almost made him ill when he did taste them, all in their order, one after the other. Then there were so many powdered servants in gorgeous liveries standing behind their chairs, and such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world, that HARRY could not help thinking to himself how infinitely preferable it would have been had all these savoury dishes and wines been left entirely to himself, without the interference of these grand footmen, and the presence of so many fine ladies and gentlemen, whose conversation, mingling with the bustle of the menials, distracted his attention from the meal, and indeed prevented him from obtaining two servings of any one particular dish which more than others seemed to suit his palate.

MISS SMUDGINS now pointed out to him how many of the names were in French, with the use of which language the Housekeeper of the Abbey Boarding-House was only moderately acquainted.

The soup, HARRY was asked to observe, was called *Fembon Potage*, and an Elderly Gentleman, who had been a considerable traveller, now stated, that, in some parts of France, this was known as *Soup à la bonne femme*, to which MASTER TOMMY, who had been received amidst the circle of the ladies as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity, replied, that "many people were of a different opinion, and for his part he considered it more in accordance with the rules of good breeding to observe some prudence in offering a remark, than to show considerable alacrity in venturing an assertion, which the circumstances of the case did not warrant, and to which the majority of the company were in no mind to listen."

The Elderly Gentleman, whom MR. BARLOW now perceived by his dress and accent to be an inhabitant of Scotland, was much abashed at this rebuke, and during the remainder of the repast would not utter so much as a single word.

In consequence of this success, which elicited rapturous applause from the company (to whom it had been conveyed that MASTER TOMMY's father was a very wealthy man), the young gentleman's volubility increased so much, that, before dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself, and MR. BARLOW, who did not enjoy the sallies of his young pupil so greatly as the ladies around him, was once or twice minded to interpose and check him in his career. This the widow-lady, whose name was MRS. BLOBSOMER, and whose daughter MATILDA was MASTER

TOMMY's right-hand neighbour, thought very hard, and tapping MR. BARLOW playfully on the knuckles with her ivory fan, expressed herself to him that he "would hooley spoil MASTER TOMMY's temper by such injudicious contradiction, which she never could put up with from an 'usband, has hit halways invariably flew to 'er 'ed."

This hint MR. BARLOW received in such good part, and, indeed, made so ingenious a reply, as to obtain for him another sprightly tap from MRS. BLOBSOMER's fan.

After dinner the usual loyal toasts were proposed by the oldest member of the company, and responded to by MASTER TOMMY, and also by MR. BARLOW, who, in acknowledging the health of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, wound up a singularly eloquent speech with these words:—"Yea, my friends, the news of the Prince's recovery has been hailed with delight (*Great applause*) wherever the British Flag protects the slave, wherever the Union Jack has been unfurled, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, in the Prairies of the Potomac (*Hear, hear!*), the Deserts of Arabia (*Hear, hear!*), the Jungles of India (*Hear, hear, hear!*), the utmost Wilds of America (*Draco!*), the Plutonic Volcanoes of Africa (*Sobs, and cries of Hear, hear!*), and the Uninhabited Islands of the Great Pacific." (*Immense cheering.*)

At this point the excitement of the company became almost uncontrollable, and it was not, indeed, until the ladies had assembled in the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine, that anything like calm was restored. MRS. BLOBSOMER, the mother of MATILDA, and MRS. PEJINKLE, the mother of SOPHONISBA (who during dinner had been seated at MASTER TOMMY's left hand), now proceeded to discuss with the other ladies the merits of the new arrivals at the Abbey Boarding-House.

It was agreed by all, with the exception of MISS SMUDGINS, who boldly avowed her preference, that MASTER SANDFORD (whose father they had understood was a farmer) had a heavy clownish look, and ought not to be any longer honoured with the company of MASTER MERTON, who, the elderly ladies said, would one day be an ornament to the society in which his wealth would entitle him to move. As for MR. BARLOW, indeed, MRS. PEJINKLE hinted that he was but "an odd kind of man, who never went to assemblies, conversations, or large parties."

"Nor to balls, mamma, nor concerts," said MISS SOPHONISBA.

"Nor to the hopera," said MRS. BLOBSOMER, fanning herself.

"No, nor to Court neither," exclaimed MISS MATILDA, adding triumphantly, "TOMMY—I mean," she corrected herself modestly at a sign from her mother, "MASTER MERTON told me as much, and confided to me that he had already ordered his court-dress and sword in which to appear at the next levée."

After the silence which ensued upon this speech of MISS MATILDA's had been broken by the entrance of the servants with trays of tea, coffee, and cakes, MRS. BLOBSOMER observed, "For my part, I think it would be infinitely more advantageous to MASTER MERTON if he were, hat once, removed from the contagium and placed in some polite cemetery, where he might acquire a knowledge of the world and make genteel connexions. This is the plan as I 'ave halways pursued with my HAUGUSTUS, who I am now thinking of sending to 'Arrow-on-the-'ill, or to Heton, and with MATILDA, who in a few days will be completing 'er heducation at the Misses TOP-LIGHTS Hacademy, Clifton."

The gentlemen now joined them in the drawing-room, and several of the young ladies were in turn solicited by MASTER TOMMY to amuse the company with music and singing. Among the rest MISS SMUDGINS sang a little Welsh ballad, called "*Slap bang, Here we are Again*," in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little HARRY (who by not taking part in the conversation in the dining-room, had been able to devote himself entirely to the consumption of the fine old crusted port provided by the Abbey Boarding-House, and pronounced by judges to be "something very curious") listened with tears in his eyes, though several young ladies by their significant looks and gestures treated it with ineffable contempt.

As for the other ladies and gentlemen, they seemed determined to prove the superiority of their manners by beginning to talk so loud, and to make so much noise, that it would have been almost impossible, had not MISS SMUDGINS been gifted with a remarkably fine voice, for anyone to have heard one note of the singing. This seemed amazingly fine to TOMMY; and he too talked and laughed as loudly as the rest.

MR. BARLOW, indeed, did not adopt the pervading tone of the company, but, seating himself on a sofa, next to MRS. BLOBSOMER, took the opportunity afforded him by a remark of hers on the qualifications of her daughter, to address her in these words, which unusual emotion, rendered less distinct than usual, "Your ob-savah'un, m'dear Madam, remindsmher of of th' ahtory of *Zaheno-Zaheno-barbe*—I mean *Zahenobarbus* and th'afflict tortoise, which ash you've not heard t'—"

But at this moment MISS MATILDA, who had been led to the piano by MASTER TOMMY, commenced an Italian song, and her mother sharply tapped the revered tutor of TOMMY and HARRY on the knuckles, requesting him, at the same time, to keep silence.

A LAY OF THE EMBANKMENT.

(With all sorts of Apologies to MR. LEWIS CARROLL for a slight liberty with a certain Poem.)



THE Chairman and the
Chancellor
Were walking by
Thames strand,
They wept like anything
to see,
Such lots of mud and
sand.
"If this were only
cleared away,"
They said, "it would be
grand."
"If seven Mudlarks
scraped away,
And worked for half a
year," the
Chairman said,
"That they could get it
clear!"
"I doubt it," said the
Chancellor,
And shed a bitter tear.
"O Rate-payers, come
and walk with us,"
The Chairman did be-
seech:

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Besides Thames' odorous beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
That we may talk to each."

The Eldest Rate-payer looked at him,
And never a word he said:
The wary Briton winked his eye,
And shook his knowing head.
He thought into a dismal mess,
He never could be led.

But four young Rate-payers hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Polite and full of complaisance
In dress and speech so neat.
They hoped upon the Board some day,
That they would have a seat.

Four other Rate-payers followed them,
And then they came in droves,
Full of sweet hope and earnest trust,
As loyal men behave.
Not thinking that the Chairman's words,
Were fresh from Blarney's Groves.

The rates were paid, the work was done,
(The latter rather slow)
Then they visited an Office,
Inconveniently Low.
And there the little Rate-payers stood,
All waiting in a row.

"The time has come," the Chancellor said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Grabbage—Private Interests,
And Foreshore Rights of Kings.
And why the land is not your own,
And whether rates have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Rate-payers cried,
"Before we talk of might;
We do not see the question, Sir,
Exactly in your light.
Nor do we think our Gracious QUEEN
Desires to claim her right."

"A high brick wall," the Chancellor said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Some iron rails and gates besides,
Are very good indeed.
We mean to have the land, my boys,
And that is our creed."

"Not with our Cash," the Rate-payers cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After such blarney that would be,
A dismal thing to do."
"The Site is fine," the Chancellor said,
"Do you admire the View?"

"It was so kind of you to pay,
And you are Jolly Green;"
The British Lion heaved a sigh,
And said 'twas rather mean.
But the Government they took the land,
As all of you have seen.

It was a shame, brave SMITH exclaimed,
To play them such a trick,
After they levied heavy rates,
And made them pay so quick.
The Chairman, he said nothing,
But he cut his little stick.

"I weep for you," the Chancellor said,
"I deeply sympathise;
In life it is not right you know,
That all should have a prize."
And then he gave a gentle wink,
With those cunning little eyes.

"O Rate-payers," said the Chancellor,
"I fear it is a sell,
But we have done you very brown,
And that is very well."
But as for MR. WILLIAM SMITH,
What he said we must not tell.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

We learn this fearful bit of news from a lecture on America by MR. EDWIN JAMES:—

"At Boston, not long since, a Miss BRITTAIN delivered a lecture on the subject, 'Whether man, being the inferior animal, had a right to the suffrage.'"

We are not a whit afraid of the Alabama Claims, but we tremble when we think what claims American young ladies may think of putting forward upon feminine account. Man, being defined as the inferior animal, may be adjudged by lovely woman to be unworthy of the commonest necessities of life. By the influence of fair lecturers, he may be deprived not merely of the right to vote, but of the right to smoke, or even eat and drink. When the suffrage is denied to him, it will follow, as of course, that he be ousted from all parliaments, and posts of public business. Women only will have voices in all national affairs. Leaving their better halves to do the better work, men will simply have to sit at home, and darn their daughters' stockings, or rock the baby's cradle, or sew on their own shirt-buttons, or make up their wives' dresses when they are busy at the House. Well, we doubt if even DARWIN, in all his speculations on the Descent of Man, ever dreamed of his descending to a level such as this!

NON OR NATURAL?

CONVOCAION is about to consider and decide upon a note which the Ritual Commissioners have proposed to append to the Athanasian Creed. This note states, in effect, that certain clauses in that Creed are to be read, not according to their plain meaning, but in a non-natural sense. Is a non-natural sense to be regarded as no sense at all; and are all the clauses to be read in that sense to be read as nonsense? Or is it to be understood as a sense which differs from the natural sense of those clauses? Then it will be a sense which is not theirs; and the sense which is not and the thing which is not are synonymous. If non-natural senses are recognised, it will be all right for the Claimant; and much edification may be derived from Baron Munchausen.

The Sacred Fount of Sympathetic Thiers.

THEY have now found out the record of M. THIERS's birth, under the date of April 15, A.D. 1797, (or, in the Revolutionary Calendar equivalents, "the year V. of the French Republic, one and indivisible, 29th Germinal,") in the municipality of Midy, canton of Marseilles. It has often been said that his parents were abjectly poor, and this appears probable. But he was not quite "a child of misery, baptised as THIERS;" for it seems he never was baptised at all—only registered.



SUCCESSFUL CALUMNY.

Small Mite (suddenly, and without provocation, alluding to her elder Sister). "I KNOW WHAT LIZZIE'S THINKING ABOUT. GRANDMA! SHE'S THINKING OF CAKE! SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF CAKE!!"
[Cake is produced, and Small Mite has her Share.]

THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

(Respectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to Mr. JUSTICE EASBY.)

I WALLOPED my old 'ooman like a sack;
 I broke three cart-whips across her back;
 I kicked her for trying to git away;
 I shoved her under a brewer's dray;
 But it's well bekknown them cats o' wives
 Has more than a cat's allowance o' lives,
 So out of a three-pair front I pitched her;
 But the area-railings went and kitched her;
 Still she bled like a pig, and spoiled her bonnet,
 And so the bobbies was down upon it,
 And 'acoss the old 'ooman couldn't speak,
 They took and 'ad me afore the Beak,
 And blest but the Beak said—"One inch furdur,
 And I should ha' been committed for murder!"
 So he sends me, as no Beak hadn't ort,
 To be tried at the Central Criminal Court.

But there I know'd as I'd be all right,
 For regular Judges ain't Beaks—not quite!
 So when 'ad up afore My Lord,
 I pleads "Not Guilty," and stands un-ored.
 They proves the lickins, the kickins, the squeals,
 As how I'd shoved her under the wheels;
 As how, if the railins had not been blunt,
 When I pitched her out o' that three-pair front,
 They'd likely ha' skewered her, clothes and all,
 Which, in point o' fact they broke her fall.

Says my Lord, "You deserves to go for life."
 "Please your Lordship," says I, "it was only my wife!—
 Which she'd been and cheeked me up to my face."
 "Indeed!" says his Lordship. "That alters the case."

Wives is worry tryin', blest if they ain't—
 So I think three months will suit your complaint!"

MORAL.

For killing a woman, if tried for your life,
 All you've got to prove is, 't was only your wife.
 And if JUSTICE EASBY rules the roast,
 You're safe to get off with three months at most!

PREMATURE HUMILIATION.

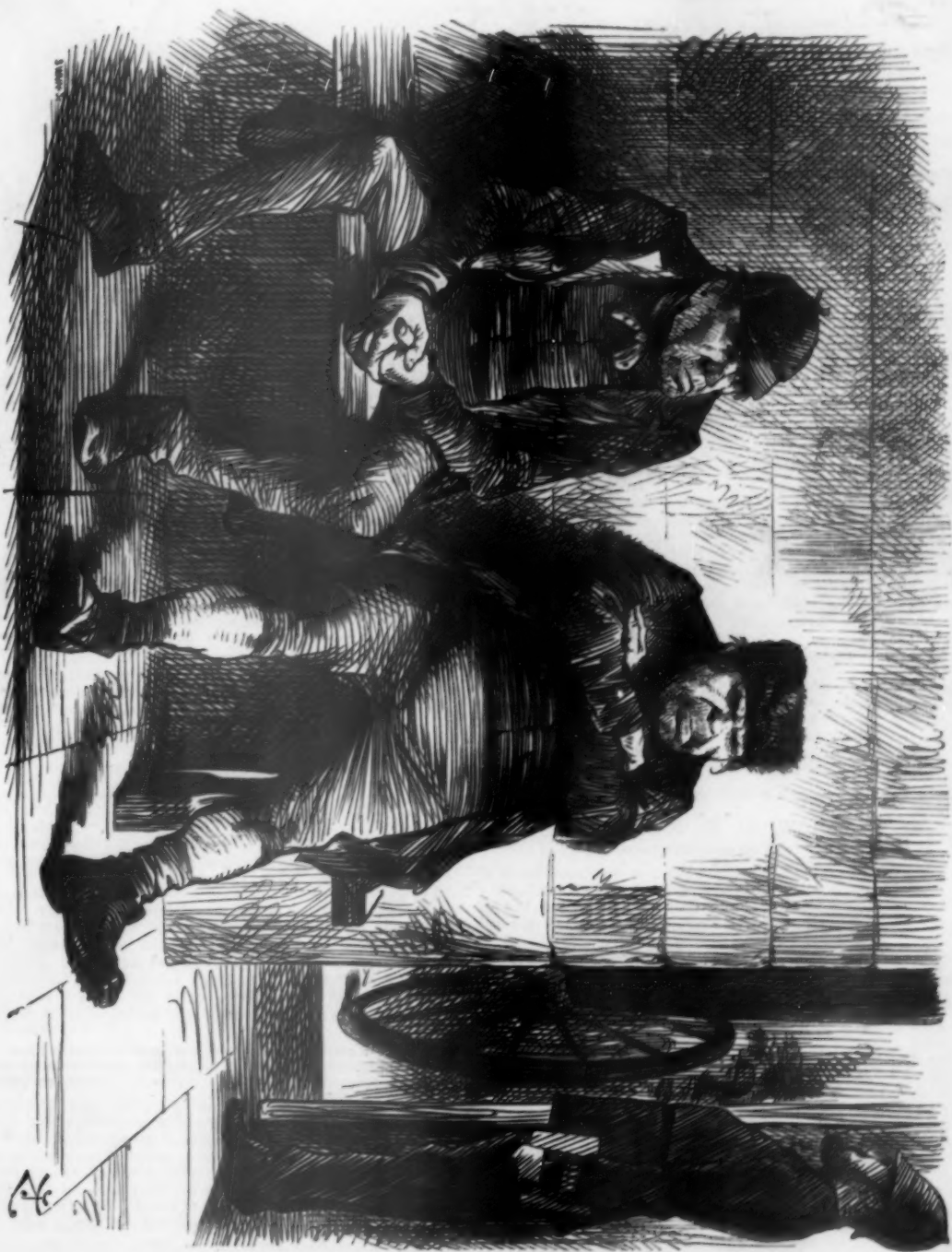
THE House of Commons acted with even more than its usual wisdom in negating the address, moved by SIR WILFRID LAWSON, for taking steps for withdrawing from all treaties binding this country to interfere by force of arms in the affairs of other nations. There is no occasion for England to profess cessation of existence as a European Power. We may now and then be in a position enabling us to enforce a treaty very much to our advantage. *Nemo tenetur ad impossibile*. We are not bound to interfere when we are unable, and whenever, as in the case of the Russian Circular last year, there is inconvenience, or hazard, in the vindication of a broken treaty by force of arms, why, we can always sneak out of it.

I for U.

MR. BANCROFT DAVIS, the American Commissioner at Geneva, being lately asked his opinion of what would come of the Alabama hitch, replied, in the words—if not quite the letters—of *TERENCE*—"DAVIS sum, non *Edipus*."

TAKEN SHORT.

PROFESSOR MAX-MÜLLER has announced a Lecture on "DARWIN'S View of Language." *Punch* will condense it for him:—"A mere monkey-trick!"



ODD-HANDED JUSTICE.

FIRST RHYTHM, "WOT WAS I HUP FOR, AND WOT 'AVE I GOT? WELL, I FLOORED A WOMAN AND TOOK 'ER WATCH, AND I'VE GOT TWO YEARS AND A FLOGGIN'."

SECOND RHYTHM, "HA!—I FLUNG A WOMAN OUT O' THE TOP FLOOR WINDER, AN' I'VE ONLY GOT THREE MONTHS!"

FIRST RHYTHM, "AH, BUT THEN SHE WAS YER WIFE!"

OLIPHANT'S TESTICE



A FENIAN'S FELLOW-MAN.



A HERO and a martyr, who died by the hands of a Saxon executioner for a generous act of tyrannicide (as the countrymen of the likes of him may say), the patriot, **SHERE ALI**, hanged on the 11th of last month on one of the Andamans, appropriately named Viper Island, gloried greatly in the deed which had brought him to the gallows. The *Calcutta Englishman* states that, referring to the assassination of **LOED MAYO** :—

"He hoped his name would be glorified in his country for the deed which he had done, and that a monument would be raised to his memory by his fellow-countrymen."

Poor martyr! His shade will too probably be disappointed. His fellow-countrymen are not any of them Fenians. It is very unlikely that the natives of Peshawar, or any other place in India, will celebrate a mock funeral, for instance, on the 11th of next March, in commemoration of **SHERE ALI**'s martyrdom.

(WILLOW) PATTERN WEDDING PRESENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do spare me just a tiny little corner of your valuable space to say how very much your ladies ought to thank the *clever* gentlemen of the press for their admirable descriptions of that *delightful* wedding. That *dear* Marquis! what a duck he must have looked in his blue coat! And his fair and lovely bride, O how we envied her the luxury of trying on her necklaces and other splendid nuptial gifts! Really, the account of her *trousseau* seemed like a fragment out of fairy-land, it seemed so poetical. If she had been the bride of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, I doubt if richer or more rare would have been the gems she wore. I wonder if her wedding dresses took three years to make, as we hear has been the case for her Imperial Highness—

"For three years the looms of Nankin, Hangchow, and Canton have been making the silks and satins for the Imperial bride's *trousseau*, which will cost at least half a million sterling."

Half a million sterling! What a lovely thing to dream about! Fancy having a *trousseau* worth half a million sterling! Well, the EMPEROR OF CHINA must clearly be a *gentleman*, although he wears a pigtail. He knows what is due to lovely woman when she marries, and I wish that his example were generally imitated. The Chinese may well speak of us as *outer barbarians*, when one knows how meanly some poor brides are treated in the matter of their *trousseau*. And see what other splendours await a bride in China :—

"The EMPEROR, personating the Sun, goes forth in a car drawn by a pair of elephants; while his lady-love is borne in a luxurious palanquin, formed entirely of strings of pearls."

Really this reminds one of the "ropes of pearls" which were purchased by *Lothair* for the lady he adored. (And what a goosy she must have been to send them back!) But imagine what a stir a

palanquin of pearls would make in Regent Street just now, and conceive a pair of elephants prancing in Hyde Park! Ah, if we could but introduce some of those Oriental splendours into our mere humdrum everyday existence, we might cease to read with such amazing interest and avidity the details which the papers give of doings in high life!

Yours most unaffectedly,

Mayfair, Monday.

GEORGIANA GUSHERTON.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

PEOPLE who like the bagpipes.
 People who dislike oysters.
 People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.
 People who say *lassure*, interesting, inhospitable, and applicable.
 People who have no poor relations.
 People who dye their hair.
 People who always know where the wind is.
 People who like getting up early in the morning.
 People who have more money than they know what to do with.
 People who possess a stock of old port.
 People who have never been abroad.
 People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.
 People who send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
 People who take long walks before breakfast.
 People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
 People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
 People who like paying Income-tax.
 People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres, full of fees.
 People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.
 People who have no sense of humour.
 People who give large parties in small rooms.
 People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.
 People who have the ice broken, to enable them to bathe in the Serpentine in Winter.
 People who look forward to a time when there will be no Income-tax.
 People who keep all their old letters.
 People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crochets, or favourite theories.
 Critics who are satisfied with the hanging of the Royal Academy.
 People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.
 People who take snuff.
 People who hold their tongues.
 People who go on sending contributions to *Punch*.

OBSERVATIONS IN AN ORATORY.

(On a recent Marriage in High Life.)

WHY all these odds and JENKINS'S asters?

"'Tis BUTE! he draws us by a single hair!"

Hair of the dog that's bitten your bass souls—

The cur, at feet of rank and wealth that rolls.

Manners the man may make, MANNING the marriage,
 But Men and Manners MANNING must disparage,
 When, in this abject press, and muster monkeyish,
 Men write themselves down snobs, their manners lunkkeyish.

But, hold! On sacred scenes like these 'tis rude

That satirists should more than snobs intrude;

Liquids to labials while East winds transmute;

As BUTE cannot be *Punch*, *Punch* must be BUTE!

Missing, Man and Money!

MR. STANSFELD, in the debate on SIR MASSEY LOPES's motion the other night, talked a great deal about people's "incomeability." Let local rating only go on increasing at its present pace, and the rate-collector will soon find out people's in-come-at-ability, and that of their money also.

IN THE WRONG HOLE.

FOOLISH people have been appointing JOHN BRIGHT "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster." "We want him in place," they say. But JOHN BRIGHT in such an office would be JOHN BRIGHT out of place.



"THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE."—RABELAIS.

Guest. "SHRIEKETH ME—IN THESE AL'BAM' N'GOSH'ATIONSH, 'TACTICSH 'GOV'MENT' BEEN ANYTHING BUT JUICIDIOUSH!"
Host. "JUICIDIOUSH! S-s-s—(immensely tickled)—THA'SH UNCOM'LY GOOD! MY DEAR BOY, YOU MEANT TO SHAY 'DUJISHIOUSH,' I SH'POHNE!—LETSH JOIN THE LADIESH!"

JOHN BULL'S BLESSING—AND WHAT IT COSTS.

STRANGE day! When that most lubberly of lurdanes,
 The British rate-payer, kicks 'neath his burdens!
 Swears that to fight the Vestry braced his nerve is,
 And that he's had enough of "unpaid service:"
 That he'll no longer bend in homage humble
 Beneath the hot breath and hard hoof of Bumble.
 Refuse parochial Ayrtons leave to rob,
 Nor brook, henceforth, to be ruled "by the job;"
 That penny wisdom shall no longer be
 In parish matters, his sole rule of three—
 That rule of three which, after all was done,
 Was simplified to rule of "number one,"
 In whose self-seeking muddle yearly went
 The cost of an Imperial Government,
 As if to teach our "bloated" Upper Ten,
 What'er swells once mulled, snobs can mull again;
 That vestry room and council can outdo
 The worst that, at its worst, St. Stephen's knew;
 That they, who Little Pedlington o'er-crow,
 Far wilder waste, and grosser jobs can show,
 Than, ere cheese-paring hand controlled the helm,
 The worst and weakest rulers of the Realm!

These goods, most practical of races known,
 JOHN BULL can call, in Europe's face, his own.
 And to his bosom hug, in calm content,
 The rank-ripe fruits of sweet Self-government.
 Only one thought his exultation bates,
 The thought how much the harvest costs in rates;
 One doubt—as still 'tis JOHN BULL's prudent way
 His blessings in his balances to weigh—
 Whether, when Humbug's hushed, and Bunkum still,
 'Tis worth all this cost to be ruled so ill!

FALLACY OF FIGURES.

A PARAGRAPH of frequent occurrence in contemporary news, headed "Extraordinary Longevity," reveals ever and anon an instance of the duration of human existence, equal to or exceeding the age of METHUSELAH. This sum of years, however, is an addition sum; not simply the sum total of a column of units representing an individual life, but the sum of three, four, or more totals of so many columns which represent the lives of so many individuals met together. As the age of METHUSELAH would be equalled by the united ages of 999 infants, of one year old, collected at a baby-show, the profundity of this arithmetic is evident. The same calculus could be applied to other things than longevity as instructively as it is to that. A daily paper, the other day, contains a case in point, whence it might be argued, by an imposing array of figures, that pains for the prevention of dastardly outrages are not spared certain ruffians who deserve them:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—Ten garotters, who were sentenced at the recent assizes in Leeds, received their flogging yesterday afternoon at Armley Gaol, each having twenty lashes."

Their united floggings amounted to two hundred lashes. But what are two hundred lashes among ten scoundrels?

The Two Cases.

SAYS JOHN LEMOINNE, "The English Counter-case Has strength writ on its plain, straightforward face."
 "That's nat'ral" (says SAM, with some impatience)—
 "Strong counter-cases suit shop-keeping nations.
 But how about my case? Guess that will funk em?"—
 Not while JOHN BULL can weigh bounce and smell bunkum!

A "COUNTER-CASE."—Shop-lifting.



A FRAGMENT.

Fashionable High Church Lady. "HEIGHO! I REALLY BELIEVE—ER—THAT IF WE TRUSTED IN MIRACLES—ER—WE SHOULD HAVE MORE OF THEM!"

[Scarborough, Dec., 1871.]

POST-OFFICE CONFECTIONERY.

"POSTAL REFORM.—United States papers make mention of a rumour that the Postmaster-General of that country intends to signalise his career in office by favouring the adhesive matter of postage-stamps."

IF OUR OWN Postmaster-General is wise, he will lose no time in availing himself of this valuable hint. He might make the department over which he presides the most popular institution in the country, by the judicious use of sugar and a few essences. Complaints are often made of the Post-office (*Mr. Punch* has none to prefer, except that it sends him far too many letters), but the mouths of all grumblers would be stopped, if an agreeable flavour could be endorsed on the postage-stamps; and what is now too often an irksome and disagreeable duty converted, by the agency of the Confectioner to the Post-office, into a sweet and pleasant pastime. The necessary outlay would not be great; and as there would be an immediate and overwhelming increase in the sale of stamps, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could not possibly raise any objection.

The mouth waters at the thought of our post-offices exhibiting placards (like the lists of ices in *restaurants* and confectioners' shops), describing the different flavoured stamps sold within, which might be distinguished by such appropriate designations as "Monsell," "Rowland Hill," "Soudamore," "Tilley," &c.

We hope the receipt-stamps will not be overlooked, and we are certain that a colossal fortune awaits the bold and enterprising stationer who will flavour the adhesive matter on his envelopes with strawberry, lemon, or vanilla.

"Come" and "Take."

THE Lambeth Water Company, so *MR. JOHN TAYLOR*, their engineer, writes to the *Times*, are going to improve their "intake." Bravo, L. C.! Then it isn't true that the London Water Companies only think of improving their income.

A SWELL ON A STRIKE!

SAY fifteen shillings, if you like,
A week. I deem those wages small.
I wonder not that labourers strike,
But how they live to work at all.
With fifteen shillings ev'n per day
Who could drink wines of decent *crû*?
Or, if he got no better pay,
Afford a passable menu.

Such income would a fellow bring,
Save necessaries, to debar
A fellow's self of everything,
And smoke a threepenny cigar!
His life he never could enjoy,
So hard would he have on to rub;
A common tailor to employ:
Belong to an inferior Club.

But fifteen shillings, nothing more,
A whole week! That would render life
Worse for a fellow than a bore.
Fancy that fellow with a wife.
And yet those men are *prolétaires*!
And they continue to increase!
On wages ev'n the highest theirs
I wonder labourers do not cease.

Missing an Opportunity.

We observe by the University intelligence, that a gentleman has been elected at Oxford to "a Lucy Exhibition." Would it not have been a delicate compliment on the part of the authorities to those females who are the sturdy champions of their sex's rights, to have restricted the competition for the "Lucy" exhibition to ladies?

HOME ANARCHY.

THE O'CONNOR DON, in a letter to the Secretary of the Rosecommon Home Government Association, has expressed his determination to support the principles of Home Rule. It is doubly creditable to the O'CONNOR DON. Worthy of an Irishman and a Spaniard.

ACTS, NOT PLAYS.

IT is remarkable that in newspapers, even some of those which circulate amongst educated people, a case of murder and suicide is ordinarily called a "tragedy," and, if it comprises several suicides or murders, is described as an "appalling tragedy," an "awful tragedy," or a "tragedy of the most awful character." As Englishmen, reporters are invited to reform this error altogether. A "tragedy" is an entertainment; but murders and suicides cannot constitute any, except to the most ill-regulated mind. Moreover, a tragedy is a poetical work, whereas the reports of the above-named atrocities published in the newspapers are essentially of a prosaic character, and always written without any regard whatsoever to the rules of dramatic composition. Murder and Suicide are no more Tragedy than Marriage is Comedy; and what would you have thought, my Lord, if at the top of a column in your paper once of a morning, you had observed the heading of "Comedy in High Life," and, on glancing your eye over the subjacent article, had found it to be an account of your Lordship's wedding?

UNSUITABLE TAILORISM.

A TAILOR, in Chesham, exhibits in his shop-window a coat, whereunto is affixed a ticket bearing the inscription of "The Blue Prince of Wales." What a very infelicitous title! "The Black Prince of Wales" was an appellation grand if grim; the Blue Prince of Wales conveys an image simply grotesque. EDWARD, the Black Prince, was suitably so named from the tint of his armour; but ALBERT EDWARD cannot in like manner be styled the Blue Prince on account of his uniform, the colour of that which he usually wears not being blue but scarlet. If the PRINCE OF WALES were in fact accustomed to wear a blue coat, still, to call the coat by the name of the wearer, putting the contained for the containing, would be taking a personal liberty as well as a poetical licence, and might be said to betray an extremely untailorlike idea of the fitness of things.

A TEMPERANCE TALK.



LIBRARY in Liberty Hall. Enter to MR. BRITTON, the REV. JABEZ BOTHER.

Bother. Allow me, Sir, to approach you with a request for your signature to this petition for the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, the only measure, my dear Sir, which strikes at the root of the evil of drunkenness.

Britton. Drunkenness is a degrading vice. It lowers a man beneath the level of a beast. A drunken man is a creature in whom reason is deposed from its throne. And a drunken woman is worse. A drunkard is his own enemy, and destroys the happiness of others. We have an example of drunken-

ness in ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who, in a fit of passion aggravated by inebriety, slew his dearest friend, CLITUS. We have other terrible examples in the police reports and assize intelligence, and also in much occasional after-dinner eloquence. But I believe drunkenness is on the decline.

Bother. Ah! yes, Sir; but our object is not merely to repress downright drunkenness. We wish altogether to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Britton. You mean spirits, wine, and beer. Call things from their use, not their abuse. Would you speak of razors as suicidal instruments? To destroy the liquor trade would be a double wrong; besides being a bore. It would be a tyranny over the consumers, and for the vendors a confiscation.

Bother. Tyranny, my dear Sir! How can a majority of ratepayers tyrannise over a minority? Confiscation! Why the publicans' trade would be confiscated if their customers were made fewer by moral suasion.

Britton. That would be no confiscation. Their customers would be diminished in that case by fair means, not by foul; which makes a difference, let me point out to you.

Bother. Surely, Sir, it would be all the same to them?

Britton. Would it be all the same to you if you were hanged out of hand as it would be if you were left to die a natural death?

Bother. I don't see the parallel.

Britton. That I daresay. Why should you destroy the liquor trade?

Bother. People drink more liquor than is good for them.

Britton. So do children eat more pastry. Would you shut up confectioners' shops? Do you consider the adult people of England weaker than children?

Bother. People spend an immense deal of money in drink which they might lay out on better things. The people of this country, Sir, spend in the consumption of intoxicating liquors—excuse me, Sir—no less than £100,000,000 per annum.

Britton. Well, Sir; and a large proportion of that sum goes to the revenue in duty. What impost would you substitute? Are you prepared to tax the People's tea and coffee?

Bother. No, Sir, no; on the contrary, I am for a totally free breakfast-table.

Britton. Do you expect me, then, to consent that you shall tax my income to pay for your enforced teetotalism? If you do, you expect too much of human nature, at least as represented by this individual—and don't you wish you may get it?

Bother. Very much, indeed, Sir. Surely you are capable of that slight self-sacrifice for the good of others!

Britton. Quite incapable. Moreover, those others whom I prefer to consider are others like myself—the rational, not the imbecile members of society. But I wonder at you. An enemy to drunkenness, you object to the amount of a heavy fine upon it.

Bother. What fine, my dear Sir?

Britton. The liquor duties. Their amount is a fine upon national drunkenness, and not only on that but on national drinking habits. Talk of a 5s. or a 10s. fine! What is that to a fine of, I suppose, £50,000,000! By this vast penalty Vice is punished, and Virtue (to wit, Temperance) rewarded by exemption, whilst respectable persons

are taxed so much the less, and the public burdens are in part borne by the lower orders.

Bother. Voluntary sobriety would necessitate other taxation. Should you object to that, Sir?

Britton. Very much, indeed. But I couldn't complain of it at all, any more than publicans could complain if public-houses came to be simply less frequented by the public. In the meanwhile the only liquor laws for me are more stringent laws to punish drunkenness, and the permission of drunkenness, and the sale of bad liquor. "Si quid novisti" et cetera, you know.

Bother. I do not know; and as to quid, am a total abstainer also from tobacco.

Britton. Then I will not offer you a cigar. But the instruction which I have taken the trouble of imparting to you, perhaps you will put, so to speak, in your pipe, and smoke home. I am sorry to say there is no ginger-beer in the cellar, nor any lemonade, and my wife is out with the key of the cupboard which contains the tea-caddy; but if you would take a cup of cold water—SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S cold without—there is plenty in the cistern—such as it is. No? Don't say "No," if you mean "Yes." What! must you go? Let me not detain you. I should be sorry, I am sure, to trespass any longer on your valuable time. Good morning, MR. BOTHER; good morning! [Boxes him out.]

TRUE SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

It is gratifying, in the perusal of dry law proceedings, to light upon a judicial expression of genuine pity well bestowed, and sympathy, not only heartfelt but practical, with human suffering. At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, before MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, JOHN JOYCE and THOMAS DITTON were indicted for robbery with violence. The violence was of a nature which may be estimated from the subjoined observations of the learned Commissioner. It had been committed by the prisoner JOYCE, who, when he and his dockfellow had been convicted, "asked for mercy." Whereupon—

"The Commissioner said there were some people actuated by what they believed to be philanthropy, who might have had mercy on him, but he was not one of those. His sympathies went with the man who, while on his way home, was seized by the throat, knocked down, lost blood, and suffered nervousness for weeks in consequence. He did not sympathise with the violent ruffian who knocked a man down, and whined in the dock for mercy. The sentence upon him was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years, and receive forty lashes with the 'cat.'"

A fair number. One stripe more than forty stripes save one; but not one too many for a garrotter. It is good that such a miscreant should seem vile to his brother-man in howling under the infliction of full forty stripes; and if an average of forty administered in ordinary cases be found insufficient to prevent robbery with violence, let us hope that fifty will be tried, and so on in ascending ratio. The allotment of whipping—cheer by MR. COMMISSIONER KERR to MR. JOYCE was rendered all the more handsome by the truly feeling remarks which accompanied it. They did equal credit to his heart and his head, and they command our admiration as the genuine outpouring of the milk and cream, and none of the skim-milk, of human kindness. MR. JOYCE has since been flogged.

What a pity the law did not empower MR. COMMISSIONER KERR also to order a good flogging for CHARLES WESTHROP, convicted, in two savage assaults, of unlawfully wounding a woman! Of course it was the mere inability to give that ruffian his deserts which made his Judge let him off with four months' imprisonment. We must give MR. COMMISSIONER KERR credit for abhorring cruelty to women as much as cruelty to men, and for not thinking it more venial than cruelty to animals.

MEDICAL DISSENTERS.

THERE has lately arisen a new sect called the "Peculiar People." One of their peculiarities is an objection to the medical treatment of disease, instead of which they rely on prayer and the laying on of hands. A child, the offspring of a pair of these People, died the other day at Plumstead of small-pox, without having had any sort of medical attendance. An inquest held on the body resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against a man named HURRY, the father of the child. Can this be law, other than crowner's quest law? If so, then so much the worse for fanatics and fools; but the corollaries may be queer for some people who are neither. Suppose a child dies of small-pox, having had no other medical assistance than that of a mesmerist or a homeopath, how then?

Shop!

MRS. MALAPROP has been studying what she calls the Ali Baba Counter Case. She thinks the title smacks a little of the shop, but she hopes the Government will show that they mean business by sticking to their Counter.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

George. "O, I DO LOVE HAMSTEAD HEATH SO! I PREFER IT TO SWITZERLAND, REALLY!"

Mabel. "WHY, GEORGE, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO SWITZERLAND!"

George. "NO; BUT I'VE SEEN IT ON THE MAP, AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL."

TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

THERE has been a hitch, or, what is still worse, a *hiatus*, in the South Kensington accounts. One SIMKINS, late cashier and accountant, has disappeared, and with him some £8,000 of the public moneys due from the department.

Now, KING COLE is, in Treasury parlance and papers, styled "Accountant" of the South Kensington Department. Of course he is "Accountant," but only as he is everything else—architect and artist, builder and buyer, catalogue-maker and composer, embellisher and entertainer, puffer and *prestidigitateur*, schoolmaster and showman of that mysterious, multifarious, and ever-growing concern, the Hydra of departments, of which every head you cut off is replaced by a dozen new ones, to which every successive Chancellor of the Exchequer has determined to be the Hercules, and has been ignominiously bowled over in the attempt—foiled by the resistance of that new form of adamant—the Black Diamond—COLE!

But what wonder? Coal is stored-up heat, and heat is force, and force is power; therefore COLE is but power embodied, and to fight with COLE is to fight with power in *propria persona*.

The Treasury has dared this unequal conflict, and the result is, as might have been expected, that the Treasury seems to be getting very decidedly the worst of it.

Here is KING COLE's retort on my Lords:—

"The fact was, the system of combining cashier and accountant was a vicious one, and he had protested against it. He had pointed to the Clearing-house system, where the paying out of money was not permitted to come in connection with the paying in. He had described the system in the department as cumbrous and costly, and as a system which would be ruinous in general business—considered even apart from any idea of defalcation; but he was snubbed for his suggestions. If his alterations had been adopted SIMKINS must have been found out at once; but as matters stood it required him to be out of his office, and his books in other hands and thoroughly overhauled, before the defalcations were discovered."

APRIL FOOLS IN FEATHERS.

(Song, by MR. HAWFINCH, on a late Vicissitude of the Weather.)

A PURTY sight it wuz to view
The yaller primroses appear,
Likewise the vi'luts, white and blue,
So early as they did this year.
Daisy and shiny buttercup
'Twuz pleasant peepun' to behold,
And dandelions blazun up
Wi' leaves bright green and vlowers o' gold.

To show how foward all things be,
Swallers, this April, dree or four,
A vartnight earlier I see
Nor ever yet I sin afore.
And just about when they appeared,
A-chevy'n hinsex on the wing,
The cuckoo one fine day I heerd,
And nightingale the night droo sing.

The pigs his tuneful notes mistook,
And woke, some on 'um, up vrom bed,
'Cause why they vancied "Chook, chook, chook,"
Was callun' of 'um to be fed.
Their disappointmunt, for to squake,
And grunt, the hogs in concert made.
How 'tis, thinks I, to lie awake
And hark to Natur's serrynade!

But all at once to North and East,
From West and South the wind chopped back.
And then the feathery quire, at least,
Fell dumb as mutes in funeral black.
For then come sleet, and then come hail,
And frost o' marnuns on the ground,
And nare a slug, nor nit a snail,
Wuz by them songsters to be found.

Cuckoo and nightingale found out
They'd made a bit of a mistake,
And so did 't'other birds, no doubt:
Two swallers don't a summer make,
Nor twice, nor dree, nor your times two.
Thee bear in mind that golden rule.
Then one thing April sun won't do;
Wun't ne'er make thee an April fool.

In other words, when the Treasury says to KING COLE, "Were you not called accountant, and are not words things? Therefore as you were called accountant you were accountant, and an accountant is one who keeps accounts, and he who keeps accounts is accountable, and therefore you are accountable," KING COLE says to the Treasury, "Words are not things. I was called 'accountant,' but you knew as well as I did, that my hands were full of other business; any loss there may have been is your own fault, and if you had taken my advice it would not have happened."

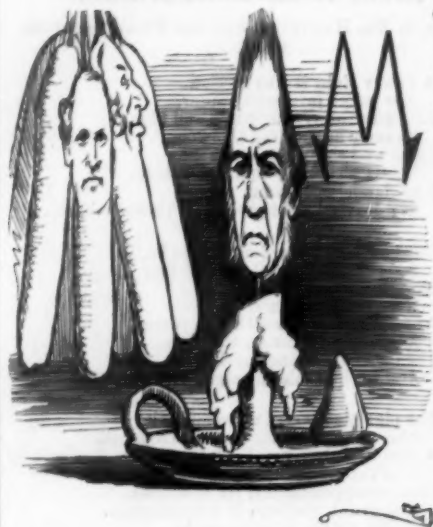
Looking to facts as the best evidence of character, weighing the discredit the Treasury has lately fallen into for meanness, blundering, and botching in every form, against the credit won by KING COLE for activity, organising power, and success in his undertakings, we should say the chances are all Lombard Street to a China orange that KING COLE is in the right and my Lords in the wrong.

A Die-a-tonic Drink.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us some curious facts of that most delightful but deleterious of "bitters," *Absinthe*, in connection with the history of its introduction into France, from Algeria, where it was originally used as a "malarial" medicine in default of Quinine. *Absinthe*-drinkers, like Opium-smokers, inevitably carry the indulgence to an excess, and so indulged in, the *liqueur* inevitably produces nervous stimulus first, then madness or imbecility, paralysis, and death. With this catalogue of consequences, may we not translate, in our prayers for JOHN BULL, the French *Absinthe* and its family into the Latin *absint*?

WANTED A TURN-OVER AT CASE.—Apply to GENERAL SCHENCK, Ambassador for the United States, before June 15th.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 22.
We had a sensation this morning. Mr. Punch forgets what sort of weather we had, but he ought to have been able to use the famous tautological lines:—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day."
Cato.

Well, no, for "Aurora, daughter of the dawn" (as HOMER is so fond of repeating) had performed her office a good while before Mr. Punch addressed himself to his well-beloved *Daily*

News. But when the world and the paper had been duly aired for him, he read:—

"Horrors from which the pen shrinks with disgust."
Keeley, in Valentine and Orson.

He read—his pen is "warranted not to shrink," so out comes the tale of terror—that it was quite upon the cards that about the end of the week the Gladstone Cabinet might have fallen, to be succeeded by a Disraeli Cabinet. When he was raised from his hearth-rug, and became a little calm, he resumed the perusal of the article, remarking to his fluttering heart that he should be sincerely obliged to it if it would be still. He then discovered that the hideous catastrophe menaced might occur in reference to Mr. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. This is for abolishing religious tests in that institution, and for giving it powers to reconstruct itself. Mr. GLADSTONE, like the gods of old,

"Granted half the prayer,
The other half dispelled in empty air."
Iliad, passim.

No, *Mias, passim* does not mean a sparrow, though sparrows fly in the air. *Passer* is a sparrow, and you are *Anaticula*—excuse this levity, it is re-action after excessive fright. The PREMIER refused the reconstructive legislation. We could tell you why, though his ingenious attempts to explain without explanation drove Mr. FAWCETT wild. But perhaps you are like the naughty little boy whose reason for not asking how his aunt's headache was, was that he didn't want to know. We will not tell you, at present—

"Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
'Pass t'other half,' said G., 'and out we go.'"
Pope and Punch.

Words are inadequate to the description of the state of mind of Mr. Punch and the rest of Her Majesty's subjects until their white terror was over. Now that over it is, we gasp to think of it,

"Like him who in his sleep
Has walked beside the precipice's brink,
Which he's afraid to look at in the morning."
Bandersnatch.

In the Lords to-night the distinguished nobleman whose patent was conferred by the Author of *Our American Cousin*, made his first appearance, in the person of GEOFFREY DOMINIC AUGUSTUS FREDERICK GUTHRIE, Lord Oranmore and Browne. This nobleman (to Mr. Punch's mind very justly) characterised the correspondence on the *Alabama* business as something "which no fellow could understand." EARL GRANVILLE, on whom few jests are lost, recognised LORD DUNDREARY, and defended his own correspondence and his conduct, declaring, in answer to another observation, that it was quite idle to talk of this country being degraded and humiliated by anything the Government had done.

LORD CAMPERDOWN (is not the name of one of his seats a splendid name—"Glencagles"?) declined to say anything about the *Megara*. As a classical scholar, his Lordship knows that it is unlucky, nay,

unlawful, to mention the name of one of the Eumenides, who sit around the dreadful throne of Pluto.

"But be the issue as it may,
Eternal Fate will hold its way,
Nor lips that pray, nor eyes that weep,
Nor cups that rich libations steep,
Soothe these dark Powers' relentless ire,
Whose altars never blaze with holy fire."
Eschylus.

The Bishops' Resignation Act Perpetuation Bill advanced. We give this as a specimen of a title. Bishops who wish to doff mitres are still to be allowed to do so. This offers us an opportunity of mentioning a Bishop who will, we hope, very long adorn the Bench, namely, S. WINTON. Most wisely and humanely has he stepped out of the groove, to desire that in his diocese District Visitors will inquire whether children have been vaccinated. Dignified ecclesiastics in other dioceses, please copy, and don't let Mr. Punch see

"A little bench of Headless Bishops here."
Shonstone.

In the Commons we went on with the Ballot Bill. You surely do not want the two-penny details. They are all necessary, but a good deal of the talk over them was not. On a proposal to let sailors vote by ballot-papers, question was asked, "What would be the condition of those who were drowned before the election day?" Mr. GRAVES stated that "he did not know." He is no follower of one JEAN CAUVIS, who helped to burn GRUET and SERVETUS.

Then we protected the Polynesians, and so to bed at 2.5 A.M.

Tuesday.—The Conservative leaders in both Houses demanded an assurance from the Ministerial leaders that further proceedings at Geneva should be suspended unless the indirect claims were abandoned. The replies were that no such assurances would be given, as it was proper to wait for the American answer.

Mr. STACPOOLE will certainly get the QUEEN settled in Ireland one of these days. We applaud the perseverance with which he presses the Royal Residence question on Government. It took Mr. GLADSTONE fourteen lines of close type to say that he had nothing to say. O for LORD PALMERSTON's rifle-shot replies! Remind us to tell you a story, one of these days, about two men in a coffee-house, who had to answer the same question—we haven't room this week.

Punch just mentions that there has been some delay in the extradition of a woman called DIBLANC or DIXBLANC, who has confessed to a murder in Park Lane. She escaped to Paris. But her portion is Newgate. CASTRO is not there, having been admitted to bail. Mr. Punch brackets the facts in no malice, but because he has a lovely quotation. He is not one of those—

"Who do hate a Claimant
Worse than a Murderer."
Shakespeare.

MR. AYRTON was playful, and "happy to assure children" that their playground in Hyde Park was not to be encroached upon, but to be enjoyed by them with the Heavy Cavalry and the Light Volunteers. We welcome any demonstration of sweetness and light by him.

MR. LOWE explained that the winding-up of some person's estate had been rendered expensive by the quadruple fact that he was illegitimate, intestate, unmarried, and a Scotchman.

Shall we be forgiven for stating in the shortest way that Mr. NEWDEGATE obtained leave to bring in a Bill for inquiry into the increase of monastic and conventual institutions? There was a sharp debate, of course. He clearly thinks, with *Eloisa*, that these convents are haunted by something dreadful, and that

"More than echoes talk along the walls."
Pope.

Mr. Punch has the utmost pleasure in stating that a determined attempt by the Secularists to damage the Education Act was sternly resisted by the common sense of the House of Commons, and that the would-be damagers were defeated by the overwhelming majority of 316 to 115—201.

Wednesday.—To-day the great terror was removed. Mr. GLADSTONE accomplished one of his most remarkable answers. It occupies exactly half a column. What he had to say was that he should certainly regard a Ministerial defeat on Mr. FAWCETT's Bill as a notice to resign, but that he was not going to make an opportunity for Mr. FAWCETT to bring on the question.

There was more talk—we believe a Bill for throwing open all offices of State to Catholics and others was talked over—and out—but could Punch listen to such things at such a moment of relief?

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."
Sir Walter Scott.

[By the way, we wish flints were Rent. We would make things pleasant for our landlord next time he called.] Yes, but one thing

shall be mentioned. Mr. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT introduced a Bill for scourging ruffians who illtreat women and children. *Punch* hopes that Parliament will proceed "by the street which is called Straight" to pass this Bill, and we shall rejoice to hear that some scoundrel who suffers thereby apostrophises "the blessed DOUGLAS" thus, or in a certain Shakspearian form, for which see *Henry IV.*

Thursday.—The 21st of August is fixed for the beginning of Autumn Manœuvres, and it will be artful, not to say base, if any Mamma or daughter commences the attack earlier. As *Clarissa* asks,—

"Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side box from its innerst rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains."

Repe of the Look.

MR. FAWCETT avenged himself by going in hard at the Government, and by describing the menace of Resignation as an attack on the rights of private Members. The Opposition cheered him mightily when he said that heaps of Liberal Members had told him that, though they liked his Bill, they could not turn out the Ministers, and therefore that Dublin University might go—Mr. *Punch* hates to use the impolite word which Mr. FAWCETT implied—let us say where the aforesaid Eumenides sit around their dusky King. There was really a dashing debate, and Mr. GLADSTONE came out in full force, the fuller that he held himself well in hand, and gave himself fair play. His lamentation over castigation for involved style, "which he had been trying for forty years to correct," was good comedy. He made a bold speech, and declared that the Government had "stood fire," and meant to stand it again. He would not give Mr. FAWCETT a day for his debate. The *spectator* admitted were in luck this evening.

Ballot: and an attempt to make the rate-payers pay Candidates' expenses was defeated by 261 to 129. Mr. MAGNIAC showed himself exceedingly sane by his very rational objection to people being asked to pay the expenses of people whom they dislike. He is Member for St. Ives; and the Seven Wives and their husbands, and all the other wives and husbands, are well represented.

Did Mr. *Punch* manage to convey, a couple of weeks ago, the idea that he thought the late Chairman of Committees was the author of *Alice in Wonderland*? Dear Us! You must be joking! Ha! ha! if that be so. Our Beamish Boys, also Girls, have you yet to learn that your *Punch* never makes mistakes? Chortle in your joy when you think of that. A health to the Tum-Tum Tree!

Friday.—Shall we give Household Suffrage in the Counties? Yes, says Mr. TREVELYAN, and now. Yes, says Mr. GLADSTONE, but not now. "Not now," echoed the House by 148, to 70.

We began to talk on Local Government in Ireland, and Mr. BUTT spoke somewhat pleasantly. Then Mr. FOWLER commenced a speech on the affairs of South Africa, but the House adopted *Miss Jellaby's* view, and remarking "Africa's a Beast. We hate it," was Counted Out.

FLOREAT ETONA!

THE Geographical Society has been giving gold and bronze medals for the best examinations gone through by boys of various schools, on Physical and Political Geography. Who would have thought it? Eton comes out neck and neck with Liverpool—in these branches of a study which one would have thought more at home in Cottonopolis than in the antique towers of WOLSEY and WOTTON!

For Physical Geography, W. SPRING RICE of Eton College carries off the gold medal, A. S. BUTLER of Liverpool College, the bronze; while, for political, the order is reversed, W. S. COLLINGWOOD, of Liverpool, bearing away the gold, W. C. G. GRAHAM, of Eton, the bronze. Who can say, after this, that in all useful knowledge and science such as schools can teach, Eton men are beaten men? Let such words against Eton be henceforth "Eaten."

"There is great Luck about the House."

HAUNTED Houses is an ominous title for a dramatic work, seeing that it is almost synonymous with empty houses. Defying the omen, like a wise man, Mr. BYRON has given the Princess's Managers a piece which enables them to boast of houses not haunted by spectres but spectators. Since the days of *AGONISTES*, we do not think that a bold Hebrew has ever done a more startling thing in the way of bringing down a house than is performed at the end of Mr. BYRON's clever play. Mr. *Punch* went home, and would have dreamed hideously but for taking sanitary precautions against dreaming at all. Well, a headache is better than a nightmare, come!

THE IRISH EDUCATION DIFFICULTY.

A DIFFICULTY, when it is formulated, less likely to be followed by a solution than a dissolution.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.



LORD MAHON triumphed over Mr. GEORGE POTTER, at the Westminster Election to the School-Board, by about five to one. Yet a van containing a band of music, and displaying Mr. POTTER's placards, permented the district. However, we believe that this device which, *per se*, we should call a vulgar and carnal one, suited only to political contests, was not meant as an attraction, except as signifying that Mr. POTTER is for supporting the proposal to give the children of the lower orders a musical education. With him, in this respect, we agree; for if the humbler class learn to like real music, they will soon hunt down the abominable organ-bands, who, still as rampant and dirty as ever, continue their execrable treatment of melodies deserving of better usage. Joyful will be the day that sees the extirpation of *HANDILONGO*

the Bothering Bandit, and as it appears to be unlawful to shoot him, as other Bandits are served, we hope to see him slain by the benevolent giant, Education.

THE COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION AGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "JIGNORAMUS," writes to say that he read in some paper the other day of a person having "passed his examination for a Bankruptcy." JIGNORAMUS supposes that the same amount of "cram" is as necessary for this step as for one in the Naval and Military Examinations, in those of the Civil Service, or of the Universities. As he wishes to know what subjects must be got up in order to enable him to compete for a Bankruptcy, we invite attention to the following list, of which more than a superficial knowledge would probably be required by the Examiners:—

- (a) Banker's Books, I. and II.
- (b) Pass Books and Cheque Books, I. to L. Including all the Propositions from time to time made by the Investor to the Firm of Bankers. Besides these, an acquaintance with all the Elementary Commercial Axioms will be absolutely indispensable.
- (c) Dramatic Paper.—*New Way to Pay Old Debts, The Loves of a Lover, Game of Speculation, The Merchant of Venice.*
- (d) *Secular History.*—A treatise explanatory of the letters I. O. U. on the Roman banners. *Religious Hist.* Explain the connection between Israelites and The Law, and the House of Bondage.
- (e) *Poetry.*—HORACE, Ode to several people.
- (f) *Geography.*—The Latitude and Longitude of Spike Island, Crediton, &c.
- (g) *Military.*—What equivalent rank in the Army is held by Sheriff's Officers? Whom do they by courtesy precede? Whom do they legally follow?
- (h) *Etiquette.*—What are the ceremonies to be observed on being presented at (the Bankruptcy) Court? What is the *Argumentum ad hominem in possessione*?
- (i) *Athletics.*—What training is necessary to enable a competitor to outrun a constable? Give the theory of stamps, and of making yourself scarce.
- (j) *Ornithology.*—Explain the management of Kites, the treatment of Pigeons, and the *modus vivendi* of Hawks.

. The above will afford JIGNORAMUS some sort of idea of the nature of the examination which will be required of him.

Kew! Kew! Kew!

WHY pay several shillings for a Turkish Bath when you can have one gratis on any day of the week by spending a time in the Tropical Fern-house at Kew?

[Advt.]



"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

BY DINT OF INSIDIOUS FLATTERY, CAPTAIN DE TOMKYN'S PERSUADES HIS HATED RIVAL, MR. GRIGSBY, TO SING A COMIC SONG IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LOVELY BEING WHOM THEY BOTH ADORE. MR. GRIGSBY FALLS INTO THE CRUEL TRAP, AND RUINS HIMSELF IN THE LOVELY BEING'S ESTIMATION FOR EVER.

"THE BELLS."

Happy Thought.—Notion for MR. BATEMAN. MR. IRVING has, no doubt, often thought of SHAKESPEARE, and SHAKESPEARE thought of MR. IRVING in *Mathias*, alluding evidently to the Burgomaster's murder of the Polish Jew, thus (*vide Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1.):

"As frowned he once when" . . .
"He smote the sledged Polack on the ice."

The Day and the Deed.

A CERTAIN Scotch Presbytery were sorely dumb-founded by an answer to a request of theirs for signature to a Sabbatarian petition. The reply (translated to them of course) was *Laborare est orare*.



PORTRAIT OF MR. GRIGSBY
WHEN HE'S NOT SINGING
COMIC SONGS.

PAPAL PASTIME.

HERE is a pleasant little bit of Roman news:—

"The Pope has had several boxes of croquet sent from London to amuse his officers, now that the fine spring weather has set in. His Holiness descended yesterday into the Papal gardens, and remained a long time looking on while his partisans were engaged in the innocent sport."

THE POPE, he leads a happy life! one truly may exclaim, if his time be passed in pleasant contemplation such as this. How much better for his peace of mind, and that too of the world, it is for him to look on calmly at a game of croquet than to breed mad bulls of excommunication and to fulminate his thunderbolts against all disbelievers in his infallibility, among whom it is his misfortune to reckon *Mr. Punch*!

FORESTS V. FORESTERS.

HERE is one fact:—

"The authorities of California have engaged a professional arboriculturist, at a salary of 15,000 dollars per year, to attend to the setting out of forest trees in different parts of the State. 'They never,' says the *Rochester Express*, 'did a wiser thing. We want trees judiciously distributed everywhere—on the mountain-side, in the fields, along country roads, in front of city residences, in parks and gardens; everywhere some, nowhere too many.'"

Here is another:—

"The Ancient Order of Foresters have increased their numbers by 19,581 during the past year, while the sum of £96,000 has been added to the reserve fund of Courts and Districts. Taking into account the Juvenile Societies and the Second Degree (the Ancient Order of Shepherds), the members now number more than half a million, having funds invested to the extent of £1,527,939 as a provision against sickness and death."

So it would seem that while Cousin JONATHAN has to pay heavily for his foresters, JOHN BULL's flourish famously without payment.

The order of proceeding in the two countries has been inverted.

JONATHAN found his forests, and thought he could dispense with the foresters: JOHN BULL planted his foresters, without waiting for the forests.

Ours seems to have turned out the more profitable arrangement.

Animal Magnate-ism.

SEEKING the price wild animals fetch, as was exemplified in the late sale of "WOMBWELL'S Menagerie," and the cost of their keep as well as that of their keepers, a man, to make money by a wild-beast show, must indeed drive a "roaring" trade, as, in fact, we believe the magnates in the animal line do.



OUT OF THE QUESTION.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "WHAT'S THIS GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR GIVING WARNING, EWART?"

CHIEF BUTLER. "I—I—REALLY, MY LADY—WELL, THERE'S A PARTY FROM BRIGHTON AS—"

MRS. BRITANNIA. "DON'T TELL ME! YOU'LL NOT LEAVE MY SERVICE—WITH A CHARACTER—TILL MR. JONATHAN'S BILL IS SETTLED, MIND THAT!"

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TEL. (212) 850-8000
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WWW.CHICAGO.PRESS.EDU

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The two last evenings of MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON's holidays spent at Torcombe.



THEIR company being much and properly attracted by the singing, MISS SMUDGKINS' Uncle proposed that he and HARRY should divert themselves with a French game of cards, called *Ecarté*. HARRY, who was ignorant of this accomplishment, desired to be excused, but, on MISS SMUDGKINS' offering to teach him, he was, though with some reluctance, induced to sit down and play with the REV. ZENOCHELUS POTTS. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning, but he could not help remarking, with wonder, that, after he had won

the first three rubbers, his good fortune seemed to have entirely deserted him; nor did he fail to notice the dexterous flash which the REV. ZENOCHELUS POTTS, in dealing out the *Asude*, gave to the cards, such as he had once witnessed in the performance of a travelling conjuror at a fair. His venerable adversary was now, on all occasions, sufficiently fortunate to "mark the King," a singular piece of good luck, which, he modestly declared, such skill as he possessed, had in no degree merited.

MISS SMUDGKINS now professed herself vastly concerned at HARRY's continual losses, but encouraged him to persevere with many kind and consoling expressions of sympathy. As for her Uncle, he protested, that, it being now nearly midnight, he would not play any longer, and generously refused to accept the half-crown which he had won from MASTER HARRY on the last game. MISS SMUDGKINS, at the same time, avowed her great surprise and annoyance at HARRY's having incurred, through her instruction, a loss amounting to two pounds and fifteen shillings, which was all that he had in his purse.

HARRY begged her not to distress herself on his account, as, he said, he entertained no kind of doubt of his being able, through the well-known capriciousness of Fortune, to win back a portion of this sum before his departure for school, a necessity which only permitted him one day more at the Abbey Boarding House. "This game," he said, "in which I perceive both chance and skill to be combined, reminds me of the story of *Philo* and the *Pretentious Snail*, which, as neither of you has heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then." — At this point, however, MISS SMUDGKINS was compelled to retire to her chamber, vowing, at the same time, that she was dying of curiosity to hear the story, and begging HARRY not to continue his narrative to her Uncle in her absence.

THE REV. ZENOCHELUS POTTS now praised his fortitude and courage, and advised him to observe a certain amount of caution in playing at cards, for any considerable ventures, with strangers, into whose society, by the accidents of travelling, he might find himself thrown.

On their quitting the card-room, they ascertained that MR. BALLOW, not feeling himself in his usual excellent health, had retired to bed, an example which the remainder of the company were not slow in following, with the exception of MASTERS SMASH and MASTER BRUMPTON, who had taken MASTER TOMMY, their new friend, into the smoking-room, where they were now indulging themselves in the largest and strongest cigars, and in various agreeable liquors.

THESE two young gentlemen talked with amazing vivacity about public diversions, about celebrated actresses, about parties of pleasure, about masked balls, and about such gay persons, and such lively scenes, as acted forcibly on TOMMY's imagination; for, though unequal in age to his companions, who were at least two or three years his seniors (MASTER SMASH being fifteen and MASTER BRUMPTON fourteen), he yet was their superior in mental capacity. TOMMY now felt himself introduced to a wider range of conduct, and began to long for the next school-time to be over, in order that he too might bestow a champagne supper on the loveliest of the

corps de ballet, and entertain a brilliant party at a whitebait dinner at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, to which, being a boy of a really generous and amiable disposition, he now gave MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON a hearty invitation. HARRY perceived and lamented this sudden change in the manners of his friend, who, while delivering himself in the above strain, smoking a large cigar, and drinking what MASTER SMASH termed "an Eye Opener," seemed to have lost all affection for his former companion; and, indeed, at a late hour, MASTER TOMMY spoke of their beloved tutor not only with contemptuous indifference, but with every epithet of disrespect. HARRY now took the liberty of remonstrating with him, and ventured to ask him, "Whether he remembered the story of *Epaminondas* and the *Lethargic Bullfinch*, which," said HARRY, "as neither MASTER SMASH, nor MASTER BRUMPTON, has heard—"

MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON. No, we haven't, and don't want to. HARRY (continuing calmly).—I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then—

TOMMY. No, we mustn't.

[Prodigious Laughter at this rude sally from MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, in which MASTER TOMMY joined.

HARRY. Alas! my dear TOMMY, what sort of figure think you these two young gentlemen would have made among the Spartan youths in the army of ZENOCHATES?

TOMMY. Give it up.

THIS witty repartee occasioned shouts of derision, which HARRY bore with singular equanimity, nor did he again offer to address his young friend, who presently began to complain of the heat of the room.

MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, whose looks now betrayed their enjoyment of their friend's misfortune, attributed this indisposition to his being unaccustomed to the small hours, the big *Regalias*, and the *Eye-openers*, an insinuation which MASTER TOMMY, who wished to be taken for a person of fashion, would have indignantly resented, had not a sudden and uncontrollable quail constrained him to accept the assistance of MASTERS BRUMPTON and SMASH's arms, who, scarcely able to disguise their ungenerous mirth, forthwith led him up-stairs, and placed him safely in bed. HARRY only stayed a few minutes behind the young gentlemen, in order to finish such liquor as yet remained in their glasses, and, having extinguished the lights, he was not long in reaching his own apartment. Here he sat up for the next two hours, attempting, by energetic perseverance, to make himself a master of the game of *Ecarté*, in order to prove, on the earliest opportunity, to MISS SMUDGKINS' Uncle, that neither his example, nor his advice, had been thrown away upon him, and, indeed, it was not until he had dealt the King to himself fifteen times successively, that he placed the pack of cards underneath his pillow, and was soon fast asleep.

"WHY, HOW NOW,—HAMLET?"

A NOTICE lately appeared, in the *Times*, which has been the cause of some perplexity to students of SHAKESPEARE. Not to insist on details, we give an extract from the paragraph which was to this effect, viz., that "The Metropolitan Board of Works will" (on a certain day) "take into consideration . . . the HAMLET of MILE END . . ."!! (Two notes of admiration and exclamation. "with power to add to their number.") The Hamlet of Mile End!! Those well versed in dramatic literature knew the *Hamlet* of SHAKESPEARE, and those who denied the authenticity and genuineness of the works attributed to SHAKESPEARE, had never as yet heard of The Hamlet of Mile End.

HAS the Board made a mistake? Boards do, sometimes. Was it thinking of the VENUS of MILO when it said the HAMLET of MILE END? Or has a new Shakspearian actor appeared at The Royal Mile End Theatre; if there be a Mile End Theatre. Finally, let the Board inform us, as early as possible, who or what is the Hamlet of Mile End. If an actor, on what theatrical Boards does the Board of Works expect his appearance?

Loyal Subjects.

THE Treasury tried o'er the Coals to haul COLE,

But the Black Diamonds burst into chorus:

"Go elsewhere, my Lords, if our King down you'd bowl—

But we won't have our Monarch hauled o'er us!"

Visa Versa.

SINCE the French talk of re-establishing the wretched annoyances connected with "protection," ought we not to retaliate by leaving off their wines, and ourselves returning, like true sons of British fathers, to our own too long neglected Pa's port system?



CONSIDERATE.

First Private. "BE YOU A MARKSMAN THIS YEAR?"

Second Ditto. "NO, I RAIN'T. I DON'T WANT TO DEPRIVE THIS 'ERE LIBERAL ECONOMICAL GOVERNMENT OF A PENNY A DAY!!"

SIMPLE NOTES ON ENGLAND.

By X . . . , a distinguished and intelligent Frenchman, who, during many years, well knows the English.

THE men have massive jaws; their teeth are long, white, and projecting, they are evidently carnivorous. They are all angular and "bosselée." To be "bosselé" is among them a matter of pride. Thus, they say of an aristocrat that he is "a knob," or "knobby." They are all too big, with the eyes dull, stupid, and blue, to such a measure that, to find among them one Frenchman—ah! how agreeable is the contrast! To be "angular" is their ancient character. In the historic records, the most early, they are called in their own language "The Angles." Perhaps EUCLID himself was an Anglo.

Gin-drinking is the vice of all classes. My friend WAGG admits this, and deprecates it. A Gin-palace is a Temple to Saint Vitus (*chez nous* "Saint Guy"). My friend has told me, that the name of this spirit is used familiarly for English young girls among the middle and lower classes. A daughter is often called "Ginny." The same friend tells me that the great writer, SIR WALTER SCOTT, in one of his romances, has named his heroine *Ginny Deans*. This was a satire, he says, on the clergy. I can trust this dear WAGG.

There are "street-boys" (*coyous de la rue*), who strive to obtain the blacking of your boots. I wear varnished boots, but I throw the boys a penny. They are surprised, for an Englishman will not give a penny without that they first black his boots. This is the commercial spirit.

The population would be enormous but for the suicides regularly in November, when many speculators shoot themselves because they see that they are insolvable.

"Self" everywhere. Their motto is "Heaven helps those who

help themselves." A thief who commits a robbery is said to help himself. Therefore, among the English, theft is blessed by Heaven, but I believe when it is discovered it is punished.

Le Dimanche they call their "Sun-day," that is, "Day of the Sun." And why? It is not more a day of the sun than another. The English believe in the existence of The Sun. That which is among us a matter of knowledge, is, among the English, an object of belief. Still, there are some of them who have seen the Sun.

A young man says familiarly, in speaking of his father, *My Governor*. Yesterday I was placed at the side of the coachman of an omnibus. He spoke of his "Governor." I have remarked this often among the coachmen of omnibuses. Thus, in all the cases, an office becomes hereditary. The coachman becomes Proprietor, and it is his son who seats himself upon the throne, that is to say, the "driving-box" of his father.

In France, a son tells all to his mother. They say that this is impossible in England. Here "to tell your mother" is a sneer used among boys. Also, "*your Grandmother*" is not a word to excite veneration, but, on the contrary, to raise shouts of laughter, and the phrase itself expresses incredulity. An adjuration is not here made more solemn by an appeal to "the tomb of my mother." To demand of any one, "*How's your mother?*" is to mock yourself of him. This is barbarous, brutal, is it not?

The exaggeration of the costume of the Rich Aristocracy is shocking. They pile up rhododendrons in their hair, with red ribbons, violet dresses, green petticoats, immense shawls as far as the heels, gloves of a vivid yellow, rings and large gold chains like the Queens of savages. This they call "showy."

The only distinction between a Clergyman and a waiter is the coat. The former wears a frockcoat, the latter a tailcoat. All the washer-



"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

"TUGAL', HAV' YE GOT A LIGHT!"

"YEE, TONAL', BUT IT'S OOT."

women (*blanchisseuses*) belong to the Established Church, on account of the *White Chokers*.

All clergymen marry and have many infants. In the country he is the *Country-gentleman*, also he is a Magistrate. In brief, an English Clergyman is a Magistrate who preaches.

The Religion of the English is Respectability. The Clergyman is a model of *Respectability*. The exterior signs of Respectability are a shining hat, gloves, boots large, strong, and well blackened, and an umbrella: always the umbrella. All the persons, the most religious, carry an umbrella. In China the umbrella is a sign of rank, here it is a mark of a person very devout. The bigger the umbrella, the more the religious fervour. They appear to think that it is as rainy above the skies as it is here below. Their wives have not any rank in the Church, but they are a great power.

In Scotland, it is not permitted even to whistle on the Sunday. My friend, WAGO, tells me, however, that "you must whistle for what you want." I remark this contradiction. But they are an obstinate race, the Scots.

Between each house and the pavement there is a hedge of iron and a deep ditch. This latter is the Moat. This explains their proverb, "Every Englishman's house is his Castle."

SHAKESPEARE, speaking of his country, has said, "The Rain it raineth every day."

If an Englishman pays a small sum of money to a Magistrate, he may beat his own wife. If a wife complains, she may be imprisoned. It is not the custom here, as we used to suppose, to sell the wives. The husband is their Lord-and-Master. But my friend WAGO tells me that a husband always speaks of his wife as his "Missis." This, which at first I had mistaken for something wrong

NUPTIAL IN EXCELSIS.

THE scene was, O how passing fair,
When, 'twixt the young and high-born pair,
The nuptial knot was tied!
The pink of fashion and of grace
The Bridegroom looked, and, all in lace,
With roses mantling o'er her face,
How beautiful the Bride!

O finery of the Bridesmaids' train,
And Priesthood of the Sacred Fane
In more superb array!
And O to view the liveries all
From many a noble Servants' Hall!
And how the heart it did enthrall
To hear the organ play!

"O JEAMES!" soft MARY, sighing, said,
"Sure marriages in Heaven are made
Between a man and wife."
"Aw! Yaa," JEAMES answered—gorgeous he
As Servitor in plush could be—
"Such marriages as wot we see,
Marriages in 'Igh Life."

A Book of Taking Leaves.

YESTERDAYS with Authors is the title of a newly published volume. As a pendant may be suggested, *Last Nights with Actors*, though perhaps this would form too bulky a tome, considering no actor now-a-days ever retires from the stage without such a repetition of positively "last nights" as, if recorded, would be, like their own farewells, interminable. They ought, in fact, to include in the bill of their final exit the appropriate ballad, "*Fare thee well, and if for ever*," &c., together with the equally *à propos* comedy of *Much Adoo about Nothing*.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know why some of the Sewing-Machine Advertisers do not call their machine the *Ceres*. Her nephew, who is learning the Heathen *Misogyny*, tells her that *Ceres* first taught Sowing.

at the root of English society, is, I find, intended to be complimentary; but only a compliment, as the facts are as above-said.

I am now going to dine with my friend WAGO at his Club. I am sorry that we have introduced this word *Club* chez nous. The "Club" is the resort of savages, fierce and brutal, not of men polite and civilised. But my friend W. tells me that this name has been given by the married women to these *cercles*. This is their wit (*esprit*). WAGO, my friend, waits me at the door in a *Hansom*.

X

A SIDE-SPLITTER, QUITE BEYOND A JOKE.

"What did the Government ask us to do? They said, 'Cut your Bill in two, and drop one portion.' My simple answer is, that it is absolutely impossible for us to do so."—Professor Fawcett in *Thursday's Debates*.

BUT why impossible, with will
As our Professor's hearty?
FAWCETT can surely split his Bill,
Who so can split his Party!

Double or Single?

THE announcement of Autumn as to the Ballot Bill appears not very likely to be verified from the indications of Spring. The Bill, which was to present itself at the door of the House of Lords with "an authoritative knock," looks as if its knock would resemble a housemaid's rather than that of a footman. Of course, however, the knock, whatever may be its nature, will not be the knock of a servant out of place.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien, saith the French proverb. "The well is the enemy of the mew," said the poor cat who had fallen in, and who was deservedly drowned for joking at such a moment.



A BENEDICTION!

Irish Beggarwoman (to our friend, Dr. O'Gorman, whose Nose is of the shortest). "WON'T YE GIVE ME A COPPER, DOCTHER DEAR! THRY, NOW, IF YE HAVEN'T WAN PENNY CONVENIENT!—AND MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS INCREASE YE!"

Dr. O'Gorman. "STAND ASIDE, MY GOOD WOMAN. I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU."

Beggarwoman. "O, THIN, THE LARD PRESERVE YER EYESIGHT, FOR THE DEVIL A NOSE YE HAVE TO MOUNT THE 'SPEC'S' UPON!!"

GLADSTONE'S LITTLE MONITOR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
E. P. BOUVERIE, M.P.)

I'm highly blest in many ways
'Mong British public men;
The Liberal side my nod obeys—
Unless 'tis now and then.
But if for one boon more than all
My thankful knee should bend,
'Tis for that comfort which we call
"The d. good-natured friend."

My temper may be sometimes soured
By jar of public toil;
Sometimes on raws I may have poured
Acid instead of oil;
But if opponents to my fault
Indulgence weak extend,
You touch me up with Attie salt,
My d. good-natured friend!

No orator can cope with me,
At least so I am told;
Other men's speech may silvern be,
But mine, they say, is gold:
But if my style a blemish show,
The flaw I may depend
One candid critic's sure to blow—
My d. good-natured friend!

I've toils of body, moils of mind,
And chafes of work and will;
Some that I make, some that I find—
The first the weightiest still.

But toils and moils and chafes to me
Should all to blessings tend,
"Improved" as they are still by thee,
My d. good-natured friend!

I never fell into a pit,
But you cried, "Served him right!"
Ne'er in my teeth I took the bit,
But you sung, "Hold him tight!"
Sometimes before my scrapes begin,
But so sure as they end,
Thy wholesome "one—two" is put in,
My d. good-natured friend!

Were there an office consecrate
To candour and good-will,
'Tis thee that I would nominate
That office-chair to fill;
Then with good pay, work not too hard
Mankind thou shouldst amend,
Nor I my flank from thee need guard,
My d. good-natured friend!

Crab and Creed.

THE parsons in Convocation resolve to stick to what they call the Creed of St. Athanasius, probably on the principle on which CUVIER approved his colleagues' definition of a Crab. "We call it a red fish that walks backwards." "Perfect, Messieurs, quite perfect; only that a Crab is not red, nor is it a fish, nor does it walk backwards." The Creed of St. Athanasius may be so named, subject to the remark that it is not a Creed (having no *credo*), that Athanasius was not a Saint (by any means), and that he had nothing to do with the composition of the document. Creed and Crab, however, would have a resemblance if the latter went backwards!

Horace Mayhew.

OBIT APRIL 30, 1872.

WITH a very deep sorrow we record the loss of another old friend and colleague. HORACE MAYHEW has been unexpectedly called away. Associated with this periodical from nearly its earliest days, he was for years an indefatigable and valuable contributor, and when fortune had rendered him independent of labour, he continued to share our counsels, and he never abated his earnest interest in our work. This testimonial is easy. But when we would speak of the manly simplicity and childlike affection of his nature, of his indomitable cheerfulness, of his ready generosity, and of his singular sweetness of temper, we can write only what must seem to those who knew him not, in excess of the truth, while it fails to do justice to our own knowledge of a beloved friend. But in the affectionate memories of us all his worth and lovingness will be treasured while memory remains to us. Heavy is the grief that has fallen on those who lived in friendship with the kind, the just, the gentle "POONY" MAYHEW.

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

It is but partly true that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The world knows something of STERNDALE BENNETT, now SIR STERNDALE BENNETT, KNIGHT, so deservedly created for being a Composer of very considerable magnitude. No doubt the QUEEN, who understands music, created that Knight with a will. A testimonial on the strength of the honour thus conferred on him has been presented to SIR BENNETT, as our neighbours will call him, in St. James's Hall. This testimonial was a scroll containing a record of subscriptions for a Sterndale-Bennett Scholarship, and a Sterndale-Bennett Prize, in the Royal Academy of Music.

Everybody also in the world who knows anything, knows that STERNDALE BENNETT is a composer of the higher kind of music. There is music and music; there are composers and composers. Some music is inarticulate poetry. Other music is inarticulate small talk and chatter. Much music, very popular for a time, is of a sort that would gratify a monkey having a musical ear. Other music, less popular with the million, but popular for all time, delights hearers whose mind and affections differentiate them from monkeys, and ally them with higher intelligences. In the matter of music SIR STERNDALE BENNETT, like MR. DISRAELI in another way, is on the side, not of the Ape, but of the Angel. His music is such as the Divine WILLIAMS, and the Divine JOHNS (see *Paradise Lost*), mean by music when they extol it. It is akin to the music which HERR BREITMANN wanted when he said—

"Derefore a Miserie
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raised yearnin,
Also a holy feel—"

Whereupon—

"Dey blay crate dings from MOZART,
BRETHOVN, and MÉHUL,
Mit chorals of SHRASTYAN BACH
Scoplime and peadifful.
Der BREITMANN feels like holy saints,
De tears run down his fums;
Und he sopped out—"

The BREITMANN sobbed out in very strong High Dutch his sense of true Art-enjoyment. But beside those "crate dings" which BREITMANN mentions, he would certainly rank the works of STERNDALE BENNETT. Let those who have ears to hear, and souls to feel, but not, perhaps, schooling to understand scientifically, that nobler music, hear the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. In his discourse on presenting the Testimonial to its recipient, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE said:—

"Most of those who were listening to him were cultivated, intelligent, and

critical musicians, who could appreciate the value of SIR STERNDALE BENNETT's compositions; but, not being a musician himself, he could only listen to them, feeling something of their grace and beauty of order—fancying, indeed, in some dim and distant way, that he could distinguish something of their scholarly character and finished structure; but, nevertheless, feeling rather as a child towards them than as being possessed of that full and intelligent knowledge which belonged to those whom he was addressing."

Still they that occupy the room of the unlearned in music are in no worse position to be delighted with it, if they have music in their souls, than the analogous majority of the spectators who are now crowding the Exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy are to derive pleasure from pictures. If these can open their eyes, those can open their ears; and the technically unlearned, for the matter of that, are as much, and as little at a disadvantage with SIR STERNDALE BENNETT as they are with SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. An unlettered swain or bumpkin of natural parts, unable to read SHAKESPEARE, may, nevertheless, seeing SHAKESPEARE acted, be able to understand a considerable some of him, as they say in New England. And now SHAKESPEARE has again been mentioned, it is observable that his name was introduced by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL into his address on presenting the Bennett testimonial:—

"Until very lately, music in this country had not taken its proper place in the world of intellect. CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, WORDSWORTH, BACON, NEWTON, FLAXMAN, and CHANTREY were amongst the greatest men of all countries, and their fame was known to all the world. But the names of PURCELL, HORNBY, and BISHOP, of BOYCE and CROFT, and of FIELD and OSWOLD, in their respective schools of composition, were but little known or appreciated beyond the limits of the English empire, and beyond the limits of English-speaking people. It had been the good fortune of SIR STERNDALE BENNETT to break through that kind of provincialism."

So that now, SIR JOHN, albeit no scientific musician, perceives that English music has at last taken its proper place in the world of intellect, and taken it on a level with the works of the greatest men of all countries, whose fame is known to all the world. One of those men is SHAKESPEARE, and music has taken its place along with SHAKESPEARE's works by the good fortune of STERNDALE BENNETT.

"Shilly-Shally."

MR. TOOLE has lately been playing the character of *Nesfit*,—perhaps *James Nesfit* or *William Nesfit*,—but no matter, the point of this being that, we trust, whenever the occasion arises, the public will crowd to see his Ben-nesfit. [Ahem! Puffs from *Sir Hubert Punch* are Puffs indeed. This too is the more genuine as it is by

ONE WHO HASN'T SEEN THE PLAY.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 29.—Government promises a Bill for making the Registration of Births compulsory. This is quite right. Suppose a person were born on the 29th April, and his parents omitted to register him, and he lived to be a hundred years old, and Mr. THOMAS (who we hope will edit *Notes and Queries* until he is a hundred years old, as ably as he does now) should demand evidence of the longevity, and it could not be given, and longevity were the only feat of the person's life. This would be very hard. Or, suppose, as may happen, a person born on the 29th April should do a number of good and great things—say contributing to *Punch* were one of the greatest—and when the tablet for Westminster Abbey had to be inscribed, the date of his birth could not be ascertained.

More Ballot in Commons, who are dreadfully anxious to provide for taking the votes of the persons who ought not to be allowed to vote at all, that is, the illiterate. The tender anxiety manifested in their behalf is quite touching. It would be irreverent to suggest that some Members do not think the ignorant unlikely to support them at elections.

MR. FORSTER said a "jolly" good defiant thing. Somebody remarked that an illiterate voter might be puzzled between names of some similarity, as FORSTER, FORDYCE, and FUNKUM. The Minister laughed, and said that there was nobody in Bradford, at least, who would confound FORSTER and FUNKUM.

It seems that some Jews think it wicked to write their names on Saturday. For the benefit of these enlightened persons it is proposed to introduce a provision that they may vote orally. In the East—and, for what we know, here—scrupulous Hebrews employ Christian servants to do Sabbath work—but this would not answer in the voting case, as it would admit a second person to knowledge of the vote. But we do not quite understand the morality of the objection—if an ass fell into a pit, a Jew of old would have helped him out on the Sabbath day—how much more should he help out a wise Candidate who may have got into a hole?

Tuesday.—A week would not be complete unless the Government received a defeat of some kind. This time the LORD-CHANCELLOR kindly managed the disaster for his colleagues and friends. His Bill for making a Supreme Court of Appeal came on for Second Reading; LORDS CAIRNS and WESTBURY tore it to pieces, and the latter sweetly remarked, that "it would not bear discussion." LORD CAIRNS, in the course of his resolute attack, said the Bill might possibly be a proof that MR. GLADSTONE had "thought thrice," and was going to destroy the House of Lords. The poor Government measure was extinguished without a division.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET wrote to the *Times* to say, that the reason our Iron-clads have gone on shore was that they had not steam-power enough, and that the Commanders did not put on steam-power because they were afraid of being wigged by the Admiralty for extravagance in coals. MR. GOSCHEN answered this by denying it, and produced an old instruction (1866) in which LORD CLARENCE himself had strongly impressed on all officers in command the necessity of being economical with their coals. That order had been revised. LORD CLARENCE rejoins, that his instructions referred to a different kind of vessel, but on the whole he has not, gladiolatorially, exactly the best of the quarrel, though he is most likely quite right in his original statement.

The DRUID CARDWELL—vide a delightful picture of him in the Academy—says that much consideration is being given as to the selection of centres for his Druidical Circles, or military departments. There is much amusing matter connected with this subject. Some localities are begging to have the soldiers, while others are declaring against them, and saying that the presence of the military is demoralisation. Still, if "all the parishes" are to be defended,

it is ungracious in any parish to refuse to aid in the preparations.

Is the public generally aware that there are Civil Servants in Ireland—servants of the State, we mean? The domestic servant in Ireland is always civil, only very unlike the Centurion's excellent domestic. To an Irish servant you say, "Do this," and he doesn't do it; but then he gives you so pleasant a reason for his disobedience, that you can't be very angry, unless you are in the habit of keeping your anger in wholesome exercise. The State servants complain that they are not paid so well as those in England. But then, living is much dearer in England. However, their grievance is to be looked into.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN was moving for a Committee on the Income-tax, when the House was Counted Out. Of course. The House, as MR. LOWE said, is much too Solvent to care about people who have not large fortunes. How would an Impeccable Parliament answer, for a Session or so?

Wednesday.—A Woman's Day. The ladies crowded their gallery to hear MR. JACOB BRIGHT try to stick up a Jacob's ladder for them to climb to power. He stated their case very agreeably. MR. BOUVERIE gave battle, and urged that though the proposal was now to give Votes to Single Women only (whereby very naughty persons would obtain a privilege denied to virtuous matrons), the next thing would be to give votes to Wives, and then we should set ourselves against the heavenly law which declares that man and wife are one flesh—only the male half is to be the Lord and Master. There was a good deal of fun in the debate, and it was finished by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for England supporting the Bill and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland opposing it, and "chaffing" his learned colleague. He said that he himself had once supported the measure, and telling a lady that he had done so, she replied, "Indeed then, I think you might have been much better employed." The majority of the House was of the lady's mind, and rejected the Bill by 222 to 143.

But we owe the ladies some revenge, so here we insert, from the *Standard*, an extract from a speech made at a Woman's Suffrage Conference the next day, MR. EASTWICK, M.P., in the chair:—

"MRS. GIBSON SIMS, a lady of stately proportions, who made really the most characteristic speech of the day, said that she was quite willing her husband should vote, although his political opinions were totally opposed to hers. (Laughter.) She thought they had better leave the Bill as it was at present. Although she was a married woman, she was content to wait until after her single sisters were enfranchised. (Hear, hear.) When they had got one wedge in they would soon pull the other in. (Laughter.) The time she had expended in trying to 'educate' men up to the proper point on this question was something quite surprising. (Loud laughter.) The gentleman who had previously spoken (MR. HOSKINS) had not been so long a married man as she had been a married woman (laughter); therefore he was walking on the sunny side; but she knew that there was a shady side to matrimony. (Loud laughter.) Referring to married women not being sufficiently educated, she observed that most women were married in their green youth, and therefore had to be subsequently educated. She had great faith in worrying (great laughter), and advised the ladies to use that, and all other available methods of persuasion, to attain their object. (Cheers.)"

Thursday.—In both Houses we had somewhat mysterious, but still satisfactory explanations from Ministers on the Alabama Claims question. LORD GRANVILLE and MR. GLADSTONE, who had, of course, arranged that their language should be the same, "had grounds for hoping that an arrangement satisfactory to both countries would be attained." In other words, the Bunkum Wind-Bag has Bust, as JONATHAN all along intended that it should do, only, being rather a mischievous—well—playful JONATHAN he wanted to see whether the blatant apparition would disconcert JOHNNY BULL. Away goes the Bunkum-Bag to the winds, and JOHN and JONATHAN have a laugh and a liquor. "Solids and Suctions for two," as they say in *Happy Thought Hall*.

The Licensing Bill was read a Second Time in the Lords. The Hours must be altered, that's certain. The provisions against adulterations of drinks are excellent, and the only fault is that a wicked Bung will have to nail up on his own door a placard stating the iniquity for which he has been convicted, instead of having his own ears nailed there. The BISHOP OF PETER-

BOROUGH spoke out like a man against tyrannical restrictions, and said that if he had to choose between a free England that drank and a sober England that abstained in chains, he would vote for Liberty, because that might mean Improvement.

In the Commons, Mr. LOWE said that Government certainly did intend to prosecute, at the public expense, for perjury and forgery, a person calling himself TICHBORNE. He did not know what the prosecution would cost. Being asked to take a previous vote, Mr. LOWE pointedly replied, "If I spend the money first, how can I take a previous vote?"

The greediness of Members for holidays would disgrace a schoolboy. Easter hardly over, they are bothering Mr. GLADSTONE about Whitazantide. He very properly told them that it depended on how they got through their work.

The Ballot Bill passed through Committee. Some Members complained that it would be hard on Irish voters who could not speak English. Now, is it meant that an educated man's vote shall be balanced by that of an ignorant savage who cannot even stammer out the name of the person who is to make laws? Go to.

Another Irish grievance—a Bill to repeal an Act against unlawful meetings and mock Parliaments, was thrown out by 145 to 27. The Home Rule men supported it, and LORD HARTINGTON plainly told them that in their ranks were lots of Fenians, which caused a great bellow.

Friday.—In the Commons we had news about the Wellington Monument, which may possibly be finished in a year and a half. As we have before said, the Great Duke's Fame can afford to wait for her pedestal, but that does not excuse our rulers' negligence. In a debate raised by Mr. FAWCETT, who does not think that the Law Officers of the Crown ought to carry on private practice, came a speech by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who said that it was his own practice and not Government business that he had neglected for the sake of the Tichborne Case, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL said that since taking office he had given up two-thirds of his own practice. Mr. MANCHESTER's taking up the quarrel brought down on him the plain-spoken Mr. LOCKE, who said that instead of always finding fault with everybody else, Mr. HARCOURT should himself try to do something good. Mr. PUNCH is glad to conclude with a statement that the aggregate House did something good. It forwarded, by a stage, the Bill for Protecting Infant Life.

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to advices from Spain:—

"The participation of the *cures* in the Carlist rising was fully confirmed. The *cures* used their influence to render the insurrection a religious war."

Thus said a Paris telegram. As if Roman Catholic priests were capable of fomenting war and bloodshed, even in the interests of the Papacy. It is a pity that the telegrams are not edited by some of the Irish gentlemen of the Press who exercise so manifest an influence on the tone of a large portion of it in regard to the fictions of Protestant bigotry.

An Excuse for any Fools.

SUPPOSE a lot of people were to parade the streets preceded by a band of music, and bearing flags and banners, and shouting and cheering noisily as they marched along—would not people say they were drunk? No; for they know that Teetotallers are accustomed to make demonstrations of that frantic description. But what if drunken rabble took to doing the same, calling themselves Bacchanals? Would the Police have orders to interfere with them? Of course not. Interfere with the worship of Bacchus! That would be infringing religious liberty, and insulting the sacred feelings of our fellow-subjects.

'WARE VESUVIUS!

VESUVIUS choked the Elder of the PLINIES;
As it served that Philosopher, serves ninnies.



"EXEMPLI GRATIA."

Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman). "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE ASKED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I' AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE!"

PROPERTY AND PICTURES.

THERE has lately been a rather interesting picture-sale in London, and the prices realised have been described as "fabulous." Synchronously with this sale, there has been an auction of a small house in the City, and the price which is reported we likewise might call fabulous, if we considered that a proper epithet to use in describing, not a fable, but a matter of mere fact:—

"The freshet of a small City tavern has just been sold for £20,000. The frontage is only eighteen feet, and the full depth fifty-five feet."

A little scrap of ground, with a little house upon it, purchased at the rate of more than twenty pounds a foot, may be considered to have realised a very pretty price. Many pictures may less fairly claim the epithet of pretty, than such a very pretty little property as this. Canvas covered by the art of TURNER, CLAUDE, or RAPHAEL would no doubt be cheaply purchased at twenty pounds a foot; but how many yards of canvass are annually hung upon the walls of picture galleries which would be dearly bought at a tenth part of that price! Without detracting in the least from the value of Fine Art, we may assume that common clay or gravel, overlaid judiciously with common bricks and mortar, may prove a prettier property than many a picture-buyer may be able to possess.

Query for Convocation.

It was a Broad Church Father, perhaps, who said *Credo quia impossibile est*. Very likely so fool. Consider. In your Ciceronian Latin, indeed, "*quia*" is "*because*." But in your ecclesiastical Latin "*quia*" is also "*that*." This latter conjunction may have been the *quia* intended by the holy but rational man in his confession of faith above quoted. It is possible that he merely expressed a belief without assigning a reason.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A HORSEY man, hearing mention made of the "*Latin Races*," wished to know where they were held.



GENTLE OVERTURES TOWARDS FRIENDSHIP.

First Stranger. "I DECLARE, SIR, THAT WOMEN ARE GETTING MORE OUTRAGEOUSLY DECOLTAI EVERY DAY. JUST LOOK OVER THERE, AT THAT PRODIGIOUS OLD PORPOISE WITH THE EYEGLASS!"

Second Stranger. "HUM! HA! YES! I CAN'T HELP THINKING SHE'S A MORE FESTIVE-LOOKING OBJECT THAN THAT FUNERAL OLD FRUMP WITH THE FAN!"

First Stranger. "THE 'FUNERAL OLD FRUMP' IS MY WIFE, SIR!"

Second Stranger. "THE 'PRODIGIOUS OLD PORPOISE' IS MINE! LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME TEA!"

THE FLAG OF DUNDEE.

AIR—"Bonny Dundee."

"On Friday night a meeting of Domestic Servants resident in Dundee and neighbourhood was held. Two girls addressed the meeting at some length, contending that Domestic Servants were entitled to a half holiday weekly and a free Sabbath every fortnight, or a full holiday once a fortnight. Hours should be from six to ten, and no labour on Sunday except what was absolutely necessary. A long and animated discussion afterwards took place as to the restrictions which were placed upon the wearing apparel of the Servants. If they were compelled to wear what was generally known as a 'flag,' it should be at the expense of the Mistress. The opinion was, however, that it ought not to be worn at all. Mistresses had no right to interfere with Servants' apparel in any way so long as it was paid for. What right had Mistresses to pry into the character of their Servants? It was high time that the Domestic Servants should form themselves into an organisation, whereby they would be enabled to secure information as to the characters, temper, and conduct of those who might become their employers. It was agreed to form an Association."—*Dundee Advertiser*, April 20.

"SERVANTS' GRIEVANCES.—A crowded meeting of Gentlemen's Servants was held last night at the Temperance Hall, Leamington, to discuss their grievances. Mr. SOLLIS, butler at Leamington College, presided, but the great mass of the meeting consisted apparently of coachmen, gardeners, and stablemen. The Chairman asserted that the condition of many Gentlemen's Servants was worse than that of slaves, complained of the long hours butlers, gardeners, and others had to work for the wages they received, and advocated shorter hours and increased pay. A Resolution was unanimously adopted for the formation of a Union of butlers, gardeners, grooms, footmen, and porters. Cheers were given for the 'Maids of Dundee,' and at the conclusion of the meeting a number of members were enrolled."—*Leamington Courier*, April 25.

To the Leamington flunkies 'twas SOLLIS that spoke:
"The Warwickshire labourers' strike is a joke
To what when we strike the sensation will be—
Come follow the housemaids of Bonny Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler, from tiger to groom;
Come, gard'ner from greenhouse, and coachman from brougham;
Come open your grievances, open them free,
And follow the 'flag' of the Maids of Dundee."

Stop SOLLIS who can, now he's once on his feet,
Though Leamington's dowagers plaintive may bleat,
Though her bilious old Indians more bilious may be,
When Leamington follows the lead of Dundee.

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

As SOLLIS the wrongs of the liveried made known,
Some thought of the trumpets at Jericho blown,
And those lights hid in pitchers seemed butlers to be,
Ere they followed the housemaids of Bonny Dundee!

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"What, though with three meat-meals a-day we are crammed,
Till in laced coats and plush fellers' figures feel jammed;
Though with beer, and e'en wines, Servants' 'Ails may flow free,
Why should men not strike here, if maids strike in Dundee?"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Even hedgers and ditchers can strike, so one hears,
And if they're Labour's Commoners, we are her Peers;
Who should know on which side our bread's buttered but we?—
Though for grievances Leamington mayn't be Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Let Masters complain we're 'fed better than taught';
There's an answer to that, which it is 'So we ought!'
Why if Servants' 'All fare, like its schoolin' should be,
'Twouldn't breed pluck to follow the Maids of Dundee!"

"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.



"BUSTED UP!"

MR. BULL. "HA! I THOUGHT YOU'D BURST HIM AT LAST!"

JONATHAN. "WA-AL, OLD HOSS! GUESS, IT'S JIST WHAT WE MEANT TO DEW-STRAIGHT, THREE-EW! LET'S LIQUOR UP."



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ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1900

"If you ask me our object—for what in I goes?
My answer is simple—"I follow my nose."
Something wrong somewhere soon it will smell out, you'll see,
Till it does, we will march with the flag of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"There are butlers from south, there are gardeners from north—
And from pantry to pinery word has gone forth—
'Find out wrongs, if wrongs are; if not, made let them be,
And up with the flag of the Maids of Dundee.'
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"There's JAMES in his powder, his plash, and his pride;
There's the groom in his leathers, cravat squarely tied;

The state-coachman in wig and bouquet, broad as three,—
Body-servants and guards for the maids of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

"Our hours are too long: keys ain't left in the locks:
Wines are booked in the cellar, and plate in the box:
Tradesmen's tips ain't the good they was once, and should be;—
Here are reasons to follow the Maids of Dundee!"
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

So the war-notes from SOLLEE's broken trump blown
Have their wrongs that still languish in livery made known;
And if Servants raise statues, a statue let's see
Of SOLLEE embracing a maid of Dundee!
"Come, from buttons to butler," &c.

THE WORD FOR WOMEN.



MY, they don't want any, and they shan't have any. That is nearly as much as can, with reason and justice, be said against the proposal to give women Votes. It is too true that, as a body, they don't want any. By far the greater number of men in possession of the franchise are such as those who instantly assemble round a cab-horse gone down in the street, and stand staring at it on the pavement, where they obstruct the wise. The women who stop and stare are comparatively few. Hence it may be inferred that women in general are not more empty-headed than men. But were they ever so stupid and foolish, the votes of a majority of female electors would neutralise those of the majority of the opposite

sex, and how very desirable that would be!

If women wanted the franchise, they might have it. There would be no need for them to hold meetings in Hyde Park, so as to annoy the upper classes and intimidate the Government. They could get themselves enfranchised by holding up a finger, or without even so much as that. Three words would do it. "Enfranchise us, Or—"

Suppose, for example, that the women all agreed to say to every Member of Parliament, or other men who opposed their claims to political emancipation,—"I tell you what. Unless you promise, on your honour, to vote in the House and on the hustings for Female Suffrage, I won't dance with you." Does any man imagine that if the ladies, all, or the greater part of them, were to say that, and stick to it, another Session would pass away before the concession of entire justice to women?

Did we say three words would emancipate womankind? One word would—a monosyllable. They might refuse, alas, to say on buttons; in short, might strike altogether. Women could obtain all their rights, and a great deal more, if they would only make up their minds to say "No."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The last evening spent by Mr. BARLOW and MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON at Torrance's Abbey Dancing-House.

BUT now the attention of all the Boarders at Torrance's Abbey Dancing-House was fixed upon making preparations for a ball, which the worthy proprietors of this establishment had determined upon giving, in order to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the last evening which Mr. BARLOW and MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON (whose father, they had heard, was an exceedingly wealthy man) would pass among them.

The whole house was full of milliners, dressmakers, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, and dancing-masters; and all the young ladies and gentlemen were employed in giving directions for their clothes, awaiting their turn with the curling tongs, or with the machinery for hair-brushing, which MASTER TOMMY had insisted upon having erected in the grounds of the house at his own expense, or in practising the steps of the different dances.

Mr. BARLOW was grieved on observing that the elderly ladies were as much interested in their own toilettes as about those of their daughters, and instead of hearing from Mrs. BLOSSOMER and Mrs. PRINGLE lessons of conduct and wisdom, nothing seemed to employ their attention a moment but French muslins, trimmings, lace, satins, jupes, and *crêpe de Chine surmonté de coquilles de crépines côtelées*, which Miss SOPHOMBA PRINGLE protested was now worn by all the grand ladies at Court.

As for MASTER TOMMY, who had by this time contracted an infinite fondness for all such scenes of dissipation as his young friends MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON were daily describing to him, he was now wholly occupied in the curling of his hair and adorning his person. He had hired four servants to wait upon him, and was now in a fair way to gratify all his caprices. He considered it *à la mode* to be humorous, haughty, unjust, and selfish to the extreme, and vowed that nothing was of any consequence as long as he was happy, and indeed he went so far as to boldly assert that he might be a glutton and an ignorant blockhead if only his hair was trimmed in the mode, his person perfumed, his dress of exquisite style, and his politeness to the ladies unimpeached.

Once indeed HARRY had thrown him into a disagreeable train of thinking by asking him through the keyhole of his door (for during his toilette MASTER TOMMY denied himself to even his most intimate friends), whether he remembered the story of *Empedocles and the Unsophisticated Sausage*, but on reflecting that nothing so spoils the face as an air of profound meditation, MASTER TOMMY dismissed the inquiry with a curt negative, and a harsh retort.

Mrs. SMUDGINS and her Uncle alone appeared to view all these proceedings with contempt, and the latter invited HARRY during the afternoon to renew the game of *écarté*, to which proposition HARRY, after some show of reluctance, courteously acceded. Fortune now seemed to be as favourable to HARRY as on the previous occasion she had been to the Rev. ZENOBIUS POTTS, who, in spite of his age and proficiency, soon discovered that he was no longer a match for his youthful adversary. At the expiration of two hours he admitted that he had lost a far larger sum than he could possibly hope to pay, unless MASTER HARRY would accept from him such a document as Mr. BARLOW, who had been for some time an unseen but no uninterested spectator of the game, had now stepped forward to propose. "Indeed," added the venerable enthusiast, "I shall presently lack the means to defray my modest expenses at this Boarding-House."

HARRY, whose generous nature was not proof against the tears which accompanied this speech, now disappeared from the room for a few minutes, and presently returned, with the glow of health on his countenance, occasioned by the haste with which he had performed his errand, and put into the trembling hands of Miss SMUDGINS' Uncle a parcel that contained some of MASTER TOMMY's cast-off clothes, linen, and other necessities, together with a bad half-crown, the property of which had been originally vested in the Rev. ZENOBIUS POTTS himself. The worthy old gentleman received these presents with gratitude, and almost with tears of joy, and, on looking up into his benefactor's face, protested that MASTER HARRY's countenance, which the demands of truth compelled him to describe as plain, if not positively ugly, now appeared to him to wear such an angelic expression as he had only seen in picture-books, sculptured on tombstones, engraved on ancient door-knockers, or portrayed in bright colours on the outer coverings of sentimental ballads.

Mr. Barlow, I see, HARRY, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of everything you have done. You are better and wiser than all these fine young gentlemen and ladies, though you do not curl your hair. You cannot at this moment act more in accordance with the dictates of philosophy and prudence, than by confiding to my care the amount of money which you have won from this estimable but unhappy gentleman.

HARRY. Your remark, Sir, reminds me of the story of *Zoro and the Self-asserting Plumber*, which, as you have none of you heard it, I will now proceed to narrate. You must know, then—

But at this moment the gong summoned them to the ball-room, whither Miss SMUDGINS insisted upon MASTER HARRY conducting her.



VISION OF BURLINGTON HOUSE, SIXTH OF MAY.



AUGUSTUS HATES CALLS.

"AUGUSTUS, LOVE, LET ME ENTREAT YOU! DO NOT GIVE WAY TO ANY INSANE DEMONSTRATIONS OF DELIGHT BEFORE THE SERVANT, IF SHE SAYS THEY'RE NOT AT HOME!"

BIRDS AND BAIT.

O MEN of Warwickshire! O Men of Peterborough! O ye constituents of MR. WHALLEY and MR. NEWDEGATE! Look here:—

"ARCHBISHOP MANNING has issued a circular order to the clergy of his diocese prohibiting the employment of female vocalists in their church choirs after the end of September next."

Here is proof for you of the increase of Popery. Women are no longer necessary in Roman-Catholic choirs. So long as they were wanted for decoy they were all very well; but now the nets fill at such a rate that it is hoped they will go on filling independently of those call-birds. Priests of the order of MANNING, we know, would rather do without women altogether if possible, in the choir at any rate. Not that their Reverences hold that there is anything specifically evil in womanhood (that were anathema), but they would have women keep to themselves as much as may be, and they consider that the best place for the very best of them is a nunnery. True, it was a female voice that first sung the *Magnificat*; but that was an exception, and it was not in a choir.

Never mind, Protestant friends. MANNING does not know, or consider, that the music of the Mass is, with thinking men, the strongest argument for the Mass dogma. It (the German especially) opposes reason with the thought that strains so heavenly cannot have been inspired by nonsense. A poor philosopher suspects it to be more likely that he should himself be partially an idiot than that HAYDN was, or MOZART. Now, then, what will MOZART's 12th Mass be without the female voices? Just what his *Don Juan*, or *Magic Flute*, or *Marriage of Figaro* would be minus the same. The Mass will be made a mess of, and the argument from the music thereof much impaired. But Masses will also be sung in Exeter Hall. There they will be sung apart from any dogma, and without prejudice to reason. They will be sung there with the female voices in. Peradventure Exeter Hall may out the "Pro-Cathedral" out. In the meanwhile it is worthy of note that of there be any birds that have been ensnared by Mass music, now that they are in captivity their music is to be in a measure cut off. It may be that their captors will by-and-by subject them to yet further privation. They will see.

PUBLICANS AND PREMIS.—Thank goodness we have a House of Lords, mine Host! Eh? Isn't the Licensing Bill a Landlord's question?

VALHALLABALLOO.

TUNE—(Old Country Maying) "The Triumph."

O THE Happy in Valhalla!

There is drink, and nought to pay,
There have public-houses all a
Right to enter, night and day.

Gin and brandy,
Always handy,
Rum and whiskey, brave souls cheer,
Port and cherry,
Claret, very
Best of Burgundy and beer.

There intoxicating fluids
As they're called by donkeys dire,
Britons, Norsemen, Scalds and Druids,
With celestial joys inspire.

That abode in
There swigs ODIN,
There swigs BALDER, there swigs THOR;
None need warning
That, next morning
They will be unfit for war.

There swigs ARTHUR, ever able
Bowl to drain, his Knights of fame
Also swig at his Round Table,
Never roll beneath the same.

There CADWALLON
Takes his gallon
After gallon every night,
Likewise MERLIN
Early part in,

Sure as dawns the morning light.

There each evening's recreation
Doth next morn's reflection bear
Never, after comotation,
Brain doth headache split and tear.

None know shaking
Hands on waking.

Of the soda-water cure
None are needy;

None are seedy.

All the liquors are so pure.

There does dread *delirium tremens*

Toper never more attack.

Busybodies any plea men's

Freedom to curtail would lack.

But there are none,

Platforms there none,

With declaiming Boreas abound;

WILFRID LAWSON

There, and DAWSON

BURNS, and such, can none be found.

That's where drinking courses lead not

To the workhouse and the gaol;

Publicans a licence need not

Wine, beer, spirits, to retail;

No coercion

Spoils excursion

On a Sunday; bars are free:

Sabbatarians

None at variance

There would stand with you and me.

Heroes there spend hours in pleasure

Here which Prigs consume in jaw.

There's no question of a measure

Fit for schoolboys to be law.

And the doughty,

No more gouty,

As they were when cooped in clay,

In Valhalla,

Fal-lal-lal-la!

Merrily, merrily, sing for aye.

About the Size of it.

ARMOR of certain claims, which certain people seem to think are not a whit more monstrous than those in the Alabama Case, JAWKINS says he is reminded of the story of the Irishman who boasted that he had an illigant foine property, only the rightful owner, like a blayguard, kept him out of it.



THE PIC-NIC.

Playful Widow. "JUMP ME DOWN, MR. FIGGINS!"

[The gallant little Man did his best, but fell—in her estimation for ever!]

A STIR IN THE KITCHEN.

EMULOUS of the example of her Caledonian sister, the English female Domestic Servant is about to initiate a movement to better herself, and to form an Association to protect her interests against that worst of all tyrants, despots, enemies, oppressors, and down-treaders—"Mistress." Preliminary conferences have already been held in halls and kitchens of the first respectability, and as soon as the weather is finally settled, a great open-air meeting will be called at an hour convenient to those whom a hard fate compels to dish up a late dinner, at which the following programme will be recommended for adoption, as essential to the comfort, happiness, self-respect, and independence of all those whom suckumstances oblige to resort to domestic service for their livelihood:—

No Servant to accept an engagement until she has first received a satisfactory character of the Mistress who is anxious to secure her assistance.

Public waiting-rooms to be established, at which Mistresses shall attend (at their own cost), to be inspected and questioned by their intending employees.

No Servant to permit, on any pretext, the slightest difference in the quality or quantity of the provisions supplied to the parlour and the kitchen. The best tea always to be provided, and an absolute prohibition to be placed upon the use of moist sugar.

No Mistress to enter her own kitchen, without giving previous notice of her intention to its occupants.

No cupboards, sideboards, store-rooms, or cellars to be kept locked.

Free access to the beer-barrel.

No Servant to be rung up in the morning, or expected to retire to rest at a certain hour at night.

No interference to be allowed with a Servant's dress, of which she is to be considered the best and only judge. Artificial flowers, veils, jewellery, parasols, chignons, and high-heeled boots to pass unquestioned and unnoticed.

No restriction to be placed on kitchen company. Male friends to have the *entrée* to that apartment whenever it may be agreeable to them. (This last stipulation to be a *sine qua non*.)

Cold meat to be eaten only at breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper. Charwomen to be engaged to undertake such onerous and disagreeable duties as washing, scrubbing, black-leading grates, lighting fires, preparing the rooms for the reception of the family in the morning, making beds, cleaning boots and knives, &c.

Servants with musical tastes and acquirements to be allowed the use of the piano.

A supply of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and a subscription to a circulating library for the exclusive accommodation of the kitchen. The total abolition of the irksome and barbarous custom of washing at home.

All such degrading terms as "place," "wages," "character," and "maid of all work," to be forbidden; and, in their stead, "situation" or "engagement," "salary," "testimonials," and "general domestic" to be employed. The word "kitchen" to be gradually discontinued in favour of "Servants' Apartment."

Two half-holidays a week. Vacations at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and a month's leave of absence in the summer (without any deduction from salary), for the sea-side, the Continent, &c.

An evening party once a month.

The Sunday question to be a matter of special negotiation; but all leave of absence on that day to be considered to apply to the whole of it, and no hour to be fixed for the return of domestics to their duties at night.

All salaries to be paid in advance, and Servants to be entitled to draw as much money as they please on account.

Servants not to be required to give warning, but all existing customs, as regards notice, wages, &c., on the part of employers, to remain in full force.

The extension of the franchise to Domestic Servants.

No caps.

Sporting Parallel.

Bro Prince Charlie won the "Two Thousand." You see every enormous Pretender to the honours of a fine Race does not break down before the Judge.



"HERE BE TRUTHS!"

Art Critic (who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the Lobby of the Sale-Room, and is standing before a Mirror which, purchased at a previous Sale, still retains its Ticket). "Ah! PORTRAIT 'F GEN'L MAN, I SH'POSE—(hic!—writes)—DRAWING EXHIB'BLE—GREAT WANT 'TASTE IN THE CHOICE 'F SUBJECT!—FIT ONLY FOR A PLACE IN 'TAP-ROOM OF 'PUBLIC-'OUSE!!"

MRS. CHURCHER'S COMFORT.

O SHOCKING! Dreadful! Here is things come to a pretty pass indeed.
Talkin', in Convocation too, agin the Athanasian Creed.
Some wants to clip and cut it down—and Clergymen—I don't know whether
Some others on 'em ain't inclined for to expunge it altogether.
O yes!—and then there's some besides with which I ain't a got no patience:
Let it stand how it stands, says they, but soaped with notes and explanations.
Why, if 'twas all explained, and one quite understood it when one read it,
Believin' on it every word would then no longer be no credit.
But there is parts of it you can't mistake their purpose and intention;
Them clauses of a certain name which out of Church 'tis wrong to mention;
Hand therefore which a femil pen to name without hysterics* pauses;
Suppose, however, if you please, we says the drattatory clauses.
They're clear enough, straight up, right down, smack smooth, and no mistake whatever;
There's none pertends they're duberome but sitch as is by half too clever.
Get out with your non-nateral sense, all sorts of contradictions screenin';
I takes 'em in the littery, plain English, dixonary meanin'.

* Mrs. C. is supposed to mean asterisks.

MAGEE BEFORE MANNING.

Two Bishops, by different tailors arrayed,
One known to the law, and the other POPZ-made,
Both anxious to make men from guzzle abstain,
By different methods their object would gain.

Says MANNING—"That drink's such a terrible thing,
Such ruin and wreck on its victims does bring,
I claim that a certain majority's vote
Shut doors interpose may 'twixt tippie and throat.

An evil it is, humankind to infest,
Too gross to be suffered; it must be repressed.
Of liquor—to stem lush if other means fail—
I say, let a Maine Law prohibit the sale."

Our Bishop would men from excess have desist
Induced by such means as with virtue consist.
"Free England and sober I wish," says MAGEE,
"But if free or sober, why then England—Free."

The titular Prelate speaks such prelates' mind;
For they to their aprons would pin all mankind:
Would subject the world, if they could, to priest-rule,
And grown-up folk govern as children at school.

The Prelate we own, with a far other ken,
Discerns that men need to be governed as men;
That poor slaves of Vice will be slaves of Vice still,
For all check imposed on the acts of their will.

Were Englishmen sober like slaves, from their swipes,
Unwilling, restrained but by terror of stripes,
Might evil not then find a vent in worse works
Than even the sots'—were they sober as Turks?

No, pedants and priests, Britons drink may eschew,
By choice, but not schooled like your kias-my-rod crew.
No rod for them save what, with masterly touch,
Punch lays on the fellows who liquor too much.

A Mistaken Idea.

WHEN COUNT BEUST, in his speech at the Literary Fund Dinner—one of the best made on that occasion—said that though the youngest of the Diplomatic Body "he could not aspire to the eminence of a Benjamin," thoughtless people imagined that His Excellency meant a complimentary reference to Mr. DISRAELI, who was present, and one of the chief speakers.

Even a heathen Lord, I've heard, a Poet, owned they give him pleasure,
They lay the law down so distinct, in sitch a comprehensive measure.
Then much more them that never let their minds with hargiment be shaken,
And leastways there is sure they han't no cause to tremble for their bacon.

Not what I wants to have that full and true account of my persuasions
Repeated every Sunday; no, but only upon grand occasions.
St. Athanasius' Creed I calls a treat which more than we deserve is,
Poor creaturs, than for to be let have said or sung at common service.

Keep it, but read no more, some says—my nose turns up at 'em like inions.
Yah, Jerry Sneaks that han't a got the courage of their own opinions!
But thanks be praised, there won't be no sitch base and wild accommodation.
Yes, thankful 'tis we ought to be there's one staunch 'Ouse of Convocation.

The Athanasian Creed ne'er read! One's sperrits what a dismal gloom on!
Drat all that of her comfort would at Church deprive a poor old 'ooman.
And quite a link, as I may say, of 'eavenly feelins would be broken;
Like 'avin' to 'ear that sweet word, Mesopotamia, no more spoken.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Won't.

Sir Toby. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Malvolio. As many cakes as you please, but no ale at all.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 6.—The prospects of the Government are improving, as the summer advances. Prospects usually improve by fine weather. *Punch* unhesitatingly sacrifices truth to epigram—anybody can tell the truth, few people can make epigrams—the weather has been anything but fine, and May seems to be getting like her old husband January. But to revert. The Ministry, we are happy to say, were defeated only three times this week, once comically, once seriously, and once serio-comically. TOM MOORE tells us of a certain JACK, who was ubiquitous.

"A friend of mine one evening said, As home he took his penance way,

'Upon my soul, I fear JACK'S dead,
I've seen him but three times to-day.'"

In the House of Lords EARL GRANVILLE made urgent appeal to EARL RUSSELL again to postpone his motion on the Washington Treaty. He begged this publicly and privately, and LORD RUSSELL was obliged to assent, but demanded that the Whitsuntide holidays should also be postponed, an unkind proposition, considering how frightfully hard the Lords work, very seldom sitting less than an hour and a half. Finally, the motion stood over for a week.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL gave Magistrates a hint which they may as well notice. MR. M. GUEST alluded to the want

of severity in punishing brutal outrages. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE said that the fault was not so much in the law as in those who administered it. Some of the ridiculously lenient sentences of last week confirm this statement.

Then came the Serious Defeat of the Government. We shall tell the story with American brevity. MR. GORDON, Member for Glasgow Universities, moved, on the proposal to go into Committee on the Scotch Education Bill, that regard should be had to the old law and custom of Scotland touching imparting Biblical instruction in schools. It was known that the Opposition would rally strongly on this, so the Silent System was adopted on the Liberal side, and Conservatives were allowed to go on, unanswered. But they were not to be done, and protracted the debate till nearly midnight, when MR. FORSTER got alarmed, and tried to make matters pleasant. He did not exactly succeed, for when the division was taken, MR. GORDON beat the Government by 216 to 209—majority Seven. "My Jo!" how the Tories shouted—over and over again. The four tellers were obliged to stand still, and abstain from telling anything while the frantic cheers went up. It was delightful to witness such earnestness in the cause of religion.

Tuesday.—We repeal the Party Processions Act for Ireland. You see, it can't be enforced against Fenians and the like, so it would be hard to enforce it against Orangemen. "But where is dat Barty now?"

We protected the Pacific Islanders, and LORD CARNARVON made some remarks which were sincere, like everything he says, but which may excite comment in pious circles. Referring to the desire by the BISHOP OF LICHFIELD that no vengeance should be taken for the murder of BISHOP PATTERSON, LORD CARNARVON said that in the mouth of the prelate the sentiment of leaving the punishment to Heaven was highly proper, but it could not indicate the course the State ought to adopt. LORD CARNARVON unconsciously joined the Liberation Society. If ever there was a divorce of religious from secular duty, it was pronounced in this autochthonic fashion. But, dear LORD CARNARVON, what says TERTULLIAN?—*Punch* is sure you know TERTULLIAN—"Vani erimus si putaverimus id quod clericis non licet laicis licere."

MR. GLADSTONE volunteered a promise to let the Commons know, at the same time as the Lords, the state of the American negotiations; and he added warm expression of the extraordinary forbearance which Parliament and the

country had shown to the Government, not as the Government, but as those entrusted with important public interests.

MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW asked why the public were to prosecute CASTRO, when OVEREND AND GURNEY had not been so prosecuted. MR. LOWE gave an elaborate answer, particularly weak as regarded the commercial frauds, but not weak at all as regarded CASTRO. He, MR. LOWE said, was charged with wilful and corrupt perjury on a gigantic scale, with trying to rob an infant, and with slandering a virtuous lady. If guilty, it was difficult to imagine a case of greater turpitude, and the enormous expense to which he had put the Tichborne family would prevent their prosecuting him. The House of Commons cheered.

Several dull topics were discussed to no purpose, and then there was a relief in the shape of a personal question. Why was COLONEL THE HONOURABLE CHARLES WHITE made Lord-Lieutenant of Clare, he being a non-resident in that county, and a stranger to its Magistrates. There was very smart talk on this. The real reason was that COLONEL WHITE is a son of LORD ANNALY, who has fought a series of tremendously expensive elections in the Liberal interest. LORD PALMERSTON gave him a Peerage, and there can be no objection to his son's appointment, as LORD ANNALY gives him a fine estate, on which he will build a fine house. The Clare gentry—what did LADY MORGAN say about

"PAT O'DAINT, and MISTRESS CASEY?"—

make a disturbance; but when the hospitable young L.L. and Guardsman shall have given some dinners and balls, his merits will be discovered. There was plenty of spice "exhibited" as usual when Irishmen have to pepper Irishmen. This incident shall be noticed. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE used SHERIDAN'S phrase, "damned good-natured friends." He was actually called to order by Members who had evidently never heard of the *School for Scandal*. Why, MR. *Punch* himself, who never permits a coarse word to appear in his pages, except when he nails it up as a warning (and even then he delicately enfold it in periphrase), had a poem—and a very admirable and beautiful one the other day—about the d. good-natured friend. We shall have SHAKESPEARE called to order next, for describing a bleeding soldier and a perished heath by adjectives which the lower orders use after their nature. There is nothing so vulgar as "gentility."

Wednesday.—To-day came the Serio-Comic Defeat. It was moved by MR. GLYN, for MR. GLADSTONE, that the Committee should not sit next day, being Ascension-Day, before two o'clock. MR. BOUVIERIE, who though educated at Trinity, is a Scotch Member, and does not recognise religious festivals, opposed the motion on the ground that the time of witnesses ought not to be wasted that certain folks might go to church. And, snapping a division, he beat the Government by 52 to 47; majority, Five. Bad management again; why was not somebody put up to talk until Churchmen could be fetched? Or had they all gone off to Chester to see the Cup won by *Inveresk*?

SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved the Second Reading of his Bill for permitting people to refuse to permit other people to have liquors. MR. *Punch* is at once too impatient with the fanatics, and too weary of the topic to say more than that the Bill would have been very completely extinguished, but for the artful device of preventing a division on the merits, by allegation that a lot of Irish Members wished to speak. The numbers against adjournment testified to the feeling of the Commons; there were 369 to 15; but as the hour for adjourning the House itself was near, the Bill became a Dropped Order. We can hear no more of it till the 24th of July, when the House will be in a kicking frame of mind. Not having been present, MR. *Punch* cannot say whether SIR LAWSON realised the lines in *Rokeby*:—

"WILFRID changed colour, and, amazed,
Turned short, and on the SPEAKER gazed."
(Canto iv. 31.)

Thursday.—The Lords Spiritual, of course, abstained from sitting to-day, and the Lords Temporal followed their example. In the Commons, MR. BERNESFORD HOPE made some remarks on the Ascension-Day division, and complained that his own religious feelings, and those of Members of both the English and the Catholic Churches,

had been wounded. MR. GLADSTONE expressed his earnest regret at the occurrence, and believed that the division failed to express the feelings of a large majority. Very well, dear Sir, but why was not a majority secured?

We took the Ballot Bill, and hereon came the Comic defeat. In order to meet those who wanted to lengthen the hours of polling, that working-men might be patriotic without the slightest inconvenience to themselves, the Government had prepared a clause of an amusing kind. If an election took place in one of the four fine months (or those that ought to be fine), the poll was to be open till eight, but in other months it was to close either at seven or at five. The Committee was not by any means delighted with this ingenious plan for incorporating the Almanack with the British Constitution. The Commons of England do not share the reverence for the Almanack which, in one of poor NAT. LEE's plays, a Greek mob exhibits:—

"Second Citizen. As to his coming from the gods, that's no great matter. They can all say that. But he's a great scholar. He can make Almanacks, an he were put to it; and therefore, I say, hear him."

After a good deal of "sukkam," and a general expression of feeling that no change was wanted, and as somebody said the proposal was "all nonsense," MR. GLADSTONE announced that the Government would vote against its own Motion—which it did; and, with Opposition and other aid, defeated itself by 350 to 48; majority, Three Hundred and Two.

But a good thing was done. Public Nomination of Candidates was abolished. A capital description of the idle, useless, and tipsy Nomination Day was read, and then its author was named—the author of *Coningsby*. Everybody ought to be glad that a day when at the best, Clap-trap, and at the worst, Blackguardism, is in the ascendant, shall cease to disgrace our Elections. Yet there were many to stand up and talk nonsense in behalf of the old abomination, and the clause was carried by 253 against a minority of 177. "What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?" asks *Hamlet*. The answer ought to be, that he desires to represent an enlightened constituency. "Then," might be the rejoinder, "why present him to a howling rabble, that pelts him with rotten eggs and stale fish?" "The wisdom of our ancestors." If they lived now, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE amusingly said, they would know better.

Friday.—The Lords were on the Liquors, and tried to soften some of the wholesome Government restrictions—not on potatoes, but on Bung. But the Minister stood with arms akimberly, and upheld the sterner legislation.

Non dolet is the Ministerial remark, after the Scotch "tawse." The Education Bill was to go on when the Ballot had gone off.

A debate on Reformatory Schools brought out much proof of their great value, and MR. DELAUNAY got upon Irish representation—we need scarcely add that a slight arithmetical exercise, performed by MR. BRAND, cleared the House in excellent time for an eight o'clock dinner.

Lines on Liquor Lawson.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON did make one
In DILKE's minority of two.
Ally of a Republican
And advocate of Tyrants—pooh!

Sweet Thing to Say.

A LITERARY gentleman, a believer in Spiritualism, said that he was himself the subject of spiritual influence, under which he always wrote his articles, thus being, in the work of authorship, a Medium. "That," remarked a pleasant friend, "may account for your mediocrity."

BRIBERY AND BALLOT.

THE Ballot will, we are told, put a stop to Bribery. Will it? What is to prevent a Candidate for a seat in Parliament from betting any odds against his own return with an elector, and, if he loses his bet by gaining his election, from paying the money?

MAY DAY IN 1872.



EAR MR. PUNCH,

You take wild freaks into your head. What on earth induced you to despatch me to see an "Old English May-Day Festival"? At your time of life, you really should know better than to believe in such things. I obeyed, of course, because you make it worth my while to obey; but truly I feel that though, for that reason, I did not throw away my time, you threw away a handsome guerdon. Obligated, all the same.

Sir, this old English May-Day festival was held at Cooanatsford, some ten miles from Cottonopolis, where I was visiting. I left the latter place, in company with as many persons as more than filled a train of about half a mile long. They were all deluded, like your-

self, with the hope of seeing something. I and my half-mile of friends having arrived at Cooanatsford, hastened to observe the goodish old English rule of eating, at festival time, about three times as much as was needful. After appropriate libation, we then proceeded in a mass to the Green, and prepared to feel mediæval and feudal, and all that.

What did I expect to see? you ask. Sir, I expected to see at least forty beautiful damsels, clad in short skirts and the most beautiful red shoes and stockings, with low-necked dresses and bewitching hats, with wreaths and bouquets of spring-flowers (the age of the aforesaid damsels to be about eighteen), surrounding the May Queen, a Hour of such loveliness that I should immediately fall in love with her. To accompany them I wanted shepherd lads with pink stockings, chintz knee-breeches, profusely decorated with ribbons, short green silk jackets, and blue hats with feathers, who would play old English tunes on clarinets, and dance round a Maypole in Watteau-like attitudes.

What did I see? Sir, I saw a hot Volunteer band, who came up playing a psalm-tune, heading a procession of dirty little boys and girls, who bore flags with religious and secular inscriptions. After these followed two boys dressed as jesters, in a cart drawn by a donkey; then *Robin Hood* and *Maid Marian*, and a knight on horseback, whom I first thought was kindly lent by the LORD MAYOR, till I discovered he was *Will Scarlet*; then came a cart decorated with laurels and other vegetables, including paper flowers, among which sat the *May Queen*, whom you must allow me to call a "Kid" of seven, freckled, with red hair and a turn-up nose.

Sir, I fled from the scene, and drowned my sorrows in the flowing bowl, and it wasn't till I had had a couple of sodas-and-sherry that I summoned up enough courage to return to the spot. The children were dancing, the *May Queen* was sitting in a red-and-blue chair under a twopenny Maypole, the Volunteer band was playing that peculiarly doleful music proper to country dances, and the crowd, not blooming rustics, but Cottonopolis clerks and the like, were fast approaching that state from which dull care is driven away.

But were there no amends? Was there no one vision of grace and glory to be associated with my recollections of May Day? Yes, Sir, for this world is full of compensations. Mine cost a penny. This I laid out at the entrance to a—well, the vulgar call it a Booth, but let us say a Bower. Enshrined in this retreat sat—Sir, who is the fattest lady of your acquaintance? You need not name her, but multiply her by seven, and you have the great feature of the Cooanatsford May-Day Festival.

Festivals have gone by. But I shall be happy to dine with you at Greenwich whenever you like.

Yours, very obediently,

EPICURUS GRACILIS.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never do things by halves, except when you send us Bank-notes by post.



WILLING TO PLEASE.

Mistress (to Lazy Housemaid). "NOW, MARY, YOU KNOW I'M GOING TO GIVE A BALL TO-MORROW NIGHT, AND I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO BESTIR YOURSELF, AND MAKE YOURSELF GENERALLY USEFUL."

Mary. "YEE, M'M. BUT I'M SORRY TO SAY, M'M, I CAN'T DANCE!"

A WARNING TO OUR WILLIAM!

WILL, have you had the beating yet
You 'scape no week together?
At last I fear you'll hardened get
In heart as well as leather.

Once when you left the whipping-place,
'Twas with a look of sorrow;
But now you come out with a face
Says "Whip again to-morrow!"

A boy can't be flogged every week,
And yet as Prefect trusted:
Stout DOCTOR BULL, who hates a sneak,
With a shirk feels disgusted.

Though pluck's a noble quality
In man or schoolboy either,
Pluck that takes licking quietly,
Does credit, WILL, to neither.

There's scarce a task that you've had set,
But birch for it you've tasted:
Your talent all admit, and yet
Your wit in words seems wasted.

More haste worse speed,—still with your work
You muddle, mull, and mess on,
To expel you DOCTOR BULL 'twould irk,
But you *must* learn your lesson!

Plucky Reply.

Examiner. Give some account of BEROSUS.
Candidate. He was a drunken character.

EPISTOLARY GEM.

MR. PUNCH has just seen, in the *Era*, a letter so charming that he must extract a—nay, as the fair writer would probably say, must cull a rose-leaf from the perfumed treasury. An English lady named MARKHAM (as to her Christian name we are uncertain, as the *Era* calls her "LYDIA" and the letter is signed "PAULINE" but both names are delightful) is performing in America. MISS MARKHAM desires to thank the American Press for its kindness. There has been an exception, it seems, but that may pass. Hear the rest of the Pauline epistle:—

"I have been sufficiently abused by *private* individuals through malice, because possibly I did not smile upon them or receive them as friends. I am but human, a free, good-hearted, frank woman. To the public what could I say? Could I, upon my bended knees, show to the American people how grateful I am to them for the support and encouragement I have received at their hands, for their indulgent kindness to me when I have been ill, and their hearty applause, which has ever greeted my efforts to please them, I would gladly bend to them daily. I love America dearly, for during my sojourn here I have never known an American *gentleman* to insult the name of or abuse a woman. Concerning my professional abilities, I will leave the public to judge of them. Myself and *confrères* are, nightly or daily, as we may happen to appear, drawing full houses, and I never seem to miss an encore. The bouquets that I receive are beautiful, and I ever take them to my happy home, where the air is 'musical with birds.' I never felt more competent to please, nor more healthy than at present. So please tender my thanks to the entire Press, save the Philadelphia paper, and assure them I hope they may continue as well in health, as happy and contented in mind, as theirs, gratefully,

"PAULINE MARKHAM."

We think this letter so nice. But we extract from it chiefly because just now we wish the Americans to be exceedingly well pleased with us, and we consider the above epistle calculated to do the utmost good, and to remove any little irritation on the subject of the Alabama Claims. So thanks to Miss LYDIA or PAULINE MARKHAM.



"NON DOLET."

MR. PUNCH. "WILLIAM, WILLIAM, THIS IS VERY, *VERY* SAD! WHY THESE REPEATED FLOGGINGS, DEAR BOY? NOT A WEEK PASSES BUT—"

HEAD BOY. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! WHAT'S THE ODDS? *IT DON'T HURT!!*"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Last Evening of MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD with MR. BARLOW at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House, and their Departure for their Tutor's Residence.



AND now the important event of their stay at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House took place. The gong which had summoned Miss SMUDGINS and MASTER HARRY so peremptorily to the saloon, was intended to announce the commencement of the Grand Ball.

The honest musicians, who were nothing loth to contribute all their skill towards the enjoyment of the young people, consisted of one of the waiters at the establishment who was a proficient on the harp, accompanied

by his mother on the violin. Mr. BARLOW, in order to prove to the assembly that he was in no degree behind the rest in fashionable accomplishments, now produced, from his portmanteau, a flageolet, and professed himself ready, should occasion require his services, to afford such assistance to the dancers as they could derive from either the *Last Rose of Summer* or the National Anthem.

MASTER TOMMY (whose father it was now well known was a very wealthy man) was this evening dressed in an unusual style of elegance. His hair was curled, his highly polished shoes reflected the brilliant lights which illuminated the room, his dress was of the newest fashion, and he was so highly scented as to diffuse around him a delicious perfume which intoxicated the senses of the aged, and added fresh vigour to the youthful votaries of pleasure.

"He's like a bright vision!" murmured Mrs. PEJINKLE.
"A Hangel!" exclaimed Mrs. BLOBSOMER, rapturously, as MASTER TOMMY, with the utmost grace and politeness, requested to be allowed to lead her daughter out to dance.

At this signal, the Harper, after a brilliant prelude in which his venerable relative was unable to join, commenced the first movement. Several polkas and quadrilles were first danced, in which TOMMY had the honour of exhibiting with Miss SOPHONISBA and Miss MATILDA.

Applauses resounded on every side. "What a helegant little creature!" exclaimed Mrs. BLOBSOMER. "What a shape!" cried Mrs. PEJINKLE. "I protest," said Mrs. TARTUM, "he quite puts me in mind of the Apollyon Belvidere!" "Indeed," said Mrs. HOOKER to Mr. BARLOW, "you are fortunate in having the care of so excellent a youth, who promises to be the most accomplished gentleman in Europe. We shall be delighted to see you, both, at our house in London; and, need I say, that an introduction to MASTER MERTON's parents will be estimated at its true value by Mr. HOOKER and myself."

Mr. BARLOW gracefully bowed his acknowledgments, and confessed that few things would afford him more real pleasure than to accommodate his own leisure, and that of his pupil, to the wishes of a lady whose appreciation of his services was as just in theory as it would no doubt prove to be, liberal in practice.

As soon as TOMMY had finished his fourth dance, he led his partner to her seat with a grace that surprised the company anew; and then, with the sweetest condescension imaginable, he went from one lady to another, to receive the praises which they warmly poured out upon him. MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, as Masters of the Ceremonies, now invited Miss SMUDGINS to join in dancing the Lancers, and, with hypocritical civility, they insisted upon its being HARRY's indispensable duty to stand up as the young lady's partner. No sooner had he placed himself by her side than the music, by a preconcerted signal, struck up.

HARRY now found himself completely caught, nor was it the least part of his mortification to observe the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS and Mr. BARLOW indulging themselves in a hearty laugh, evidently at his expense, in a corner of the room.

"I should like," thought HARRY to himself, "to tell my revered tutor the story of Xiphron and the Punched Head—"

But at this moment missing Miss SMUDGINS from his side, and observing that the dancers were now in motion, he nobly determined to do his best in order to defeat the malicious intentions of his tormentors. As he was naturally possessed of a tolerably good ear for music, he had not much trouble in accommodating his movements to the time of the tune, and, by uniformly preserving his independence, he moved freely among his more accomplished companions

until the cessation of the dance showed him that they had arrived at what, Miss SMUDGINS informed him, was the conclusion of the First Figure.

This kind and excellent young lady, whose disposition was as amiable as her manner was frank and open, now addressed MASTER HARRY as "A young muff," "such a regular spoon as she'd never seen;" and playfully added, that in spite of his achievements at the card-table, she could not henceforth think of him in any other character than that of a "glorious duffer."

HARRY warmly thanked her for her estimate of him, of which he declared himself wholly undeserving. The Second Figure now commenced, and HARRY set himself to imitate the others in their steps, their bows, and their courtesies, with so much fortitude, that although his actions caused a general titter, yet Miss SMUDGINS told him, on his returning to his place, that he had indeed performed his part far better than could have been possibly expected from any person who had never learned one single step of dancing.

Mr. BARLOW now considerably advanced behind the young couple, and proffered to them both a couple of tumblers filled to the brim with a sparkling and most agreeable liquor.

Thus refreshed, MASTER HARRY now set to work with renewed vigour.

Determined, as Miss SMUDGINS (who, it will be remembered, was of Italian origin) said, "to lighten the ship," he handed over his money to the safe keeping of Mr. BARLOW, who retired, in company with the REV. ZENOPELUS POTTS, to the Refreshment Room, and prepared to join in the gallop with which the Last Figure was to conclude with all the abandonment of the most reckless Terpsichorean.

Seizing the waist of Miss SMUDGINS with both arms, he whirled round and round, until, in trying to avoid a collision with MASTER SMASH and Miss MATILDA, he brought his partner sharply against MASTER TOMMY and Miss SOPHONISBA, with such force as to cause the four dancers to be all at once hurled violently on the floor.

Here the unfortunate couples would have lain for some considerable time, but for the timely aid of MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON, who assisted the young ladies to rise from their painful position.

MASTER TOMMY, who had been somewhat stupefied by the suddenness of the shock, on sitting up, found himself by the side of his friend HARRY, whom he straightway began to upbraid as the cause of this misadventure.

Harry. Your observations, my dear TOMMY, remind me of the story of Kozex and the Enamoured Troglodyte, which, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know then—

Tommy. What! you impertinent jackanapes! you beggar's brat! you farmer's oaf! do you mean to insult me!

All the Company (led by MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON). Well done, MASTER MERTON! Give it him!

Miss SMUDGINS here added "Bravo!" But, as her observation was in the Italian language, it passed unheeded by the assembly.

Harry. No, indeed, MASTER TOMMY. But I protest that your question reminds me of the story of Tykon and the Confounded Idiot, which—

Tommy. What! You little dirty blackguard! You're a pretty fellow, indeed, to give yourself airs, and pretend to be wiser than everyone else!

Everybody (with Mr. BARLOW and Miss SMUDGINS' Uncle in the background). Give it him, MASTER MERTON! Thrash him heartily for his impudence!

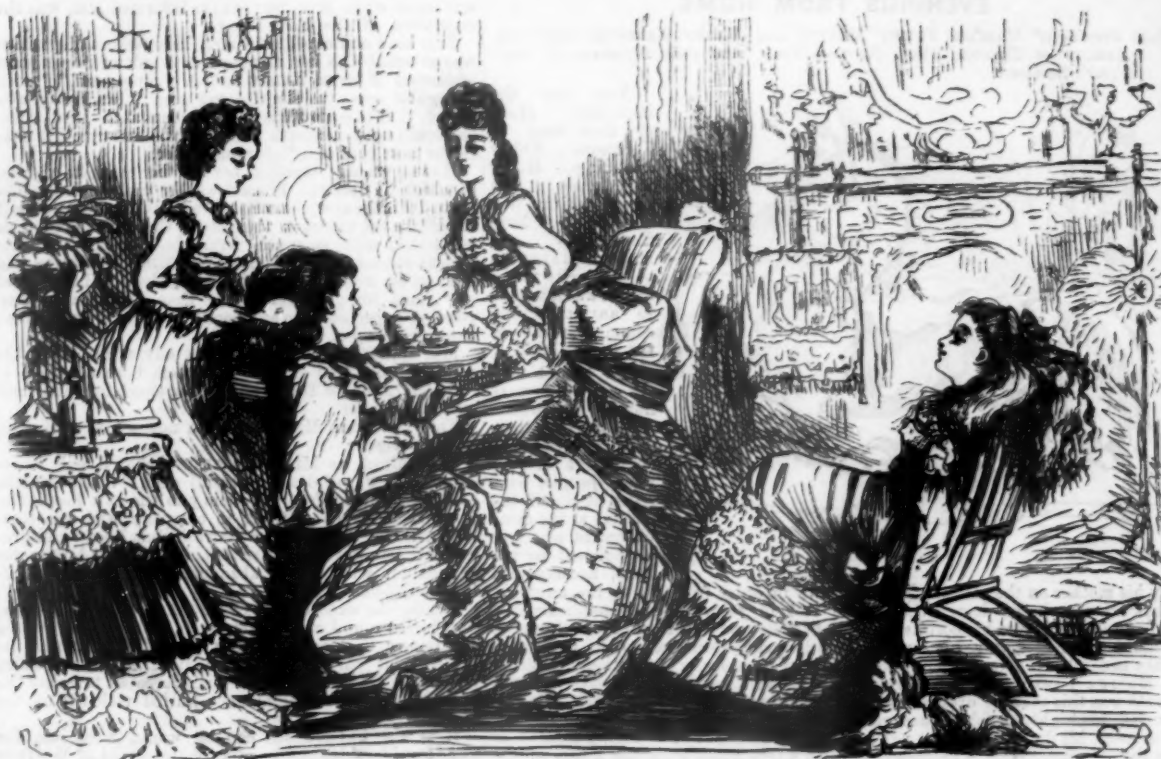
Harry. Alas, I perceive the effects of the evil example of your companions, which reminds me of the story of Polygerates and the Utter Donkey, which, my dear TOMMY—

Tommy. How, you rascal! do you dare to address a gentleman as "your dear TOMMY"! You are a prodigiously fine gentleman, indeed! you are!

Harry. Alas! I had always thought you one till now.

Tommy. How! you little contemptible scoundrel! do you dare say that I am not a gentleman? Take that! With this MASTER TOMMY struck HARRY upon the face with his clenched fist.

HARRY's fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and murmuring that this blow reminded him more forcibly than ever of the



BARE NECESSARIES.

No. 1 (having her hair done). "PAPA SAYS HE WON'T HEAR OF MY MARRYING WITHOUT A HOUSE IN TOWN!"

No. 2 (at Tea). "AND MAMMA SAYS I'M NOT TO THINK OF ANYONE WHO HAS NOT A MOOR IN SCOTLAND, AND A HUNTING-BOX AT MELTON."

No. 3 (not yet "come out"). "WELL! I SHOULD NOT DREAM OF MARRYING ANYONE WHO CAN'T AFFORD ALL THREE!"

story of *Xerxes and the Fallacious Beetle*, burst into an agony of crying.

The words *coward*, *blackguard*, *oaf*, were, with other choice nicknames, now echoed in a chorus through the circle, and the Harper, forgetting his position in the excitement of the moment, seized him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head and "show his pretty face."

At this juncture, HARRY suddenly swung himself round, and disengaging himself from the musician's clutch, throw him with so much violence against his own instrument as to cause them to fall together in such a position as to render the poor man's extrication from the strings a matter of much anxiety to his weeping mother. MASTER TOMMY now professed himself vastly grieved at his own conduct, and proffered his hand to his friend, which, however, HARRY, taking it for another attempt to strike him, warded off, and returned by a punch of his fist, that overset MASTER TOMMY and left him sobbing and panting on the floor.

HARRY now laid about him with such impartial justice as to cause the spectators to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage. MASTERS SMASH and BRUMPTON were levelled with the hearth-rug at one blow, "And now," said MASTER HARRY, "if you have not had enough to satisfy you, I will willingly give you some more."

MR. BARLOW here advanced, and protested that, for his part, he considered that justice should be tempered with mercy, and in order that no ill-feeling might remain, he had commanded the servant to bring in three trays bearing glasses of negus, in which they could all drink to one another's prosperity, after which ceremony he further recommended them to shake hands all round, while he would play to them *God save the Queen* on his flageolet.

At this proposal the whole assembly burst into tears, and HARRY and TOMMY embraced each other so cordially that their reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment.

DE HÆRETICO CÆDENDO.

THE Confessors who were consigned to a dungeon for beating the heretic MURPHY to within an inch of his life in the interests of religion, have been released by a Government which has perhaps some dim idea of their heroic sanctity. This act of tardy justice, the papers say, "has excited some surprise." Why? O!—because MURPHY has in the meanwhile died of the injuries which for having inflicted upon him they were imprisoned. But MURPHY owed his beating to his attacks upon a religion professed by many persons of the superior classes moving in the most fashionable circles of society, and not a few of them members of the House of Lords itself. What is there to wonder at in the release of the Confessors who beat him, from gaol? The only wonder is that they were ever sent there at all. They merely supplied the defects of the law, which does not punish heretics at all. MURPHY was only beaten to death, whereas he ought to have been burnt. Still, his fate may serve as a warning to others. Be it said, however, that *Punch* had the reverse of sympathy with MURPHY's ways, but objects to Capital Punishment being awarded without reference to law, and of course also objects to an Act of Indemnity for volunteer executioners.

A Reason Why.

A CERTAIN sage gave China laws,
Ago above twice ten long ages;
CONFUCIUS he was called—because
He did confute all other sages?

POETICAL ERROR.

"A THING of Beauty is a Joy for ever." Is it, my boy? Marry it, and you will find that it is very much the reverse.



MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Adviser (speaking technically). "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR CREDITORS."

Innocent Client. "HANG IT, NO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"

OUR ALDERNEY MILKER.

My name is JOHN BULL, I'm a practical man,
So come, ye unpractical nations,
And learn how to follow my lead, if you can,
In making your calculations,
And be guided by me, when you lay down a plan,
By practical considerations!

Above all, when your taxpayers' cash you spend,
Let use be expenditure's measure:
In applying your means keep in view the end,
Nor make ducks and drakes of your treasure:
'Ware work which takes less to make than mend,
And can't be unmade at pleasure.

As a practical instance best illustrates rules,
If you'd test the above by my own work,
You will find the best of all possible schools
In my Alderney-harbour stonework;
Its lessons if you can't read, you are fools,
Who don't deserve to be shown work.

Lest France on that isle in a war should lay hand—
Though how, if she did, she could hold it,
Is a thing no fellow can understand—
With forts I resolved to enfold it,
And into a station for Channel-command,
By a breakwater to mould it.

With something like a mile of sea-wall
To build out the Atlantic,
In twenty fathom, is no joke at all—
It drove the contractors frantic—
Six years' work going in six hours' squall,
To smithereens gigantic!

But luckily I was there to defy
The drawbacks to sea-walling:
Let ocean swallow! my purse could supply
Hiatuses ne'er so appalling:
The louder Nep bade me eat humble pie,
The more I defied his squalling.

So I flung a million into the deep—
I would have flung two millions—
Before my mile of sea-wall 'gan peep
From Ocean's green pavilions,
To amaze, by the breadth and strength of its steep,
Tars, soldiers, and civilians.

'Tis true it cost awful sums to repair,
And a fleet it wouldn't abster,
If the wind from the South-East quarter should bear,
The sea would come in a pelter!
And the guns of to-day, from its forts, I'm aware,
Would drive the men helter-skelter.

But if we couldn't hold it 'gainst JOHNNY CHAFAUD,
He, 'gainst us, couldn't hold it, either:
My breakwater ne'er would screen the foe,
And at worst, would be useful to neither!
If a million and a half must go,
That it goes so makes one blither!

And now this remarkable work 's achieved,
We come to the practical question,
As no good from it is, or can be, received,
Which useless expense I'd best shun—
That of keeping up what I've thus upheaved,
Or of dishing, for Nep's digestion.

'Twill cost many thousands to keep in repair,
But 'twill cost still more for destroying:
That's something like work—no scamping there—
I know whom I'm employing.
If one pays through the nose, it is but fair,
Of good work to have the enjoying!

With Neptune I've fought for the Channel-sea,
Which I rule, though he swears he's still king:
I don't like my Alderney milking me,
'Steal of me my Alderney milking:
But with sea-wall and forts to let Nep make free,
Seems the islanders like bilking.

So now, with the wise of my Commons' House
The problem I am weighing—
Giv'n, millions in the sea flung—some I—
How the drain on my purse to be staying;
To kick down this trophy of practical nous—
Or to keep it up go on paying!

There, you unpractical Teutons and Celts,
Is the Anglo-Saxon's lesson!
Not for camps and forts his gold he melts,
Content with war's work to mess on:
If you'd make ends meet, take up your belts,
And his lines carefully dress on!

LA CLEMENZA DI BRUCE.

PARTICULAR attention is due to the subjoined statement published in several papers:—

"WILLIAM ROUPPELL.—We are requested to say, with reference to the statement that WILLIAM ROUPPELL has declined the offer of a ticket-of-leave, that all applications for his release on licence have been refused by the Secretary of State."

—Penal servitude during life was awarded to WILLIAM ROUPPELL in punishment of an offence which he had confessed and made every reparation for in his power. But it was the offence of forging a will. If he had only been guilty of beating a Protestant Lecturer to death, in the first place he would not have got penal servitude, and, in the next, would have been let off long ago.

Posterity's Benefactor.

In a few years, when the face of England shall have been almost entirely overspread with bricks-and-mortar, it will be said that the man who makes a grove of trees grow where a block of houses stood before, deserves well of his country.



"NATURAL ADVANTAGES."

Teacher. "WHAT BIRD DID NOAH SEND OUT OF THE ARK?"

Smallest Boy in the Class (after a Pause). "A DOVE, SIR."

Teacher. "VERY WELL. BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF YOU BIG BOYS WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!"

Tall Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, THAT BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR, 'CAUSE HIS FATHER'S A BIRD-KETCHER, SIR."!!!

ODD.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has been listening to what a deputation from Hampstead had to say to him on the subject of the proposed Military Depot Centre at that high and healthy suburb. After MR. CARDWELL had made his own little speech, he said (as appears by the *Daily News*) that the deputation would perhaps hear "GENERAL M'DOODLE." Accordingly the Deputation did hear "GENERAL M'DOODLE." We only refer to this interview from a desire to elicit some information as to who this General Officer is. Judging by his rather peculiar and unusual name, we should say that he must be a Yankee Scotchman, or perhaps a Scotch Yankee; but probably some great military authority, with the *Army List* at his fingers' ends, will be able to clear up the difficulty without the necessity of a reference to the Horse Guards.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Poem by a Paterfamilias.

THRUSH, measles, scarlatina, small-pox, schooling,
Struggles to get your children on in life,
Have been your lot; when you've gone through your fooling,
Your boy must wed: your girl become a wife.

Well for your daughter, if you cannot leave her
A living, and espoused she wealth enjoy;
But for your son, delirious with Love's fever,
To rush into anxieties—poor boy!

Ladies in the Army.

FACT. The other day a Lady received a Commission from another Lady. We know it included purchase, but the terms were not, we believe, distinctly stated.

GOING BACK.

ALL OF US, who are not natives of the Principality, have been too ready to treat as a jest the belief which every Welshman is supposed to entertain, that he can trace back his pedigree in a direct line to ADAM, or his immediate successors. We say this, because of the advertisement of a publication which is entitled *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, and contains, in addition to a Record of all Ranks of the Gentry, Ancient Pedigrees, Old and Extinct Families, and Rolls of Sheriffs, Members of Parliament, &c., from the Beginning.

The wonder is, that all this information—we have ventured to italicise the last three words of the quotation—can be got into two volumes; and, considering the costly researches which it must have been necessary to make into post-diluvian and ante-diluvian rolls and records, that the work can be supplied for the moderate sum of three guineas.

The Two Graces.

"Grace was said before dinner by ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and after dinner by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK."—(*Literary Fund Banquet.*)

HENCEFORTH the respective titles of these hierarchs evidently must be: of the one, GRACE before meat; and of the other, GRACE after meat.

Caution to Commissioners.

THE Commissioner and Deputy-Commissioner who, in order to stamp out the Kooka mutiny, judged it necessary to send a number of the insurgent Kookas to summary execution, have been removed by the Indian Government, one from their service, the other from his Commissionership. In future, perhaps, Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners will mind how they stamp out mutinies.



THE MORNING CONCERT.

Swell (doesn't care for Music himself). "MY DEAR, IS THIS—AH—(yawns)—TE-DIUM OVAR!"!!

HOW TO LEAVE MONEY.

ANY opulent gentleman with a taste for beneficence, and capable of wishing to be gratefully remembered when, on any probable supposition, whatever he may be conscious of, he will not know whether he is remembered or not, is able to solace his last moments with the hope of creating a large sum of human happiness by means of a corresponding sum of money, or its equivalent in real property. Whosoever, about to depart this world, and leave the greatest of its blessings, wealth, in large quantity behind him, would like to leave it in such wise as to constitute a real blessing to somebody, and possibly cause that legatee now and then to bless the name of his testator, should imitate an example recorded in the *Bristol Times*. It is that of a "well-known and, during his lifetime, public-spirited tradesman of Bristol," who lately died very rich. People thought that the bulk of his property would, in reversion after his childless widow, go between his poor relations, who are very numerous, and the remainder amongst local charities:—

"Great disappointment, however, was caused on the opening of the will; for, after leaving a very modest provision for his widow, he gives instructions that an illegitimate son of his (whom he does not appear to have recognised in his lifetime) should be sought for, and, when found, sent to school, thence to the University, a very liberal sum being set apart for that purpose. After this, and when he comes to manhood, he is to have all the accumulated fortune, which will then, it is estimated, amount to over £100,000. The heir to this large sum having been sought for, has, we hear, just been found in a neighbouring workhouse."

If he has attained to years of reason, it may be feared that the transports of joy with which he must have been convulsed by the intelligence of being, from a pauper, constituted heir to £100,000, may have deposed reason from its throne. Sad indeed it is if excess of gladness has but removed him from a workhouse to an asylum. No such lamentable thing hath, however, appeared; and the gratification of imagining the ecstasies of bliss in which, very likely, that fortunate youth is at this moment dancing, is still possible to the heart of one that can feel for another.

Now suppose all that money which he has had left him divided among a whole host of poor relations and a number of charities. What a small and temporary amount of pleasure the receipt of it

THE JURY-LAW VICTIM.

(Dedicated to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.)

SUMMONED to serve on a Jury!
O, I shall go to the bad!
Driven, with distraction and fury,
Ruin in prospect, stark mad.
Dragged from the work that's my living,
Other men's business to mind,
I shall no thought have for giving
Save to my own, left behind.

Truly to try they may swear me,
Off mine employment when torn;
Whilst my anxieties tear me,
What can I be but forsworn?
Counsel will vainly harangue me,
Witness depose all in vain,
Judge's charge—though he could hang me—
Nought of my mind will obtain.

As for all criminal cases,
I shall the prisoner acquit,
Like a deaf man's while my place is;
Give him the doubt's benefit.
And in all civil, as hearing
Not either side what they say,
I shall toss up, that appearing
Nearest for me the right way.

If you'd have juries attention
Pay your confounded affairs,
Press men by fortune, or pension,
Freed from life's personal cares.
Idle is all adjuration
When the adjured are not free.
So much for the administration
Of justice you'll get out of me!

STRIKE TO SOME PURPOSE.—So the Builders threaten another strike, do they? What a blessing it would be, particularly to some inhabitants of the suburbs of London, if they were to strike altogether!

several small portions would afford to any one person! It could only excite in the mind of the recipient a faint and transient emotion of gratitude, and, instead of a blessing, would be as likely as not to evoke a curse because it wasn't more. At best, happiness in such a case is all frittered away. Concentrate then, kind capitalists, in making your wills, all your posthumous bounty, if you desire truly to bless and be blest. A *fico* for diffusive benevolence! Unless you were once poor, you cannot perhaps imagine the beatitude you could confer by bequeathing some anxious earner of a small uncertainty the unspeakable comfort and enjoyment of a sure and certain independence. You may, if you choose, have it explained to you, and best

PRABODY.

[The Loafer who wrote the foregoing remarks enclosed his card with them.—Ed.]

PRAISEWORTHY.

A MANCHESTER paper tells us this:—

"PRESCOT PETTY SESSIONS.—Yesterday, JOSEPH ASHTON, charged with violently assaulting his wife and threatening to cut her throat, was fined £2 and costs.—SAMUEL HUNT, for stealing a coat, the property of WILLIAM M'DONNELL, was sent to prison for four months."

Mr. *Punch* rejoices to find that the Prescot Magistrates so clearly understand the law, and so admirably carry it out. Perhaps they were a little hard upon Mr. ASHTON, who might have been let off with a slighter fine, having the costs to pay; but nothing could have been more proper than the sentence on the desperate and atrocious miscreant HUNT, except the giving him a year instead of four months. But the great principle of British Law is maintained. *Fiat justitia, ruat fœmina!*

Seasonable Literature.

WE see a new book advertised called *Poppies in the Corn*. This may very likely be an entertaining work. But the title seems in May a trifle premature. One more sensational perhaps, and better suited to the season, would, we apprehend, be *Snails in the Asparagus*, or *Slugs amid the Salad*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 13.—The illustrious assembly which is usually known as Parliament (but which the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, the other day, wittily called the "Two-Headed Nightingale") met on this date, chiefly to hear what Ministers had to say about America. For, direct as were the claims of the Whittsuntide holidays upon us, we desired to know the fate of the Indirect Claims.

Both Houses were crowded, and the KING OF THE BELGIANS took his seat over the clock, to listen to MR. GLADSTONE. LORD GRANVILLE, of course, made the statement to the Lords. This record will have small interest for anybody, save for the exquisite charm of Mr. Punch's language, for the Ministers could only talk of a sort of Perhaps, and when these lines are read, Mrs. BROWNING's wondrous phrase, addressed by the lady with the sweetest eyes to CAMERON, will apply. The question, like her Life, will have

"Lost its Peradventure."

Argal, it shall suffice to note, that MR. GLADSTONE's statement was listened to in most respectful silence. He traced the progress of the negotiations, and stated that before MR. FISH's last despatch had been delivered, the American Minister here suggested a mode of settlement that might be satisfactory to both Governments.

It is not supposed, of course, that English Statesmen understand the constitutional arrangements of America, a newly established and obscure state, and MR. GLADSTONE remarked that it was not until the 8th of May that his Ministry learned that GENERAL SCHENCK's suggestion could not be carried out without the assent of the American Senate. However, as soon as they were enlightened on this, they drew up a new Article in the way of contract between the two countries, and this was telegraphed to America. Observe the Cartoon, and notice how justly indignant Neptune is at the incessant flashing of messages.

We are asked to believe that GENERAL GRANT and his Cabinet approved this plan. May be they did, may be they didn't, for the fact is by no means clear. But MR. GLADSTONE said that they had submitted it to a Secret Session of the Senate, and the latter was considering it while he spoke.

He bore a tribute to the friendly feeling manifested by the American Government, and he warmly thanked Parliament for its forbearance. He declared that there had been, and that there should be, no departure from our original attitude.

MR. DISRAELI was cheered, on giving his advice that the House should continue its forbearance, and should give a constitutional support to Government.

LORD GRANVILLE had the same things to say as his Chief. LORD RUSSELL was wrathful, feeling that the characters of LORD PALMERSTON and himself were assailed by the Claims. He used rather strong language, called the Claims "mendacious," and said that as the question was between the honour of the Crown of England and the re-election of PRESIDENT GRANT, he preferred the honour of HER MAJESTY and the reputation of the country to any consideration connected with the triumph of the President.

LORD DERBY wisely suggested that there should be no more discussion, but he earnestly hoped that we should hear no more about "understandings." "We have," said the Earl,

"A right to ask that the new engagement, which is intended to supersede and control the former, shall be concluded in clear, precise, and unequivocal language; because, unless that is done, we shall again be exposed to all the trouble and misunderstanding which have hitherto caused so much anxiety."

Their Lordships speedily departed, to return on Friday, May 31, when the result of the Derby and of the Oaks would be an interesting topic for conversation.

The Commons made a night of it. They went, in Committee, to the end of the Ballot Bill. More affectionate care was shown for the Illiterate Voter, who will be obliged formally to declare his ignorance, and the plan by which his vote is to be saved will do away with Secrecy. There was actually a discussion whether the voting-paper should be marked with a cross, or any other mark. It was stated that in other ballots the cross is seldom used by the voter, who prefers a tick, or a straight line. It has also come out that at certain Clubs where ballot-papers are used, many educated gentlemen are so awfully stupid about marking that their votes are lost. However, as the most dreadful penalties are imposed on a voter who goes wrong—as far as we can make out he is to be hanged for his first offence, and imprisoned for his second—we shall get the British Constitution into beautiful working order about the time the Comet makes constitutions rather needless.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL pushed on his Juries Bill, that it might go to a Committee. He objects to many of the existing exemptions, extends the age for serving to seventy, and for the first time proposes that all Clergymen, of all denominations, should have to serve. Mr. Punch thinks this last proposal absurd. If a Parson does his duty, he has no time to be a jurymen, and if he doesn't, he is unfit to be one. Besides, there is appropriate work for clergy and for laity. He would rather that the REVEREND MR. RUBRIC were by the bedside of the wife, laid up by her husband's brutality, than in the jury-box, helping to "give it hot" to the wife-beater. But SIR JOHN COLERIDGE thought that serving on a jury would be a good sort of education for Clergymen.

Another proposed alteration is, that in criminal cases (short of murder) there shall be seven common jurors only, and in civil cases there shall be seven jurors, five common, and two special.

Members talked the usual platitudes about important changes, and so on, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons departed, to return on Monday, the 27th of May.

Mr. Punch is so affected by the hideous weather, that he inclines to pick a quarrel with his dear old friend CHAUCER for saying—

"MAY wol have no slogardie aught."

Not being in the habit of going to bed until what is called night is over, Mr. Punch has nothing to say about that, but when CHAUCER goes on to remark that—

"The season priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,"

it occurs to Mr. Punch to remark, that as there is no rationality in getting up to gaze on leaden skies and pouring rain, the "Season" had better mind her own business, and leave the calling a "gentil herte," in the morning, to the care of a sensible housemaid, who knows better than to make her employer "sterte" until a decent hour. COWPER knew May's character better, and protested against the Poets' praising her,—

"Adorning May, that peevish maid,
With June's undoubted right.

"The Nymph shall, for your folly's sake,
Still prove herself a Shrew,
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

A Bristol Diamond.

"AN ASPIRING MAYOR.—The spire of Redcliff Church, Bristol, has been completed. The Mayor, MR. PROCTOR BAKER, who was accompanied by the Mayoress in his perilous ascent, laid the cap-stone in the midst of a storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, which broke over the city during the ceremony.

SINCE PHARAOH's chief Baker went up in the air,
No chief Baker has mounted so high as our Mayor.
And his Mayoress stood by him, so PUNCH is a swearer
That of all the spectators not one could be Phairer.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

Mrs. MALAFROT is determined to obtain a lady's ticket for next year's Literary Fun Dinner, as she thinks it must be a most amusing entertainment.

ACADEMY RHYMES.

(From the Margin of Mr. Punch's Catalogue.)

HE LIES: *passim*.

BAD pictures hot!
 Bad pictures cold!
 Bad pictures such a
 lot!
 So well sold!

(108, 189, &c., SIR F.
 GRANT, P.R.A.;
 and 120, 259, &c.,
 JAMES SART, M.A.)

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,
 would you mind
 Dropping a gentle
 hint to SART?

(*Aside.*)
 Then, perhaps, as
 he's not blind,
 He may return the
 hint to GRANT.

(285. *Gold of the Sea.*
 —J. G. HOOD, R.A.)

What the feelings
 must be
 Of these poor fish:
 one knows;

For one still smells the sea,
 With a Hook in one's nose!

(223. *Hearts are Trumps. Portraits of Elizabeth, Diana and Mary,
 daughters of Walter Armstrong, Esq.—J. R. MILLAR, R.A.*)

LIL, DI, and MARY, cool and airy,
 How does your garden grow?
 Arable in clumps, and hearts for trumps,
 And three pretty maids in a row.

(284. *Winter Evening Amusement.*—C. W. COPE, R.A.)

My frescos are finished. My Lords have decreed
 That with history longer I shan't cope.
 The Lords' Corridor shows with grave work I succeed,
 Though with namby-pamby I can't—COPE.

(530. *Daniel.*—BRITTON RIVIÈRE.)

All those lions aglare,
 And cool DANIEL unbitten!
 Flow on thus, my RIVIÈRE,
 Like a man and a BRITTON!

(227. *A Harbour of Refuge.*—F. WALKER, A.)

About "Harbours of Refuge," no year
 But some M.P.'s a valuable talker;
 But my "harbour of refuge" is here,
 And its C.R. is A.R.A. WALKER!

(658. *Cain. Diploma Picture.*—F. W. WATTS, R.A.)

When CAIN exclaimed, "My punishment
 Is more than I can bear,"
 Saw he this canvas of portent
 Hung o'er him in the air?

(505. *Perseus and Andromeda.*—E. J. POYNTER, A.)

Gum-lancing steel in worm of sea
 If thus Duke Perseus shot,
 A POYNTER he might boast to be,
 A Stabber he was not!

(126. *Nymph and Cupid. Diploma Picture.*—W. E. FROST, R.A.)

Vacant Nymph, and Cupid silly!
 To waste words on you were lost work:
 So ice-creamy both, and chilly,
 You are but too plainly Frost-work.

(331. "Little Buttercups." 400. "The Course of True Love never
 did run Smooth."—G. A. STOREY.)

With his friends PUNCH is sincere,
 So tells one friend, on the sly,
 His two Storeys of this year
 Aren't worth one of years gone by.

(75. *Lavinia.*—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.)

It was JEMMY THOMSON sung
 How "Lavinia once had friends;"
 While she looks thus sweet and young,
 She may keep them till time ends.

(In the Half-hour allowed for Refreshment.)

Chicory, liquory stock,
 The luncheon-room stair's in a block!
 When one's fairly done brown
 Any drink will go down,
 Chicory, liquory stock!

(153. *Portrait of P. H. Calderon, R.A.*—G. F. WATTS, R.A.)

DON QUIXOTE's head could hardly
 Be shadowed or a balder 'na:
 Mrs. WATTS you're not ORRYANTES,
 If the man you're painting's CALDERON.

(64. *Expulsion of the Gitanos from Spain.*—E. LONG.)

"*Are longa, Vita brevis*"—
 But to Art we do no wrong,
 If, while LONG such work can give us,
 Vita longa we wish LONG.

(125. *Harvest Moon.*—G. MASON, A.)

Sweet, but scamped in every part;
 Such half-work must stulticate guide ill:
 The free-masonry of Art
 Asks more labour, *et cetera* Idyll.

(912. *Whitened Days.*—J. HUNT.)

Thou truth who can be blind,
 Though so near the sky high set?
 In these rooms 'twere hard to find
 Many pees for this De-Betti.

(390. *Jolly as a Sand-Heap.*—J. G. HOOD, R.A.)

Ball, young mongrel and young monkey!
 And away, with melancholy!
 Till o'er these gazing donkeys
 Peel, as these sand-boys, jolly!

(253. *Mrs. Coleridge Kennard.*—H. F. WELLS, R.A.)

With beauty, sense, and youth,
 Here's a face commands the spells
 That, drawn from wells of truth,
 Can defy the truth of WELLS!

(409. *The Lion and the Lamb.*—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.)

World-wide wings his fame shall fly on;
 With Art's growth grows his renown:
 He has lived life as a Lion,
 As a Lamb may he lie down!

CIVILITY AND ADVICE.

SOMEBODY finds this in the *Guardian* :—

CAN a brother Clergyman recommend, for a Country Rectory, a trust-
 worthy homely Couple—Wife as COOK, bake, and dairy; Man GROOM,
 gardener, and milk? Address, stating wages, &c.

Mr. Punch is ever courteous. He resembles the gentleman in
Broad Grins, who was found one night pulling violently at an
 apothecary's door-bell (having no business with that medical person)
 and who handsomely excused himself :—

"'Tis time for bed, and I was hastening to it,
 But when you write up *Please to Ring the Bell*,
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

He is not a brother Clergyman, save in the sense that he is a
 "Learned Clerk," but he answers the advertisement by stating that
 he cannot recommend anybody of the sort required. But he can
 recommend the reverend advertiser to procure a Lindley Murray,
 and to study the same, and then he will not call a respectable
 woman a Bake, or her husband a Milk.

A Consideration.

THE insolvency of so many of our so-called Assurance Companies
 is a melancholy fact, and makes insurers shake in their shoes lest
 the office to which they have confided their premiums prove de-
 faulters likewise. Could not some company be started to insure
 against such catastrophes and so realise the poet's phrase of "making
 assurance doubly sure?"



AN EARLY QUIBBLE.

George. "THERE, AUNT MARY! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! I DREW THE HORSE, AND ETHEL DREW THE JOCKEY!"
 Aunt Mary. "H'm! BUT WHAT WOULD MAMMA SAY TO YOUR DRAWING JOCKEYS ON A SUNDAY?"
 George. "AH! BUT LOOK HERE! WE'VE DRAWN HIM RIDING TO CHURCH, YOU KNOW!"

A MONSIGNOR ON MIMES.

WHY do not such Parsons as BENNETT of Frome,
 And PUNCHAS & Co., all go over to Rome?
 If mere Roman doctrine those Clergymen hold,
 What silly sheep they to keep out of Rome's fold!

A miss there's as bad as a mile, they must know,
 Poor creatures, and where, then, expect they to go?
 The wolf will be down on them, sure as a gun,
 And they'll be lost muttons, they will, every one.

Outsiders the reason why still they remain
 MONSIGNOR CAPEL makes abundantly plain:
 If Romanesque Parsons became Roman true,
 At Rome as the Romans do they'd have to do.

Now, playing at Papists, those Anglicans high
 O'er laymen can priest it, and Bishops defy.
 They'd find for such one-sided humbug no scope,
 To Bishops subordinate under the POPE.

At Papists they therefore continue to play,
 And, whilst their superiors they scorn to obey,
 Himself every one as a Pope they impose
 On the fools whom they bully and lead by the nose.

Thus mere self-opinion their souls doth enthrall,
 And make those mimes Protestants yet, after all.
 As far from the Church which they imitate, full,
 As ARCHBISHOP TAIT, SPURGEON, PUNCH, and JOHN BULL.

REALLY CONSEQUENTIAL CLAIMS.—The Beadle's.

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

IN a certain Bill now under the consideration of a Select Committee, there is a clause which makes us wonder how it could ever have entered into the head of the honourable and learned gentleman by whom the measure including it was prepared. That Bill is the Juries' Bill; its author is the ATTORNEY-GENERAL: and the clause, which it appears almost incredible that anyone endowed with the moral sensibility of SIR JOHN COLERIDGE could have conceived, provides that "persons convicted of felony shall be no longer qualified to serve on juries." Considering the loss of time and money, in such a case as CASTRO's action for instance, to which jurors are liable, and considering, further, that in other cases they are often subjected to the disgusting punishment of being locked up together all night, it is really astonishing that it never struck the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that exemption from the possibility of being saddled with the office of juror, obtained by getting convicted of a felony, would operate on many people in danger of being compelled to serve on juries, as a very powerful incentive to commit a little one.

Noverca.

MASTER BANDERSNATCH is learning Latin. The other day he declared that a Step-mother must be an idle woman. His reason being demanded, he said that she was *no-verker*. He was worked off to bed, promptly.

THE POPE'S OWN AND THE PRETENDERS.

WELL done, very well done, MONSIGNOR CAPEL!
 He pitched into the Ritualists; gave it them well.

HABEAS CORPUS (No. 2).—The Anatomy Act.



“UNDER THE DARK BLUE WATERS.”

FATHER NEPTUNE. “MESSAGES! MESSAGES! WHY THERE’S NOTHING BUT MESSAGES! LOOK HERE, GIRLS, IF THEY CAN’T COME TO TERMS ONE WAY OR TOTHER, AND LET ME ENJOY MY WHITS’ HOLIDAYS IN PEACE AND QUIET—BLEST IF I DON’T BREAK THE CABLE!”

CLIPPER AND DEER HORN WHISKY



BOTANICAL CRACKJAW.

SAYS the *Times* notice of the flowers at the Crystal Palace:—

"The specimens of *sarracenia drummondii*, of the *imantophyllum minimum*, of the *cyanocephalum magnum*, of the *sarracenia drummondii*, and of the *epiphyllum latifolium* will for distinct notice."

And they shall not call in vain, and the distinct notice *Punch* gives them is that they are acquisite-dalian kusses. We shall have the really lovely flowers, the Fairies of the Old Creation, crying out for new titles next. Who remembers, or rather who forgets BARRY CORNWELL's Weavers' song, 'Tis Better to Sing than Grieve?—

"Come, show us the rose with its hundred dyes,
The lily without a blot,
The violet, deep as your true-love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not."

Are we to have this re-written in the following fashion?—

"The *Rosa daschenhautiana*, come, show us;
The *Lilium sepalsalbis*, white,
With the *Violet rumantifolia* and us,
And the wee *Myosotis palustris* night."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Last Evening of MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD with MR. BARLOW at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House, and their Departure for their Tutor's Residence.

MR. BARLOW, on retiring for the night, restored to HARRY a small portion of the money with which he had been intrusted during the dance, remarking that "he had retained a certain sum in order to defray his educational expenses, and had presented MISS SMUDGINS' Uncle with an amount sufficient to satisfy the demands of the honest landlord."

HARRY, who was of a most generous disposition, thanked his tutor for his kindness, and expressed his hope of being able to teach both him and his young friend TOMMY the game in which he was now a proficient.

MR. BARLOW. I am indeed obliged to you, my dear HARRY, and your offer reminds me of the story of *The Grandmother and the Eggs*, which—

HARRY. I do indeed remember it, Sir; and as it is now just twelve o'clock, I would recommend you, Sir, to seek that repose which is the reward of innocence, temperance, and virtue.

Thus saying, HARRY, taking the only remaining bedchamber candle, which MR. BARLOW had lighted for his own use, quickly ascended the staircase, and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the passage.

MR. BARLOW now spent one hour most agreeably in attempting to discover the position of his own bedchamber, a proceeding in which the boots and clothes of the sleeping inmates played no inconsiderable part.

Early the next morning all the inhabitants of Torcombe were assembled to witness the departure of the now renowned trio.

On this occasion no one exhibited greater signs of grief than the REV. ZENOBIUS POTTS. The venerable old man seized the hand of MASTER HARRY, and bedewing it with tears, gave way to the strong emotions of gratitude which overwhelmed his mind.

"Generous youth," said he, "I know not by what extraordinary fortune you have been able to overcome me at the game of *Scarf*, in which my skill has hitherto been acknowledged to be unrivalled. But beyond this, you have nobly effected our deliverance when we imagined ourselves out of the reach of human succour. If the uniform gratitude and affection of myself and my niece—"

HARRY. Nay, Sir, you infinitely overrate the merits of the service which chance has enabled me to perform.

Here taking him aside, HARRY explained to him the nature of the stratagem by which alone he had been enabled to come off victoriously when fate had pitted him, a second time, against so worthy an

antagonist. MISS SMUDGINS' Uncle now perceived that MASTER HARRY was a boy of far greater penetration and perseverance than he had at first imagined. With these mutual professions of esteem they thought it prudent to terminate their conversation.

The last cheer was yet ringing in their ears as the shriek of the engine announced to the multitude that the holidays were over, and that MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON were returning to their tutor's house in order to perfect themselves in those studies which refine the manners of mankind, and raise the intelligent scholar above the uncultivated barbarian.

"I protest, Sir," said TOMMY, "that our compulsory absence from the Metropolis has prevented our witnessing and giving our opinions, so useful to the public, on the various plays which have been recently produced."

"My dear TOMMY and HARRY," returned MR. BARLOW, "our opinion, and, indeed, the opinion of all honest critics is, though of much value to the public, of small import to those who manage our places of public entertainment, and who, I perceive, are now printing, as advertisements, not the favourable notices of their shows, which they have been probably unable to obtain, but their own praises of their own wares. The critic's occupation is, for the time, gone, and therefore, until MASTER MERTON's father shall present us with stalls for either Opera House, you will quietly and perseveringly devote your time to the lessons which it is at once my duty and my pleasure to teach you. Your holidays have indeed been an instructive time to both of you."

HARRY. Indeed, Sir, your remarks remind me of what you were telling me the other day of *Xenophon* and the *Sarcotic Bloaters*, which, as MASTER TOMMY has not heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know then—

But at this instant the train stopped at the Bath Station. Here, it being their journey's end, they were compelled to alight, and in another ten minutes they were safely within the gates of Jericho House, Coventry Road, the residence of their beloved tutor.

"Now," said MR. BARLOW to himself, when, after carefully locking his two pupils into their separate rooms, he entered his study and commenced an examination of a bundle of small apple twigs which were tied on to light and supple canes.

"Ah!" said MR. BARLOW, as he wished one of these to and fro, and then tried its strength by flogging the dust out of one of the chair-cushions.

"Now!" repeated the beloved tutor of MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON as he quitted the study and ascended the staircase.

The following morning both his youthful pupils regarded MR. BARLOW with the greatest possible respect, and each other with every appearance of tenderness.

"HARRY!" whispered MASTER TOMMY, in whose face an unusual dejection was visible.

"TOMMY!" returned HARRY, sadly, as soon as they were alone, "our present circumstances remind me of the story of *The Mermaid* and the *Pachydermatous Armchair*, which, if you have not already heard it, I will at once proceed to narrate. You must know then—"

But here the presence of MR. BARLOW was announced in such a manner as rendered further conversation impossible; and, as their tasks were now placed before them, it was evident, that, with the close of the vacation had recommenced the schooltime of the Incomparable and Inseparable MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON.

FOREIGNERS' FIRESHIPS.

Of course the Admiralty will take no notice till too late, of an advance in naval warfare which will either save us the expense of making artillery, or cost us our navy. It is thus briefly described by the *Post*:—

"The system proposed in Prussia, and already adopted to some extent in America, is to furnish vessels with an apparatus capable of discharging several hundred gallons of petroleum to the distance of at least one hundred feet, and the system is at once practicable, perfectly safe, easy of application, very cheap, and of deadly efficacy."

Were NELSON now living, his advice to the Captain of a British man-of-war in action would perhaps be, "Lay your ship alongside of the enemy's and pump petroleum on fire into her." At present it would be impossible for this advice to be followed by any but an Officer in a foreign navy.

Constitutional Agitation.

Of all agitations now in progress, the one least astonishing and most characteristic is the agitation for Women's Suffrage. But the fullest concession of political rights to women will fail to allay the agitation which most of them are subject to. Unprotected females, especially, will continue to be agitated by the slightest causes, inasmuch as to exist in an almost constant state of agitation. In many instances their agitation will be, as now, Protectionist.



KEEN.

(Commencement of the Croquet Season. North-East Wind, and Hailstorm every half-hour.)

THE MAJOR WONDERS WHEN MISS MYRTLE WILL GIVE IT UP!

THE COMET IS COMING!

MUNDUS fuit would be the last words written by the Last Man, only there will be no last man to write them. The Comet is coming. We possess all the particulars, and we are only too happy to publish them in order to terrify everybody. Perhaps, however, people will not be so much terrified as might be expected. Such weather as we have been enjoying must have prepared folks for anything, to say nothing of the warnings afforded by Antioch, Vesuvius, and the blight of new potatoes. However, this is what is going to happen:—

"Within a few weeks we shall be able, without the help of telescopes, to see the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, and fraught with omens more dreadful than have ever before affrighted the human race. It will grow, slowly at first, but afterwards with a rate of increase almost perceptible to our naked vision, till at last the whole sky will be lit up with the fiery portent. Night by night we shall watch its terrible growth, and before long it will be brilliant enough to outshine the sun itself. The temperature will rise to be first tropical, and then hotter than anything that is endured in the hottest room of a Turkish bath. But the time during which we shall be conscious of excessive heat will be brief indeed. The two large bodies, plunging toward each other at a pace compared with which the speed of a cannon-ball is absolute rest, will crash into each other with a hideous collision. We shall not have time even for an ejaculation. The petty race of insects that crawl amongst the little excrescences on the earth's skin will be instantaneously dismissed from existence."

This was written some little time back, but we thought that there was no use in protracting people's discomfort, so we kept it back. But it comes from the best authority, and it is published with the approbation of the Astronomer Royal, the Lord Chancellor, the Clerk of the Weather, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and CAPTAIN SHAW, of the Fire Brigade. We believe, in fact, that the nose of the Comet has already been seen above the horizon, but it is rather a long nose, and takes some time to demonstrate itself fully. But there it is, and the rest is coming up behind. Therefore, if any subscriber to *Punch* has not paid up his subscriptions, or has not completed his set of volumes, the sooner he communicates with the Publisher the better.

WAVING OUR KERCHIEF.

We will not deceive you longer. This is the real American difficulty, and the last telegram, from the *Musical World* office, has settled it, as follows:—

"MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has accepted an engagement to play at several concerts, in the great 'Boston Peace Jubilee,' under the direction of Mr. GILMORE, and will leave London on Saturday, the 8th of June."

"That goes against the MACNABS," observed the swimming Highlander, MACNAB, when his enemy, a MACINTOSH, cut off his own hand in the water, and pitched it on shore—the bargain having been that the land was to belong to the first who "laid hand" on it. For the MACNABS, read the English. A grim story, yet appropriate in the case of one whose hand has achieved a thousand triumphs. We are to lose her, unless war breaks out before the eighth, and *belles* keep ARABELLA at home. This we dare not hope for, and so we wish her *bon voyage*, a series of triumphs, and a happy return. "ARABELLA" has ever been Mr. *Punch's* ward, since he wrote of

"The young and gifted MISS GODDARD
Whom with admiration all the critical squad heard; "

and he caps those exquisite verses with two as lovely:—

"None holds high-class music in more real honour than
The hospitable, indirect-claiming, but otherwise unexceptionable
JONATHAN."

Strike off Beat.

A THREATENED strike of Policemen was announced the other day in a paragraph of the *Times*, thus commencing:—

"*ET TU, BRUTE?*—The Plymouth Policemen met on Friday, and agreed to apply for a considerable advance of pay, and a diminution of the hours of labour."

Rather, one would say, "*Et tu, BOBBIE?*"



"HOW SHOULD I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW FROM ANY OTHER WOMAN?"

"ER—WHAT COLOUR DID YOU SAY YOUR CARRIAGE-WHEELS WERE?"

"GREEN, PICKED OUT WITH RED!"

"ER—THANKS! I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR 'EM IN THE PARK!"

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND "PUNCH."

FROM a Report, in the *Manchester Courier*, of the speeches at a Meeting in aid of an Asylum for Female Penitents, we extract the following words, which are attributed to the LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER. After some remarks upon the style of the female dress of the present day, his Lordship is made to say:—

"Look at the literature which was sometimes allowed to find its way to their drawing-room tables; the licence taken by even respectable prints, the cartoons which sometimes appeared in *Punch*, where the idea was at least verging on the impure, if not actually impure."

These lines have been brought to our notice too late to enable us to ascertain, in time for the purposes of our present publication, whether the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has been accurately reported. His Lordship's character forbids us to believe that he can have uttered what we can describe only by a word we never hastily apply. If one fact is more notorious than another, it is the fact that from the issue of the first number of *Punch* to that of the number now in the reader's hand, there has never appeared in his pages a picture or a word that has approached, we will not say impurity—the epithet is a coarse one—but even indiscretion. We should not have condescended to say for ourselves what every parent in England will say for us, but that the language above quoted is stated to have been used by a Clergyman whom we have hitherto regarded with the sincerest respect. Had we written—

"Look at the Sermons which are sometimes delivered by the Bishops of the Church of England, the licence taken by the highest ecclesiastics; the discourses, for instance, of the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, where sometimes the idea is at least verging on Atheism, if not actually Atheistic—"

we should not have written more wickedly than the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER is said to have spoken. But until the report can be

PLUP! AND TOC!

(*Bacchanalian Song: Dedicated to the United Kingdom Alliance.*)

PLUP! goes the cork, when 'tis drawn, of Hock.
Goes, as it flies the Champagne cork, too!
Quaffing unless ye be still Champagne,
Or else of the sparkling Hock tumblers drain;
Then the case is reversed as you liquor up
With a too, too, too! and a plup, plup, plup!

When ye have eaten your fill of meat;
Save olives and fruit no more can eat,
Plup! on your ears deth only fall;
Too! you no longer hear at all.
Plup! then go all the corks that there may be;
Plup! Port, Claret plup, and plup! Burgundy.

When ye are on in the evening far,
Then, as ye smoke the mild cigar,
Table and walls again all round
Mush as before do with too! resound.
Brandy and catnip, beloved flock,
Go about with explosions of too! too! too!

Such is the case with us, noble Swells,
Aye in our banquet-halls, clubs, hotels.
Men in their aprons and paper caps
Working, are served out of silent taps.
Let their lips be deprived of that humble cup
Which attended is neither by too! nor plup!

The Killjoys.

SER WILFRID LAWSON

Said unto DAWSON

"BURN, 'Suppose we liquor up?"

"Replied that other

"Platformist, 'Brother,

'We're just the lads to crush a cup.'"

WHEN a person disappears with a balance, as MR. SIMKINS the accountant has done, it is obvious that he is dissatisfied with the scale of remuneration. This observation ought to have its weight with employers. When the scales fall from their eyes on this point, their balances will remain in their hands.

verified, or (as we hope and believe will be the case) until the language in question shall have been repudiated, we abstain from further remark upon the subject.

KING COLE AND THE CARTOONS.

KING COLE means to have the Cartoons copied, and invites competitors for the job at two pounds a week. They are to win the toes by a head from the famous design of *St. Peter Healing the Cripple*.

Poor dear RAFFAELLE!
Talk of the risks his Cartoons ran from fire and damp at Hampton Court! What were either to the special risks of South Kensington from the same causes?

First, for fire. Fancy a battery of two-pounders, in close order, firing away at the Beautiful Gate! If they blow it open, it will be the first time copyists ever did; and forty shillings a-week seems poor pay for such Fine-Art artillery.

Then, as for damp. What were the worst damps WREN's room could breed, to the damping effect of the superheated steam of the Boilers and these South Kensington copying-machines!

No. RAFFAELLE's charcoal might draw the Cartoons, but not even *Punch's* *Cher COLE* will ever get them copied! Still, by all means, let the King try. His arena is the Impossible.

Yet a thought strikes us. He might get over the æsthetic difficulties, but the official ones! Hasn't he just flooded the Treasury, and wouldn't the Treasury like to be even with him? It only allows copyists thirty shillings a-week, and here's that owidacious KING COLE going to give them forty!

Fancy the fiendish delight of MR. LIXON as he puts all his vitriolic acid into a wiggling from my Lords, and an order to dock the ten shillings! "My Lords cannot admit that the nature of the document to be copied can be allowed, on sound and economical principles of administration, to affect the remuneration of the copyist!"



THE "RED BOOK" AT FAULT!

Mrs. Polshorf (Establishment for Young Ladies, Bellevue House, St. Leonards), solicitous as well for the physical as the mental development of her Pupils, engages a respectable (middle-aged) Non-Commissioned Officer to exercise them in Calisthenics under her own eye.

Ancient Militia Sergeant. "ELBOWS TURNED IN, AND CLOSER TO THE SIDES!—PALMS O' THE HANDS FULL TO THE FRONT!—THUMB CLOSE TO THE FORE-FINGER!—LITTLE FINGER IN LINE WITH THE SEAM OF THE TROUSERS—AHEN! AS YOU WERE!!"

A SPANISH PIRATE.

MR. PUNCH invites LORD GRANVILLE'S attention to this. He will be good enough to make proper representations to the Government of KING AMADEUS. A more flagrant act of piracy has never been committed. The Spanish Pretender, CARLOS VII., has issued a proclamation containing the following passage:—

"Let us all unite, crying Down with the Foreigner! and on the Roar of the Spanish Lion the tools of the Revolution and the satellites of Italy will fly terrified."

The sentiments herein expressed may be noble enough, but they are what may be colloquially called a "dead prig" from Mr. Punch. One of the most valued of his staff, W. M. THACKERAY, put them into beautiful poetry. He stated that at a public dinner he heard the minstrels sing as follows, after the usual milingitary toast:—

"O the sword and shield And the Battle-Field Are the joys that best I love
Boys When the grenadiers with their pikes and spears Through the ranks of the
foemen shove boys And the hold hooray strikes wild dismay In the files
of the dead and dyin' And the bayonet slanks in the Frenchmen's flanks
As they fly from the British Lion."

DON CARLOS VII. may pretend to the throne of Spain, if he likes, but he must not pretend to be the inventor of a soul-stirring appeal like that he has promulgated. The Roar of the Spanish Lion, indeed! The brave Carlists are more likely to be invited to run home by the Smell of the Spanish Onion. Run they did, anyhow.

Rational Ancient Roman.

"NOTHING," said SEMPRONIUS to CATO, "would make me consent to die for my country but the fear of worse punishment if I declined." "Don't be pusillanimous," was CATO's reply. "Abuse," rejoined SEMPRONIUS, "is no argument."

ALIEN AND ALIAS.

THIS is—well, worth notice. CASTRO (with MESSRS. BAIGENT and GUILDFORD ONSLOW) is "stumping" the country, previously to his trial. He is, by the kind permission of Her Majesty's Judges, to make appearances in several of the principal towns. There he will spout, and, unless he has a more decent "entertainment" written for him, will, as at Alresford, abuse the Judge who committed him for perjury, and declare the Chief Justice "biased" and unfit for his place. Subscriptions from all sorts of credulous fools are, of course, expected to pour in. But lo and behold! The solicitor for DIBLANC (the woman who destroyed a lady in Park Lane) writes to pray that some of the liberality invoked for CASTRO may be directed towards DIBLANC, seeing that she is an "Alien" in need and Newgate. . . The cases are hardly parallel, as CASTRO is not guilty of murdering anything but the Queen's English, or of trying to murder anything but a lady's reputation. Which appeal, however, is the most impudent may be left an open question.

"Angels and Ministers."

If ladies are to have a finger in the political pie, as is threatened by the Woman's Rights Movement, and exchange solicitude for evening parties with anxiety for parties political, many of us will find ourselves constrained to alter SCOTT'S beautiful lines to suit the circumstances, as thus:—

"When pain and anguish wrack the brow,
A ministerial angel, thou!"

"SIZEN—A WEAK GLUIZ."—Webster.

A GERMAN philosopher discovered that the Soul was a Gine. His doctrine has not been absolutely accepted here; but we saw, the other day, a novel called *A Life's a Size*.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



THAT the Derby will be run this year, as usual, I suppose, naughtless I don't prophesy that, my beloved friends. For though I have been assiduously moving in the circles in which horsemanship is the one faith, I never found so little interest taken in the subject. I am quite grieved at this. For myself, I am full of equestrian fire (a bold image that), and I shall spring to my box-seat on the Wednesday morning with all the animation and joy which inspired me when I went off to see *Pyrrhus the First* win, and to commemorate his victory in a couplet which my dear friend Mrs. KEELLY spoke the same night at the Lyceum. That lady too was at Epsom, but, faithful as ever to her duty, said upon the boards a few hours later,

"You've backed the favourite, have you? Then you'll rue it:
Pyrrhus the First has won! I seed him do it."

With as light a heart as then (as light as M. OLLIVIER's *coeur*, and with better reason), with as graceful a figure, with as gay a cravat, and with as fine a weed, shall I, your beloved *Punch*, mount my drag for the Derby. But I cannot disguise from myself that people seem to be going perfunctorily, and if you don't know what that means, you ought to, and I shan't tell. The sprightly writers will not allow that the Derby is a bore, except to young men, and to me; but the superstition is on the wane, and it's no good being waxy about it. Moons wax and wane, you understand, eh, you mad wag?

In my insatiable ardour for sporting news, I have visited all the horses in their private apartments, and interviewed them. I took my friend GRUMPY with me, because he is a judge of horses, having one day ridden on the Elephant at the Zoological Gardens. The first noble animal we called on was *Westland*. If he had been named *WESTLAND MARSTON* it would have been a better omen, as anything he gives name to is sure to run well. As it is, I think the noble animal will be like the Royalists at Marston Moor. Then we saw *Bertram*. Did you ever read HENRY KIRKE WHITE's ghastly ballad *Gondoline*, and how a witch went to him in the battle and told him his love had wedded another, and how he flung himself into the slaughter, and how she tore his head off, and how she held it up for the maiden to see in the cave? If not, read it. Our *Bertram's* head will not, I think, come off, but it will not be near the winner's. The *Sundown* colt is welcome, for his name, but his chances are moonshine. The *Druid* has his merits, but if he says, in his stall, that he is going to win (horses have sometimes spoken, and asses often), quote COLLINS, and say, "In yonder cave a Druid lies." Winslow we visited, and GRUMPY said that no Derby horse could win slow. Wasn't it a stupid remark? I said that I could not lay Winslow's Soothing Syrup to the souls of his backers. Wasn't it a clever epigram? GRUMPY was rather sweet (for him) on *Statesman*, but a real statesman always sees three courses before him, and no horse can run on three unless he is Cerberus, who is not a horse but a dog. I don't like the name, *Statesman* and *Blunderer* being just now nearly equivalents—not elephants, said GRUMPY. *Laburnum* the Germans call "golden rain," and this fine horse will deserve a golden rein, and golden oats too (like CALIGULA's) if he wins, but I think *Laburnum* wood will first come to Dunsinane. GRUMPY muttered something about inane dunce. He

is a rude kuas. As regards *Wenlock*, the nobleman of that name takes his name from Much Wenlock, but you will not see much *Wenlock* among the foremost. As regards *Almoner* I do not speak so decidedly, because he certainly complies with the definition of a horse, being a large quadruped, with a leg at each corner of him, but those who have legs all right, may yet misplace aims. He ought to do something, and I believe will. *Drummond* is not a horse to be sneezed at; in fact, I do not know that any horses are made for that purpose. Mr. HENRY DRUMMOND, a remarkable man, used to keep a horse always saddled and bridled in his stable, to be ready for the end of the world, and if this is that animal, back him, for Mr. DRUMMOND had the best of everything, and usually, in debate, the best of everybody. We visited *Queen's Messenger*, and GRUMPY made a stupid quotation about a "poster of the sea and land," a propos of seeing a poster of *Land and Water*. As for Q. M., I consider that he ought to win, because I have drawn him in a Sweep. Angel means Messenger, and if he wins I will call him an angel—I can't say fairer. He is a clinking good horse, a fact which would comfort me more if I knew what clinking meant. However, let the cannakin clink, and let the cannakin clink, a king's but a man, and a pot's not a pan, and so we'll have something to drink. We have now to speak of *Cremorne*, or as ten thousand cads will call him, on the day, *Cree-morne*. All snobs are in a hurry with their accents. The noble lady who owns the name is descended from Mr. WHALEY, and if the horse goes, as the beautiful Scotch song says, Whaley, whaley up the bank, and whaley whaley down the brae, why his backers may blubber. On the other hand, if he is only half as fast as *Cremorne*-haunters fancy they are, the Blue Riband is his. Do I express myself clearly? If you think not, read what I have said over again until you are tired, then stop. Finally, we come to the Favourite, bonny *Prince Charlie*. The prince of that name was a pretender. This horse is very big. We have lately seen a big pretender come to grief. But *Prince Charlie* has real good blood in him, and Epsom may not be his Culloden, or his Court of Common Pleas. His motto, however, mustn't be "On-Slow." This was GRUMPY's joke, and you may easily perceive into what a condition he had got. Come, that's all I have to say, for if people don't take an interest in things, I shall not eliminate sesquipedalianisms in an autoschediastical fashion to amuse them. But you respectfully ask—what is my final advice? What do I mean to Stand Upon? Well, I mean to stand upon the top of my drag. Sold again, and bought an ounce of Epsom salts with some of the money. Never bet on horses. I respect the American gentleman who never backed but one, and then he backed him into a shop-window. There, don't stand in foolish thought, but study my vernal hints again, and if you don't rest too long by the Tum-Tum tree, you'll chortle in your joy. Notice what I have not said. Read "between the lines."

PUNCH.

WE WILL TORPEDO THEM.

"As yet," says a contemporary, in an article urging the importance of the torpedo as a weapon of offence and defence in naval warfare, "the science of torpedoing has never been thoroughly investigated in this country." Here we have another new word, and, what is more, another new thing, come, as usual, from America. To employ torpedoes effectually against ships was an American achievement, and to call their employment "torpedoing" is American speech. Turning, as their manner is, a substantive into a verb, the Americans have made one more addition to their mother tongue for us. Henceforth torpedo is to be conjugated in English grammars—"I torpedo, thou torpedoeest, he she or it torpedoes," and so on through all moods and tenses, the most important of which, in regard to making all due provision to act it out in case of need, is the Indicative Mood, Future Tense, First Person Plural—"We shall torpedo," in the event of having our coasts invaded. Mind that.

A GROAN on a BORE.

O THE *Alabama* bore!
When are we to have it o'er,
Never hear about it more,
How long, O how long before?

How much tedious prose in store
Have the journals still to pour
On that threadbare theme, galore?
Hang the *Alabama* bore!

Double Cockney Conundrum for the Derby Day.

"What eminent Composer would in England have probably been
"in the Ring?"
"Ayd." "Why?"
"Because who ever 'eard of 'Ayd alone? Ain't it always a
'Ayd and abettin'? Eh? Now then! Come up, can't yer!"



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MRS. DUFFCOTT WRITES TO MR. PUNCH FOR HIS JUDGMENT ON A MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION. MR. D. IS NOT NOW IN PARLIAMENT, OR SHE WOULD NOT TROUBLE MR. P. THE POINT IS, WHETHER HER COOK OR LADY'S-MAID TAKES PRECEDENCE AMONG THE SERVANTS IN HER ESTABLISHMENT. THE UNSEEMLY SCOWLING, NOT TO SAY SCUFFLING, THAT TAKES PLACE WHEN THEY COME IN TO PRAYERS, IS QUITE SHOCKING!

VATICINATIONS OF THE VATICAN.

(PIUS prophesies.)

FROM Germany again . . . this little cloud
No bigger than a man's hand . . . a man's head . . .
Yon dreaming DÖLLINGER'S . . . spreads to a shroud,
For souls with plague of heresy struck dead,
Who wear it for a marriage-garment, proud
As men who new life, not old death, have wed.

Yes, the plague spreads and spreads—and I sit still,
And cannot light the fires that Popes of old
Lighted, such pestilential schism to kill,
And with their wholesome warming to uphold
Blind Reverence and fair Faith against the chill
Of Free Thought, and Lay Reason's deadly sold!

NO LEO I,—no Lion-Lord of Rome,
This lesser LUTHER tooth and nail to rend!
Within the shadow of St. Peter's Dome
St. Peter's shrunken realm must 'gin and end:
"Urbi et orbi," of the Church's home
Was measure once: "in urbe" now 'tis penned!

NO LEO I—what if a LUTHER he,
Munich Basilica's Byzantine Gate
Another door of Wittenberg to be,
Defying Papal fires and Papal hate?
What if my own *encyclicon* I see,
Of LEO's *indulgentia* share the fate?

Has the thing bred the thought, the thought the thing?
But as I gaze, methinks, out of this cloud,
From Munich, blown by blast of Satan's wing,
I see the Erfurt monk's broad forehead bowed—

Above that brow a star, that light doth bring,
From hell, not heaven—Hence, Lucifer avowed!

"For light—more light!"—the heretic may pray:
But 'twas in clouds and darkness Sinai's Lord
Spoke when he bade his chosen race obey;
In cloud he walked to point their conquering sword;
The Holy place of Holies hid away
In veils his presence, while Priests spoke his Word.

Give Faith its darkness—leave the light for Schism—
Light that shows many paths, but cannot show
Which leads from, which leads to, the black abyss,
Whose depths all heretics are doomed to know:
Fools of that reason, whose dissolving prism
Breaks up white Truth to Error's iris-bow.

Beef from Botany Bay.

SIXPENCE preserved Australian meat per pound!
If good, in preference one would always buy it;
But done to rags, as 'tis too often found,
What is it more than vegetable diet?

Strike Among Suds.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, a fashion for some time prevalent amongst the industrious classes has been adopted by some of a class remarkable for industry:—

"WASHERWOMEN ON STRIKE.—A good deal of amusement was caused at Teignmouth, on Monday, by the town-crier announcing a strike of the washerwomen and laundresses, and declaring their resolution not to work for less than 1s. 6d. per day."

This strike will very likely succeed. The washerwomen of Teignmouth, no doubt, took good care to strike while the iron was hot.

SIMPLE NOTES ON ENGLAND.

By X * * * *, a distinguished and intelligent Frenchman.



Chief of the Whistlers is the *Thane of Fife*.

THE other day, when the Domestic of Dundee met to grumble and in order to arrange "a strike," they were unable to obtain a Chairwoman to preside over their assembly. This shows clearly that the wife of a Chairman is by her position aristocratic.

THE English soldiers cannot play the drum as the French can. Their military movements are executed to the sound of the trumpet, which they can blow strongly. Thus the British lungs do more than the British arms to make a noise in the world. They play *Affes*, and they tell me that the chief fife is, *ex officio*, a Scotch *Nobleman*. Our *Tambour-major* is a man tall and magnificent; but here, the

They reward whistling, because the English are a nation which whistles. My friend Wagg tells me that, from this habit, has been derived their proverb "*Whistlers (siffleurs) never hear good of themselves*." He has not explained to me the precise application.

Where a Frenchman exclaims *Mon Dieu!* the Englishman says *The Deuce!* In effect, it would be unfair to decide what might be the religious faith of either from such expressions. But, however, it seems to me that that of the former is less sombre than that of the latter.

The official, the most important in England, after the QUEEN, is *The Chairman*. He presides at all public dinners, at all public meetings. Wagg tells me that he has no regular pension, but that he receives a fee, for every dinner, sufficient to pay for his breakfast and luncheon the following day. His wife, who is generally neither of the upper nor of the middle class, is called a *Chairwoman*. She is employed by many noble families, and often resides in their houses, particularly during their absence in the country, or at the sea-side. In former days they were a class, and lived separated from the metropolis at a little village, called in consequence *Chairing*. Here now stand the Railway Station and the *Chairing Cross*. Their special Home is destroyed, but the Office remains, grander than ever.

The Barristers hold military rank. Some are Sergeants. The Chief of the Solicitors is called the Solicitor General, and has a horse. I know this because I have seen him riding. The Chief of the Attorneys is called the Attorney General. The difference between a Solicitor and an Attorney, my friend WAGG says, is the same as between a crocodile and an alligator.

Many of the Cabmen (*voituriers*) are very poor curates (*vicaires*), who thus gain money to support their wives and families. Such is one of the evils of a married clergy. In the provinces, where there is not this resource, celibacy, though rare, is almost a necessity. A young clergyman is, generally, the object of a *flirtation*, more or less serious; and, outside the Sunday, his duties are not heavy, unless he is able to play *Croquet*. In this case, for two-thirds of the year the young minister has very little time to himself.

In some towns, in the country, there is only one policeman. I have known this in Cornwall, which nearly resembles our Brittany. Often only one constable to three thousand persons, who subscribe among themselves, by a *rate*, to support him. It is evident, that, as he owes his existence to these three thousand persons, he cannot arrest any one of them at the command of any other of them. Thus he finds himself in a delicate position. His policy, naturally, becomes one of abstaining. His patrons, who appreciate his difficulty, refrain from offending against the Law. Thus, in effect, the peace is preserved in the quiet small towns of *Merry England*. [This is a fact. My friend Wagg took me to the town of * * * and indicated to me the policeman. I chatted with him, and gave him a glass of *Gin*.]

The *British Lion* is not an animal living at this hour. The bones of a hyena were found in a cave in Devonshire. Hyenas laugh. They lived when this island evidently was *Merry England*.

The legal processes in England are very simple, when well understood. So carnivorous are the English people, that, to become a barrister (*avocat*), one must eat so many dinners at the *inns-of-court*. This is wholly true. The public is admitted to a gallery to see them at their feeding-time. What barbarism!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, who is the highest legal official, sits always on a *wool-pack* (*ballot de laine*). This, my friend Wagg tells me, is a sort of satire, which means that a Lawyer is supported by those who have lost their fleece. [But one must have stayed as long as I in England to comprehend this play on the words, *fleece, fleas, and wool*.]

England boasts herself to be a Free Country. But my friend Wagg tells me that, in effect, no person can have an opinion unless he pay, at least, *six shillings and eightpence* for it. We have our faults, we French, but our thoughts, our opinions, are free as the air! For them we pay no *cetrol*, no *tax*, no eight francs.

Cricket is a game of ball, played always in a field, whence the name Cricket (*grillon*), which insect is in the plain air during all the summer, and in the kitchens in the winter. The book the most celebrated, on this subject, is, my friend Wagg tells me, *The Cricket on the Earth*. I have not read it myself, because I believe it is simply technical.

The best system, in order to acquire a knowledge of the game of Cricket, is to practise it as an athlete of Old Greece. When the ball, thick, hard, and heavy, is launched at you, with enormous force, from the *bat* of the player, you must run with all your legs; you must save yourself, if it is possible, or it will upset you, sometimes striking you upon the nose, sometimes between, or in, the eyes, sometimes falling on the top of the cranium, when you the least in the world expect it. A nose or an eye may thus easily be damaged. The arms, the legs, and the body are protected strongly, but for me, I shall never again play at Cricket. Never.

Look at the spirit of the two nations shown in their grammars. We French think twice before we marry, an Englishman does not think at all. Thus with us *To marry* is a reflexive verb; with them it is a verb active. There is the difference. X * * * *

PEACE WITHOUT PANIC.

COME hither force invading could
How, but in transport ships of wood?
In one of which one shell, well tossed,
Would make all hands a holocaust.
Keep but your coast defences right,
You'll ne'er have foes ashore to fight.
But, since we can't be too secure,
Make we assurance doubly sure,
With Army more than fit to meet
The biggest that could dodge our fleet,
Or our torpedoes failed to throw
Aloft; our rams hurled not below.

CHURCH AND TURF.

THE Dean of Westminster was one of the horses prophesied to win the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate. Dr. Temple ran third for the Great Northern Handicap at York. Evidence such as this of the popularity of the Church in a quarter not hitherto considered to be one of its strongholds, would, we are sure, cheer the heart and strengthen the resolution of Convocation, if it were now sitting; and it is hardly possible to imagine the gratification of eminent Deans and Bishops at seeing their names and titles conferred on promising colts and three-year-olds. But the Turf should be impartial, and not limit its favours to one Church or one party. DR. PUSEY may reasonably feel aggrieved at being overlooked, DR. CUMMING and MR. SPURGEON have both strong claims to public recognition, and *The Monsignor* is a name which would sound well in the betting quotations.

We throw out these few hints for the benefit of those owners and breeders who are looking out for suitable names for their horses, just adding that we do not advise *Ritualist*—it is open to suspicion.

DERBY "ANTICIPATIONS."



APPT MRSSES. FORTUNATUM AND JASON are anticipating a great many morning callers (in carriages) at 181, Piccadilly.

MRS. DU PORTMENT'S young ladies are anticipating the delights of witnessing the progress of the company to the Course, from behind the garden-wall of Manguall House. — (N.B. Their evening studies will, unavoidably, prevent them from being spectators of the journey home.)

Young DE TANKERFIELD is anticipating the exquisite joys of a first Derby.

Job-masters, livery-stable keepers, licensed victuallers, waiters, ostlers, jockeys, postillions, wandering musicians, the "Mauritanian Minstrels," the "Altitudinous Acrobats," railway companies, Hansom cabmen, and promoters of Grand Stands, are anticipating their gains and profits.

Foreign visitors are anticipating the national and traditional glories of the Derby Day.

Policemen are anticipating rather a hard day's work.

Police Magistrates are anticipating rather a hard next day's work.

Sporting prophets are anticipating the best way of justifying their unaccountable mistake in selecting the wrong horses as the first three.

MARIAN CHARMWYN is anticipating the bliss of going in the same barouche with WALTER CHESSELDEN.

SHERARD HANSON is anticipating an awfully jolly lunch with the ROPSLEY girls (especially CLARA).

Employers are anticipating the unavoidable absence of some of their employees on the morning of the 29th.

MRS. CHANCEY WINNINGTON is anticipating the number of pairs of gloves her turf speculations will produce.

MR. MORTIMER SLOPE is anticipating a premature and protracted sojourn in a foreign country, if *Cantankerous* does not win.

Bookmakers are anticipating what the next edition of their little publications may contain.

A few utterly unreasonable people are anticipating the time when the House of Commons will not think it necessary to adjourn the business of the Nation for the Derby Day.

Some sceptical persons, whose faith in the weather is not yet settled, are anticipating a snow-storm.

Very many people are anticipating what they will win.

Very few people are anticipating what they will lose.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND "PUNCH."

HAVING entertained no kind of doubt that the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER had been mis-reported in the newspaper which attributed to his Lordship the remarks we quoted last week, we should simply acknowledge the promptness with which the Bishop was good enough to correct the reporter, but for the pleasure with which we received a communication from his Lordship. From this, although we have permission to publish it *in extenso*, it will suffice to extract a portion. The Bishop writes:—

"What I meant to say, and what I believe I did say, was this. 'The light literature on our drawing-room tables, the engravings in our illustrated papers, even the cartoons of *Punch*, indicate that the tone of fashionable society, if not actually impure, is perilously close to the border-land of impurity.' Nobody who knows the way in which your artists 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' and illustrate the follies of the age, would charge them with ministering to impurity; indeed, I have often admired the skill or the right feeling with which they have touched on delicate ground; but I was thinking of the general tone of that fast, fashionable life which those pictures illustrate, and whose follies they often so admirably expose. I deeply regret that I should have been mis-reported."

It is due to the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER to add that the letter from which the above passage is taken, was written before he saw our reference to the subject, and was called forth by some comment

which his Lordship had seen elsewhere. All who know DR. FRASER, either personally or by reputation, would be certain that his course, in any matter, would be the course of a Christian gentleman, and we can hardly regret an accident that has afforded him the opportunity of showing how an act of justice can be done gracefully.

ITEMS

Catalogued for the instruction and amusement of those who from temporary impecuniosity or for any other reason are unable or unwilling to go in and see the pictures, and are therefore resting themselves in the ante-chamber of the Royal Academy's Exhibition, where the sticks are kept.

No. 102. View of Gingham. *A Genuine Gamp,*

No. 216. Cane. *A Study.*

No. 315. Two Sticks. *Presented by a grateful audience to the two Walking Gentlemen of the Blank Theatre, as a testimonial to their invaluable services in Comedy.*

No. 171. A Bag. *A first of September subject.*

No. 155. The Union. A basket, a rug, an umbrella, and a stick bound together by one tie.

No. 175. A P-jacket. *"Oh Pilot, 'tis a fearful night!"*

No. 303. The Three Sisters. *Three parasols, belonging, perhaps, to MR. MILLAR's three uncivil young ladies, who, though they're visited by everybody, won't leave their cards.*

No. 214. A Habit of Long Standing. *An Ulster Coat, evidently the property of a gentleman about six feet three.*

No. 3567. Somebody's Good Umbrella. *Name unknown.*

201. One Waterproof. *Much needed by MR. POTTER's Andromeda after she has been taken from "The Monster," in order that she may go home with Perseus, the Conductor.*

505. A Hamper, three large Brown Paper Parcels, a Bag, and an Umbrella; also a Basket containing Fish for Dinner.

"The famished husband makes a frightful fuss, if
The Dinner's unprovided by his housewife."

The Man and the Hour.

The Three Custodians (all retired R.A.'s) will be happy to furnish further items for an Outsider's Catalogue when not otherwise engaged. But it is a pleasant sight to notice with what artistic finish they bind up the sticks, umbrellas, and other articles left in their charge. Moreover, their charge is nothing.

"RUBBISH MUST NOT BE SHOT HERE."

(A respectful Remonstrance to MONSIEUR THIERS.)

SEWER-SCOURINGS offend both the lungs and the nose;

Where they fester lurks fever; to breathe them is death;

Human nature in city-slums stagnates or flows

With odours as sickening, as pestilential breath:

In flushing the sewage of London or Paris,

Disinfectants the scavenger's bound to employ;

No lime is too potent, too pungent no tar is,

To vanquish those gases, those poisons destroy:

How to treat its own scourings each city must learn,

If a man seek our ground his own laystalls to clear,

While ready to do him a neighbourly turn,

We must tell him, "We can't have your rubbish shot here."

This protest, ere shooting your Communist sweepings

On our shores, MONSIEUR THIERS, you will please bear in mind:

Of recent French savings we don't want the reappings:

The grain you've threshed out aught but wholesome we find.

We've our own City-slums' human sewage to deal with,

Too much of our own disinfection to do;

And what sympathy e'er your late troubles we feel with,

We'd rather you'd not make the Thames your *Egout*.

Its own scum, I repeat, is each nation's concern;

Happy they who to utilize see their way clear:

So, while ready to do you a neighbourly turn,

We must tell you, "We won't have your rubbish shot here."

A Pair of Race Spectacles.

1. THE spectacle of MR. JONES, at ten o'clock, A.M., emerging from his front door in a new white hat and dust coat, and looking quite a picture of neatness and respectability.

2. THE spectacle of MR. JONES, at ten o'clock, P.M., returning to his front door in a battered hat, with dolls stuck round it, and looking quite a picture of won't-go-home-till-morning-nose.



A CHAPTER ON "PRIGGISM."

Colonel Debonair. "CHARMING SONG, WAS IT NOT? FROM THE *BARBIERE*, YOU KNOW."

Miss Penelope Prygge (for Self and Sisters). "WE—ER—DO NOT CARE FOR ITALIAN MUSIC—ONLY GERMAN!"

Colonel Debonair. "BUT STILL—WITH SUCH A LOVELY VOICE AS COUNT TACHOKOLATOFFSKY'S——"

Miss Penelope Prygge. "WE—ER—DO NOT LISTEN TO VOCAL MUSIC—ONLY INSTRUMENTAL!"

CELEBRITIES ON THE TURF.

BACKED the wrong horse, Country Cousin, have you? Well, there, never mind.

Better luck another Derby, when Dame Fortune may be kind.

Why are you like yon ex-Monarch? Why, because you've lost a Crown.

Drink, and further drown reflection. Let us look about the Down.

All the world is gathered round us, come to see the horses run, Here are all the men of mark and livelihood, and more of none. Here you may behold your betters; not much, that, for some to say, Some no better than they should be, betters in the betting way.

Ministers and Opposition there, without their party flags, Most of them behold, at luncheon, seated on their several drags. There's our PREMIER, look, discoursing, in an earnest frame of mind, To BOB LOWE, whose frugal meal is bread-and-cheese; he scrapes the rind.

There is DIZZY, there his noble friend, the namesake of the day, And they quaff intoxicating liquors—as a Prig would say. Lo! and there's SIR WILFRID LAWSON, who would close each liquor-shop, He and DAWSON BURNS, his henchman. Are they drinking ginger-pop?

There you see the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in the breeze

Round his hat floats azure muslin; likewise of the Common Pleas Him, and several other Judges learned in the Law you see, All, Judge LUSH inclusive, sober as a Judge is safe to be.

There's his Grace of Canterbury, and his Grace of York as well. There is grave ARCHBISHOP MANNING, 'long with MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

There's the REVEREND DOCTOR NEWMAN, there's the REVEREND NEWMAN HALL.

DOCTOR CUMMING, MR. PURCHAS, SPURGEON; jolly preachers all:

Jolly; but, beloved hearer, what if Pedants' law forbade Stronger drink than soda-water, ginger-beer, and lemonade? Fancy a Teetotal Derby! Picture Melancholy's reign Over chicken, over lobster-salad severed from champagne!

Fancy that, but for a moment. Do not dwell upon the theme. 'Tis to contemplate too dismal, as it were a horrid dream. Let it pass, and let us liquor, let us blow the cloud serene: With a vision like a nightmare cloud we not this horsey scene.

CASTROMETATION.

LITTLE SIR HENRY ALFRED TICHBORNE, the "infant" Baronet, has good friends in the respectable tenants on his family estates. All (save two or three) who pay more than £10 a year, that is all who are presumably educated, have presented LADY TICHBORNE with an Address, repudiating the statement that CASTRO came to Alresford on their invitation. They express sympathy with the young Baronet and his mother. This is behaviour worthy of decent Englishmen, and a good answer to MR. OSLOW's "telling"—did he mean story-telling—demonstration. Why will this otherwise sensible gentleman insist on bearing the title of Member for Castro?

Only a Letter.

DUC D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER, in the curious Rouher debate, made good use of the bitter cry to VARUS to "give back the Legions." But as the French soldiers were sacrificed to the brutal greed of contractors and jobbers, the typical name should be AVARUS.



“SCRATCHED!”

MR. PUNCH. “YOU DON’T MEAN TO SAY, JONATHAN, YOU THOUGHT TO WIN WITH *THAT*! WHY, HE HASN’T A LEG TO STAND ON!”
JONATHAN. “WIN!!! WA—AL, MR. PUNCH, SIR: I CALCULATE YEW KNOW AS WELL AS I DEW WE NEVER MEANT EVEN TO *RYN* HIM!”

EXAMINATION FOR TURFITES.

(Derby Day, 1872.)



has even upon foreign ecclesiastical matters, give the name of the where a *Prior* scratched a *Cardinal*. Explain which *Prior* and what *Cardinal*.

7. Which is the Derby Day? (N.B. The answer that "It is, of course, JOHN DAY of Danebury," will not be allowed by the Judges.) Has the Moon anything to do with its fixture, or is it, like a *Pic-Nic*, a "Movable Feast?"

8. What is the receipt for the Ascot Cup? Is it cooling or exciting? Is it a good thing for a heat?

9. Explain the well-known poetic allusion to "*Neat-handed Fillies*." What part of a horse is a "hand"? How many hands go to a foot?

10. Name the racing colours of JULIUS CAESAR.

11. As the Derby is run on Epsom Downs, Surrey, how do you account for the *Start Point* being on the coast of Devonshire?

With this gigantic staggerer the Examination for Male Turfites concludes. The next paper is for the Ladies:—

1. What coloured gloves do you prefer? Which is the best glove-shop? State your reasons.

2. Did you ever lose a bet?

3. Did you ever pay?

4. Are you very careful with whom you bet?

5. Are you providently making arrangements for being taken to Ascot and Goodwood this year. Remember you have such excellent reasons for *insisting* upon being taken to Goodwood this year, because

(a.) You've never yet been, and it's a thing one really ought to see.

(b.) Because one can get there so easily, by just running down to Brighton, Lewes, or Chichester, where you can stop for a few days, and then merely getting a trap and driving over.

(c.) Because the scenery is so lovely.

(d.) Because it is quite a ladies' race.

(e.) Because the SMITHSONS are all going, and they go every year.

(f.) Because you will meet—(but this is a private and particular reason).

(g.) Because, my dear JOHN, it really will not be expensive, and you'd spend much more if you went alone, without us, I mean without the girls and myself. If you leave it to me, I'll manage it.

(h.) Because, though it cost much more than we expected last year, yet this time we can arrange a great deal better.

WHEN is it necessary to apply the Spur of the Moment?

3. What are the chances in favour of the Derby favourite winning "the River Plate"?

3. In a family of fourteen, with the youngest two years' old, what will be the average bill for Nursery Steaks?

4. Draw map, showing in what part of Wales the Welchers live.

5. If a gentleman whom you have never had the pleasure of meeting before, offers to bet you a hundred to ten against anything, on condition of your giving him three sovereigns down to bind the bargain, and supposing the horse which you have backed wins, what are the odds against any one, or two, or all, of the three following events taking place, namely: (1) Your ever seeing him again to speak to; (2) Your ever receiving the hundred and three pounds he owes you; (3) Your ever receiving the three sovereigns which you invested as aforesaid?

6. As an instance of the effect which English Racing

(i.) Because you have set your heart on going, and therefore it's no use saying anything against it.

6. What is your notion of a Ring-man? [N.B. To be answered by any unmarried lady.]

No further questions will be asked, and Mr. Punch wishes you many happy returns of the (Derby) Day.

SLUMBER BEFORE SOCIETY.

Upro my pillow, of a night,
As I do lay my head,
When, having first put out the light,
I've got me into bed,
I often think within my mind,
To slumber ere I fall,
O now how many of my kind
Are dancing at a Ball!

And some as yet not there, perchance,
Will from the Opera go
And do no better thing than dance
On tip of restless toe,
In costly tailor's trim rigged out,
And milliner's array,
To caper, waltz, and wheel about,
And turn night into day.

Young people like it, I am told,
And so it seems to be.
I have been young, and now am old;
'Twas ever grief to me.
For supper's self, past midnight's shimes,
To care I little used,
Did always like to sup betimes,
Then toddle off to roost.

O how I do depity men
Who, charged with daughters grown,
Are sitting up at parties when
Repose at home's my own.
Rest they no less than I require,
But I obtain much more,
Since when they go forth I retire;
They yawn whilst I do snore.

O let me sit and smoke my pipe
Each evening of my life!
Whilst they, compelled by daughters, ripe
For marriage, and a wife,
Their bed-time far remote from view,
With heavy groans and sighs,
Are pulling their dress-waistcoats to,
Or fumbling at their ties.

SQUEEZE.

A FIRST-CLASS TWELVE.

In looking about for recruits to the Jury List, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE has overlooked a most eligible sort of persons, who, when he is on his legs as an advocate, are under his nose. These are the numerous Briefless Barristers who sit in attendance at every Court of Assize, with nothing in the world to do but to note what is going on. They might, without the least inconvenience to themselves, and very much to the advantage and relief of others, be transferred from the circumference of the green-baize table, under which they kick their heels, to the jury-box, wherein their legal knowledge would especially qualify them to sift evidence, and to apprehend aright the directions of the presiding Judge, whilst by their forensic training they would, when harangued by counsel for either side, be enabled duly and properly to understand, and appreciate, at its just value, the conscientious eloquence of their learned friends.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

THE mutilated statue of Leicester Square disappeared the other day. On asking what had become of it, we received the astounding intelligence that the equestrian figure so long immovable had "gone at last, and had fetched sixteen pounds!" It is probable that having fetched this sum he will be spending it foolishly about town. Remembering the awful Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*, it would not surprise us to read of the appearance of this Unhappy Cripple in one of the police courts, either for disorderly conduct on the Derby Day, or for reckless riding in Rotten Row. We shall look out for him along the road to Epsom.



"WIDE AWAKE."

Guard. "TICKETS, PLEASE!" Rustic. "WHA—AT!"
 Guard. "LET ME HAVE YOUR TICKET, AND LOOK SHARP!"
 Rustic. "NOA, NOA, I 'DEEN AN' GIVE FOIVE BOB FOR MOY TICKET, AN' I
 MEANT A GAWN TO GIVE UN UP TO YOU. IF THEE WANTS TO TRAVEL, WHY
 DOANT 'E BUY ONE YOURSEN?"!!

THE EMPIRE OF THE FASHIONS.

ALTHOUGH Republican in name, France has not yet lost her Empire—at least her Empire in the fashions. Ladies everywhere still bow to her Imperial way. Her mandates still are issued in her own Imperial tongue, and defy translation into common English speech. For instance, see this extract from a fashionable paper:—

"*Toilettes de promenade* are made with *demie-trainees*, and when worn *en négligé* are shortened in the front. A novelty in *chapeaux* is the *chapeau jockey*, made of black lace with a puffed tulle and faille crown."

"*Toilettes de promenade*" might be Anglicised, perhaps, into more simple "walking dresses," though they might not sound so finely thus to fashionable ears. So, too, "*chapeaux*" may be readily translated into "hats," though to call one's hat a *chapeau* must doubtless vastly gratify a fashionable man. But who can put "*en négligé*" into proper English, especially when one has doubts if it be even proper French? And who can find equivalents for words like "tulle" and "faille" in any other tongue? They convey, no doubt, a meaning to fashionable minds, but to minds which are not fashionable they are simply fragments of unfathomable slang. "Puffed tulle and faille" sounds just as meaningless to ordinary ears as "plummy and slam" did to the ears of little *Oliver Twist*. In revenge, or *en revanche*, as we suppose we ought to say, and as a set-off to our English poverty of language, we find a jockey's cap is called a "*chapeau jockey*." So we may presume the French have no equivalent for "jockey," although we know the Derby has been won by a French horse.

MAXIM FOR THE DERBY DAY.

THERE'S many a slip
 'Twixt the race and the tip.

TIRED THOMAS.

Aw! weally I am vewy bad,
 I've been about half day;
 It is enough to dwive one mad—
 These seasons long and gay.
 These calves as been exposed too much,
 These stockings now is soiled;
 These ands my dinnaw scarce can touch,—
 Too long this day they've toiled.

No wine at hall these eyes as seen,
 I've filled no easy chair;
 If BETSY to my room have been,
 She found no THOMAS there.
 I'm weally fagged and dweadful weak,
 And wishes now to heat;
 To west upon my and this cheek,
 And warm these weary feet.

Me lady she does never think
 About my crawing bweast,
 When I am out—that I can't dwink,
 And dine, and take my west.
 Bein' out all day I would not mind,
 If that I had no need;
 Or if aw mansion I could find,
 Where I could dwink and feed.

To keep a party fwom is port,
 And luncheon, his too bad;
 It weally do seem awful sport,
 As if I was a cad.
 For hungaw is a frightful baw,
 That I too often feels;
 And now I ate our seasons maw,
 The maw I miss my meals.

Up in Arms.

A DEPUTATION from Richmond has been waiting on the SECRETARY-AT-WAR, to object to that delightful suburb being made a Military Station. One of the speakers is reported to have said that "the fact that many boarding schools for young ladies were in Richmond, was a strong argument in favour of the views of the Deputation." Perhaps, if the young ladies themselves could have had a few minutes' conversation with MR. CARDWELL, their views on the military question might not have been found in exact accordance with those of the Deputation.

PROBABLE.

A DEPUTATION consisting of eminent journalists, paragraphists, satirical-article-clerks, comic copyists, and burlesque and farce writers, waited upon MR. BRUCE, to protest against the proposed sale of Leicester Square at any price. The Deputation expressed its deep concern at the untimely and undignified termination of the Statue's existence. The destruction of this work of Art was, said the speaker, a loss, not only to journalistic literature, but it also deprived the public of one of its greatest luxuries, viz., a standing grievance. To redress such grievances was, the Deputation wished to point out, a precedent dangerous to the ultimate well-being of the State.

MR. BRUCE replied at some length, expressing his entire sympathy with the object the Deputation had in view, and regretting that, as the affair in question had nothing whatever to do with the Home Secretary's business, the gentlemen interested in this matter should have taken up their own valuable time in calling upon him. The sale of the Square would, the Right Honourable Gentleman ventured to predict, give rise to various grievances, which would afford plentiful employment for everyone who had a pen to wield, or an opinion to air.

The Deputation, apparently much consoled, thanked MR. BRUCE for the courteous attention it had received at his hands, and withdrew.

A Scot on Sweet Sounds.

A' MUSIC whatever is o' Scottish origin an' derivation. It a' cam Sooth frae ayont the Tweed. A' music just resolves itself intil a meexture o' Tweed-ledum an' Tweedle-Dee—the Scottish Dee.

The oreeginal St. Cecilia was a MISS MACWHIRTER. She invented the Bagpipes.

A LADIES' RACE
INTENDED TO COME OFF IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DERBY.



BUT, OWING TO THE INCESANT TALKING AND INTERFERENCE OF ALL THE JOCKEYS AT THE POST, THE STARTER GIVES IT UP AS HOPELESS.

SUBJUGATED SCOTLAND.



BEGINNING one of the songs of Scotland, a minstrel inquires of a maiden—

"O where and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?"

The lassie, if we rightly remember, answers:—

"He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell."

"Merry Scotland," quotha! "Where is 'merry' Scotland now, when such things are done in the land of Scots as the thing hereunder related in a piece from the *Morning Post*?"

"No more cakes and ale.—A curious time-honoured custom has been put down

by the police, aided by FORBES MACKENZIE, in the village of East Kilbride. For many years past it has been looked upon as a kind of 'use and wont' practice to supply the church-going people from the country round East Kilbride with scones and 'yill' during the interval of public worship on Sacrament Sundays. The police, about the end of the year, went round and warned all the publicans that they would not be allowed to entertain the country people as usual on the Sacrament Sundays after that time. One publican ventured to disregard the prohibition on Sunday, the 28th of April, and on Monday was fined at the Hamilton Justice of Peace Court."

If Scotland is still the land of cakes, it is the land of cakes without ale—on Sundays. It will soon, perhaps, be without ale on any day.

Vive la liberté! Freedom for ever in merry Scotland, merry as free! Never so merry since when it answered to the report in *Macbeth*:—

"Alas! poor country, Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot Be called our country, but our grave; where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile."

How can any one smile in a land of slaves? What but a land of slaves is a land subject to the tyranny of a FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act? An Act of Parliament may be just as tyrannical as the edict of a tyrant; and an Act, empowering the police to prevent the people of Scotland from being served with ale on a Sunday, is "Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled," indeed! What is the good of having bled with WALLACE, or BRUCE either, if that is what they have come to? "EDWARD, chains, and slavery!" never could have been worse than that; and the descendants of those who were ready to "lay the proud usurper low," tamely submit to it. Instead of

"Freemen stand or freemen fa',"

they are now in case to sing

"Slaves, abjec' slaves, a'."

If ever liberty was worth fighting for, the liberty still worth it is personal liberty in such matters as eating or drinking; the liberty which the natural right of enjoying, untrammelled, distinguishes a man from a baby. The majority which robs a minority of that liberty, goes as far as any despot the most outrageous could, to justify civil war. Take care what you are about, gentlemen of the compulsory Teetotal and Sabbatarian Platform!

AIR-PASSAGES OF LONDON.

THE following extract from a *Times*' leading article on the holiday of Whit Monday, is noteworthy:—

"Holiday-makers yesterday were everywhere domestic in their enjoyment. The father had not gone out for a day's revel leaving his wife and children at home, but whole families, with the babies in arms, were strolling through the lanes of the suburbs. It was surprising to notice the extreme enjoyment which was evidently afforded by this very simple pleasure."

Note, therefore, that the preservation of the suburban lanes is a matter of importance to other people besides the suburban population. The importance of those lanes is just the same as that of the Parks. Please bear this in mind, Honourable Gentlemen, as many of you as may have any opportunity of contributing a vote to the

defeat of any Bill you may be invited to enact in order that any one of those pleasant lanes yet existing may be abolished by the speculative or any other builder.

A PLEA FOR A FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

Skimming recently the cream of a provincial newspaper, I came across this paragraph, which possibly may interest some of your fair readers:—

"In the seventeenth century a law was in force in England that 'all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, that shall from and after this Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects, by accents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws against witchcraft, sorcery, and the like, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void.'"

I know not if this singular old law has been repealed, though I presume it must have been so, or what work for the police there would be daily in our parks and other places of assemblage! Beauties without paint there are doubtless still to see, and straight-way fall in love with: but how many a tinted Venus shows her roses at our flower-shows, and how many a high-souled lady adds a high heel to her stature! As for false hair, that is now so commonly displayed, that lovers rarely venture to ask for a true love look: and though iron stays have been improved into steel corsets, the progress of two centuries has not yet abolished the practice of tight-lacing.

As, then, fashions still exist, which, two hundred years ago, were prohibited as witchcraft, it can hardly be alleged that the fashionable world has materially advanced in the matter of its clothing. Nor, apparently, has sumptuary lawmaking proved of much avail in checking feminine extravagance. The case, however, might be different, if women had the making of laws affecting women; and since many ladies now are wishful to have votes, and perchance, too, seats in Parliament, here surely is a subject on which they might produce some useful legislation. Or, as the admission of feminine M.P.'s might possibly derange our present representatives, it might perhaps be well to start a female House of Commons—or, shall I rather say, Uncommons?—wherein such matters as the fashions might be properly debated. When one reflects upon the time which ladies waste in dressing, and the monstrous heaps of money which they annually spend upon their personal adornment, the fashions hardly can be deemed an unimportant subject, and it is certainly one suited for feminine debates. These being reported pretty fully in the newspapers, would be read with lively interest by womankind at large, and would tend gradually to free them from the thralldom of the dressmakers, to whose influence we chiefly owe the fooleries of fashion and the costliness of clothes.

I vote, then, for a House of Ladies to decide the shape of bonnets and the way of wearing the back hair; and I would humbly recommend that the first rule of the SPEAKERESS be that not more than six Members be allowed to speak at once.

Yours, in expectation,

The Hermitage, Tuesday.

SOLOMON BOLON SMITH.

THE LIBERTY OF THE LETTER-BOX.

AN Englishman's house is his castle, is it? But how about his letter-box? A castle calls one back to the fine old feudal times. Now, imagine BARON FRONT DE BEUF pestered by prospectuses! Conceive the "King Maker" at home, and bothered by cheap circulars! How would the temper of those Britons have borne the daily, well nigh hourly, bombardment of their doors, to which we Englishmen who live in our own castles are now subject? Invest a shilling in a bank, or any other public company, and straightway you are pounced on as a sheep that's fit for fleecing. Prospectuses of railways to the pole, and mines to the antipodes, and tunnels to America, and telegraphs to the moon, are showered down upon you by every passing postman, and your life is made a burden by the banging of your door-knocker. Then come the tradesmen's circulars, the puffs of Begum Pickles, and Wagga Wagga Waistcoats, and Reversible Shirts and Envelopes. Then, too, come the notices of pretended sellings off of swindling bankrupts' stock, wherewith is chiefly sold is usually the purchaser. And then in shoals innumerable come the charity appeals, and the parsons' begging-letters, which you are kindly to return, if you cannot even spare so trifling a donation as a shilling-worth of stamps. That this is a free country one clearly cannot doubt, while people are permitted to make free in this manner with other people's property; for, after all, a letter-box is surely the property of the person who puts it on his door, although any other persons seem to think themselves at liberty to do anything they please with it.



"THE BEST OF IT!"

First Gentleman Farmer. "WHY, THERE GOES THAT ARTFUL ROGUE, BILLY GILES! IS HE AT HIS OLD TRICKS STILL?"

Second Ditto. "HE HAS CHEATED EVERYBODY DOWN ABOUT HERE, SIR, EXCEPT ME! HE TRIED IT ON THIS WINTER, BUT I WAS TOO CLEVER FOR HIM! SOLD ME A COW, AND—(triumphantly)—I MADE HIM TAKE IT BACK AT HALF-PRICE!!"

BAGPIPES AT BALMORAL.

"SHE shall have music wherever she goes." Who? Why, the QUEEN to be sure, stupid! Shall not the National Anthem be sung when and wheresoever Her Most Gracious MAJESTY is pleased to present herself? unless, indeed, when:—

"The QUEEN hath strictly charged the contrary."

There may, however, be cases, wherein our Sovereign Lady may like her loving subjects' "noise" so much that she may desire no more of it. Not every day are her Royal ears regaled with such harmonies as those which greeted them on the last return of one whereof many happy returns to her.

"On Friday, HER MAJESTY's birthday, the Craithie Choir came to Balmoral Castle in the morning, and sang the following selection of music."

Wherefrom it may suffice to cite the piece first on the list of performances, entered as:—

"Wake, wake," *May Morning* (FLOTOW), a hundred pipers, specially arranged."

Fancy the combination of sweet sounds which must have been produced by a specially arranged band of a hundred pipers. The mere imagination of it is almost too thrilling for any sensitive ears. That is, as regards the instrumental part of the concert alone; but, in a newspaper, we are besides informed that:—

"Three of the pieces, *Farewell to the Forest*, *Ca' the Yowes*, and *Auld Lang Syne*, were sung by special request of HER MAJESTY."

The last of the songs above mentioned, being popular, can well be conceived pleasing also to the QUEEN; there are associations which no doubt have rendered the first of them likewise pleasing: the intervening one curiosity may have made HER MAJESTY anxious

NATIONAL NURSERY LAW.

JOHNNY BULL to drink ought not
Wine, beer, spirits, ought he?
Naughty, naughty pewter-pot!
Naughty bottle, naughty!

Liquors strong like punch, you know,
Are not good for JOHNNY;
Make him reel about and go
Walking zigzag, funny.

Shut let nasty places be
Where such liquors bought are.
Let a JOHNNY drink his tea:
Give him milk-and-water.

Stint a JOHNNY, anyhow,
In his cups on one day.
Open public-house allow
Shorter time on Sunday.

Goody-goody try and make
JOHNNY by coercion;
Go to church instead of take,
Fie, paw-paw, excursion!

Better, doesn't JOHNNY think,
E'en from swipes to stop him,
Than, if JOHNNY too much drink,
Take him up and pop him?

Pythagorean Patriots.

THREE Frenchmen, sentenced to death for participation in the Communist rebellion, were shot the other morning at Satory. "They died crying '*Vive la Commune!*'" Fancy yourself caring to cry *Vive* anything when yourself about to *mourir*. Those martyrs to Communism must have had a very strong faith, indeed, not only in that creed, but also in the doctrine of PYTHAGORAS affirming the re-embodiment of souls.

Irish Secrecy.

Won't the Ballot my work do,
Landlord, when I'm fightin' you!
You'll have Tenants vote and lie.
Secret voting I defy.
Whoo!—because I can employ
The Confessional, me bhoy!

to hear. *Ca' the Yowes*. Who, indeed, but a Scotchman of ears familiar with all the bagpipe minstrelsy of his native land, does not feel curious, knowing that to be one of its beauties, to hear what *Ca' the Yowes* is like. It is, of course, a chorus. Englishmen, even Cockneys, are aware that "*Ca'*" in broad Scotch is pronounced as "*caw*." Imagine this musical word "*caw*" in all varieties of concord, and key, and musical contrast and combination, sung at the top of their voices by the whole Craithie choir. Also the equally if not more musical word, "*yowes*." Conceive the choral effect of "*caw*" and "*yowes*" commingled. The "*yowes*" must have been especially euphonious. Perhaps they reminded HER MAJESTY of the speech of another Queen, *Hippolyta* of the Amazons to wit; wherein she describes to her Lord, *Theseus*, the sort of music she once heard:—

"When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta."

Which tuneful animals so exerted their vocal powers that:—

"The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

But that was all "*yowes*." It was *minus* "*caw*." Our QUEEN had the advantage of hearing "*caw*" and "*yowes*" together; of which the effect must have exceeded that of a rookery in concert with a kennel. What a fugue SIR STERNDALE BENNETT, if he were a Scotchman and composed for the bagpipes, might construct out of *Ca' the Yowes*! Another subject very suitable to be set by a competent Scotch composer is *Caw Me, Caw Thee*. It would make an excellent catch.

A CONTRADICTION.

It was the observation of a foreign and puzzled spectator, that a Cricket Match has only just commenced when it is all "over."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 28. — Again did Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI face one another, smiling at the recollection of the pleasant holidays they had had, and looking inclined to initiate the post-Whitsun session with a game of leap-frog. At least such is the idea of our artistic young man, and artists see a good many things which nobody else behold, as the Academy testifies.

The spirit of fun, however, certainly presided, for the very first piece of business was the presentation, by Mr. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, of a petition that no advantage might be afforded to the Crown, when prosecuting his friend CASTRO, which that person was not to receive. It was a diverting demand, got up in the Isle of Wight, but we do not know

whether the Carisbrook Well Donkey was among the petitioners. We imagine not, as he is rather a sagacious beast.

To-night, and at various times during the week, Ministers were severely questioned on the subject of the Washington Treaty. They, that is LORD GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE, made what sort of no-answer they could, but it would not be profitable to reproduce their replies. "Penultimate Muddle" would be a good label for them.

Asked whether it were true that the Fenians still in gaol were to be let out in honour of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH's visit to Dublin, Mr. GLADSTONE curtly responded—as a certain echo was reported to have answered—"in the negative."

"Sentimentalists came forward, and soft mercy bade him show.

He repressed all maudlin feeling, and he sternly answered 'No.'"

Then we discussed the Navy Estimates, wrangled much, but voted handsomely.

Tuesday.—Mr. PETER TAYLOR presented a petition signed by a great many Ladies, who prayed that women and children might not be protected by the use of the Cat, which was a cruel thing, tending to produce ill-feeling. It is very kind of these Ladies, who are not in the slightest danger of being beaten, kicked, stamped upon, or otherwise maltreated, to try to prevent the use of the only effectual remedy for ruffianism. Such a demonstration shows the eminent fitness of the petitioners for a share in legislation.

Mr. GLADSTONE moved that the House should adjourn over the Derby Day.

Mr. THOMAS HUGHES opposed the Motion, denouncing the Turf as a generator of all kinds of soundrelium, and as something which the House ought not to recognise. He stated that it led hundreds of our youth to ruin, for the enrichment of the greatest soundrels unhung. If the House must patronise amusements, let them be of an honest and noble kind, like rowing, cricket, and rifle-shooting.

Mr. LOCKE, who has usually something to say, had nothing better, on this occasion, than a hope that the House would not take a "sanctimonious" course, a declaration that there were other roads to ruin besides the Turf, and an allegation that Mr. HUGHES used to like the Derby.

Mr. GLADSTONE said that Racing was a noble, manly, distinguished (sic), and nationally historical sport, and that the House was not bound to take notice of its abuses. Ha! dear Mr. GLADSTONE, you are thinking of such racing as has been sung by your favourite Greeks. You remember your namesake, Pelides, whom—

"We saw in all his arms arrayed,
The cumbrous equipage of war;
His speed he o'er the sand displayed,
Contending with the harnessed car.
With rival speed we saw Pelides fly,
In arms, the whirling chariot nigh."

[By the way, why has no painter since FUSELI dared to depict this splendid scene? Why is it not shown at Burlington House? Why? Because the public has no taste for grandeur, and prefers to pay for pictures of "Baby breaking the pap-boat." "The first toosey-poosey"—"Going to be vaccinated"—"Is um sick, den?" and the like.] Mr. GLADSTONE moreover urged, that if the House did anything, it ought to do a great deal more than merely refuse to adjourn: it should adopt repressive action against Turf soundrelium.

Mr. BAKERFORD HOPE was the only Member who spoke really good sense. Members believed that the House would rise on the Derby Day, made arrangements accordingly, and ought not to be inconvenienced.

The House voted, by 212 to 58 that it would go to the Derby.

Talk about the Autumn Manœuvres—the date is to be chosen with due regard to everybody's comfort. About South Africa, where Mr. FOWLER wishes to see a Confederation of States. All right—we'll do anything for South Africa except drink her wines. About a road between Queen's Square, Westminster and St. James's Street. But Members wanted to go and hear about the betting, and to dine in peace, so Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK was Counted Out.

Wednesday.—The Derby Day. A capital day, very fine, yet cloudy enough to prevent our friend Helios from being unduly attentive. Crenorne won by a short head. Many people won by long heads.

Thursday.—A curious Welsh Anti-Popish demonstration. The late MARCHIONESS OF BUTE gave a site for a Church at Cardiff. The Welsh folk do not attend it, chiefly it is said because no pains is taken to secure the services of effective parsons. Irish Catholics have swarmed in the district. So LORD BUTE proposes to give the Cardiff Protestants another church, elsewhere, if they will surrender this one. The Bishop of the diocese thinks this a right arrangement. But the fiery Welsh spirit boiled over. Radicals stood up for the Church of England, and denounced this attempt at a disestablishment, and the Bill was thrown out by 172 to 153.

Final fight on the Ballot Bill, which came on for Third Reading. Mr. MAGUIRE wanted to re-commit the measure, in order to get rid of the arrangement by which entire Secrecy is made impossible in the case of the lowest and most ignorant class. But Mr. FORSTER would have no more alterations. Mr. NEWDEGATE fiercely denounced the Bill as a boon to the Catholic Priests (some of whom, by the way, have declared that they will use the Confessional as a means of keeping their voters straight), and Mr. W. H. SMITH protested against an organic change in the Constitution. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declared that it was un-English. After a spirited defence of it by Mr. FORSTER, who asserted that the measure was demanded by the constituencies, the Third Reading was carried by 274 to 216; majority, 58.

Friday.—The Lords re-assembled, though they might have asserted their right to a race-holiday, and gone to the Oaks. The House was well filled, and there was an attendance of men of mark, who wished to hear something about America. There was some rather close questioning, and a good deal of dissatisfaction manifested.

LORD GRANVILLE declared that the honour of the country was safe in the hands of the Government.

But still the Lords were displeased. LORD WESTBURY, indeed, intimated in the pleasantest way that Three Charity Boys, of ten years old, would have made a better treaty than that of Washington, and he implied that the Ministers had not the least idea as to what sort of a new bargain they were making, and he tenderly implored them to consult their legal advisers as to whether the hole would not be as open as ever, after all their exertions. However, LORD GRANVILLE would say no more than that proper explanations should be given at the right time.

Punch suggests that Ministers had better act upon the hint of a famous Scotch song:—

"If it wasna weel bobbie, weel bobbie, weel bobbie,
If it wasna weel bobbie—we'll bob it again."

Rather a good Colonial debate in the Commons, and as Mr. Punch knows the intense and absorbing interest taken in the subject, he feels that the best thing he can do is just to—mention the fact, and proceed.

Debate on the impropriety of remitting the remainder of the sentence on the ruffians whose outrages led to the death of MURPHY, the unclean anti-Popish lecturer. Mr. BRUCE got behind the Judge who tried the case, and had recommended the remission, so there was an end. But things were said about "provocation," which would have provoked Mr. Punch to wrath, if it were worth his while to feel the passions of mankind.

We passed some Civil Service votes,
At nearly One put on our coats,
And such as pass for Ossy Folks
Remarked that Reins had won the Oaks.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



WELL, dear Boonish Boys and Girls, come to my arms. You did read what I did not say: you read between the lines: and you rejoice in your winnings. What I did say, as you can easily see by reference (though of course the words are stamped in all your brains) was, "We have now to speak of *Cromwells*"—and then, after a little joyous banter, and happy quotation, we added "*the Blue Riband is his*." Chortle in your joy, if you like. So big *Prince Charlie's* fortune were the same as those of the other big pretender who has lately come to grief, and who is now taking a view of several provincial districts, which may be a prudent course, for more reasons than one. The fooliah were on *Charlie's* side, another coincidence. I told you that *Queen's Messenger* ought to have won because I drew him in a sweep, but I am happy that my own interests were sacrificed for the sake of yours. "My snakes and gracious," as ARTEMUS WARD says, "there's nothing scarcely I would not do for my beloved Country. I would sacrifice all my wife's relations, and most of my own, without a pang or a weep, if my country demanded it." Still, if you like to send me a per-centage of the winnings to which I helped you, "I'd take it worry kind, uncommon kind of yer," as DICKENS' tramp says. But don't put yourselves out of the way to do it—don't reduce your subscriptions to the Opera or any other of the Missionary Societies. Well, I congratulate you on having followed my advice, noted what I did say, what I did not say, combined the information, and pocketed a lot of money. Don't spend it like frumious Bandersnatches, or you'll make me burble, but go on your ways galumphing.

PUNCH.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

THE doors of the Royal Academy have now been open a month, and the returns of the visitors who have ascended the stairs are hitherto without a precedent. The attendance of footmen and other domestic servants, both in and out of livery, in the vestibule, is far in excess of the usual average; and the number of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols detained at the entrance, is greater than in any previous year; so much so, that the Council have liberally sanctioned a grant for the purchase of additional balls of string, for affixing the numbers to these articles.

Portrait models of CONFUCIUS, the Seven Wise Men of Greece (a group), EPAMINONDAS, HANNIBAL, SOCRATES and his Wife, WAT TYLER, ZOROASTER, JONAS HANWAY (with umbrella), and the owner, trainer, and jockey of the Winner of the Derby (another group), have lately been added to the well-known Exhibition of Wax Figures in Baker Street.

Amongst the most recent patents is one for improvements in the manufacture of candles, to enable consumers to burn them at both ends.

MRS. SUSSEX DARLINGTON'S new novel, *The Mosses of Rolleston*, on which she has been uninterruptedly engaged for more than a month past, will be in the clutches of the Reviewers on Wednesday next. The plot of the story is laid on the Thames Embankment, and a midnight struggle on the Underground Railway, when the lamps have suddenly gone out, and no help is nearer than the

Mansion House, is spoken of as likely to enhance the reputation of the authoress.

The new tenor is a great success. His high notes remind the older *Habituals* of the Opera of what RUBINI'S register was before the Reform Bill; his low notes recall the compass of MARIO'S voice in its palmiest nights; and in some *staccato* passages he may be said to bring both these great singers to the recollection of his hearers at the same time. His execution leaves nothing to be desired on this side the Channel.

The pyrotechnic season promises to be one of unusual brilliancy. Rumour points to the "Cataracts of Crimson Rain," the "Transparent Tourbillons studded with Amber Bees," and the "Final Flight of Flashing Auroras," as forthcoming novelties which will throw all previous efforts of a similar character completely into the shade.

A Committee has been formed, consisting of the leading inhabitants of the Island, to solicit subscriptions, and obtain designs from the most eminent European, American, and Continental Sculptors, for a statue (heroic size) in Carrara marble, of the late ROBINSON CANNON, Esq., to be erected in some commanding position on the heights of Juan Fernandez. As it is confidently anticipated that every one who is acquainted with the life and history of this remarkable character will gladly contribute to the Fund, the Committee hope to raise a sum sufficiently large to enable them also to place a medallion of Friday on the pedestal.

Before many more publishing seasons draw to a close, a work may be expected from the pen of a distinguished living writer—he will forgive us for thus pointedly referring to him—which will finally terminate all our anxieties as to the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*: proving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that they were composed under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties and the artificial stimulus of ardent spirits, by a writer of whom no traces can now be discovered, and whose very name (one not of uncommon occurrence) has been spelt in different ways at different periods—sometimes with an *i*, sometimes with a *y*, and both with and without a final *e*.

ANIMAL INFANTICIDE.

BUTCHER, Butcher, spare a Calf;
Veal is Beef developed half.
Let it reach proportions full;
Grow to cow, or ox, or bull.
Butcher, Butcher, leave a Lamb
Frolicking beside its dam.
Lamb is Mutton's early bloom,
Gathered by untimely doom.
Lambs will fill out into ewes,
As a slim young lady grows
To a matron's bulky mass.
Let the Lamb, consuming grass,
Likewise into flesh and fat
(Only Mutton) transmute that.
Butcher, Butcher, hold thy steel
From purveying Lamb and Veal.
Beef and Mutton may abound,
Then, at somewhat less per pound.

Fresco Superseded.

THE Railway Bridge over the Thames at Barnes Terrace has the merit of being ornamental. So much cannot be said of the parti-coloured advertisements with which it has been defaced by bill-stickers to the extent of their reach. One of these fellows advertises himself in large letters as "Universal Bill-Poster." That is what he would be, no doubt, if he could. It will not be his fault if the interior of St. Paul's is embellished with paintings of Angels and Sibyls. If Bill-stickers had not to beware of Churches, we should soon see St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey too, inside and out, beplastered all over with flaring puffs by the "Universal Bill-Poster."

Antipathy Enlarged.

A COLLECTION of people united for the purpose of regulating other people's habits met, the other evening, at Exeter Hall, under the denomination of the Anti-Tobacco Society. This body of earnest but as yet ineffective philanthropists would perhaps be more successful if the reform at which it aims were a more radical one. Tobacco is merely the leaf of one member of that very generally noxious family, the *Solanaceae*. Perhaps the Anti-Tobacco Society will strike at the root of the order, or at least its tuber, declare against the *Solanum tuberosum*, and enlarge themselves into an Anti-Potato Association.



"TWO CAN KEEP COUNSEL, PUTTING ONE AWAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

Mamma. "How SPLASHED you ARE, ALICE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WALKING IN ALL THE PUDDLES YOU COULD FIND!"

Alice. "WELL, MAMMA, BOB AND MARY WOULD WALK ON THE SIDE WHERE THERE WERE NO LAMPS!"

[N. B. Robert and Mary are engaged.]

KEOGH AND CATHOLICISM.

TUAM's Archbishop, GALWAY's Bishop, lo!
And Clonfert's, voters for their free votes banning,
Reported criminal by JUSTICE KEOGH,

What do you say to that, ARCHBISHOP MANNING?

ARE TUAM, GALWAY, CLONFERT, and the Priests
Who likewise by JUDGE KEOGH have been reported,
As to their flocks mere wolves? If no such beasts,
Then must JUDGE KEOGH with heretics be sorted?

HAD they the holy office from the POPE
To make the voters vote at their dictation,
By threatening to deprive them of all hope
In the next world by excommunication?

CAN they, if needful, use, and, not abuse
E'en the Confessional, electioneering?
Would your flock have to vote as you might choose,
Had you received your cue for interfering?

WHAT, will the Holy Father disavow
Those Irish Prelates, as their sphere transgressing,
Their Censor a good Catholic allow,
And send JUDGE KEOGH his apostolic blessing?

ELSE, one were wise to think twice, thrice, and well,
Might one not find himself a clip-winged pigeon,
If he let you and MONSIGNOR CAPEL
Entice him over into your "religion"?

Ghostly Consolation.

It is a wonder that some of the hyper-orthodox Clergy are content with demanding that the Athanasian Creed should simply remain where it is. Perhaps some of them will propose that it should be added to the Form for the Visitation of the Sick.

THE PROPOSED OLD JURY.

THE criminal classes will be glad to hear that a clause in the Government Jury Bill proposes to extend the term of life during which men are liable to be compelled to serve on juries from the age of sixty to that of seventy. Above sixty the senses of sight and hearing are generally impaired. Most jurors between sixty and seventy years old will be unable to hear half of what judge, witnesses, and counsel say, or to distinguish objects well enough to read the countenances and note the demeanour of persons under examination. Thus circumstanced they will of course give the prisoner at the bar the benefit of that doubt as to his guilt which will be occasioned by their infirmities. It will highly delight all the rogues and thieves forming a portion of the British Public present in a Court of Justice to contemplate a jury of which the members mostly wear spectacles, and sit trying to listen to what is said with their hands at their ears extemporised as voice conductors, the foreman who presides over them having his acoustic organ supplemented by a large tin trumpet.

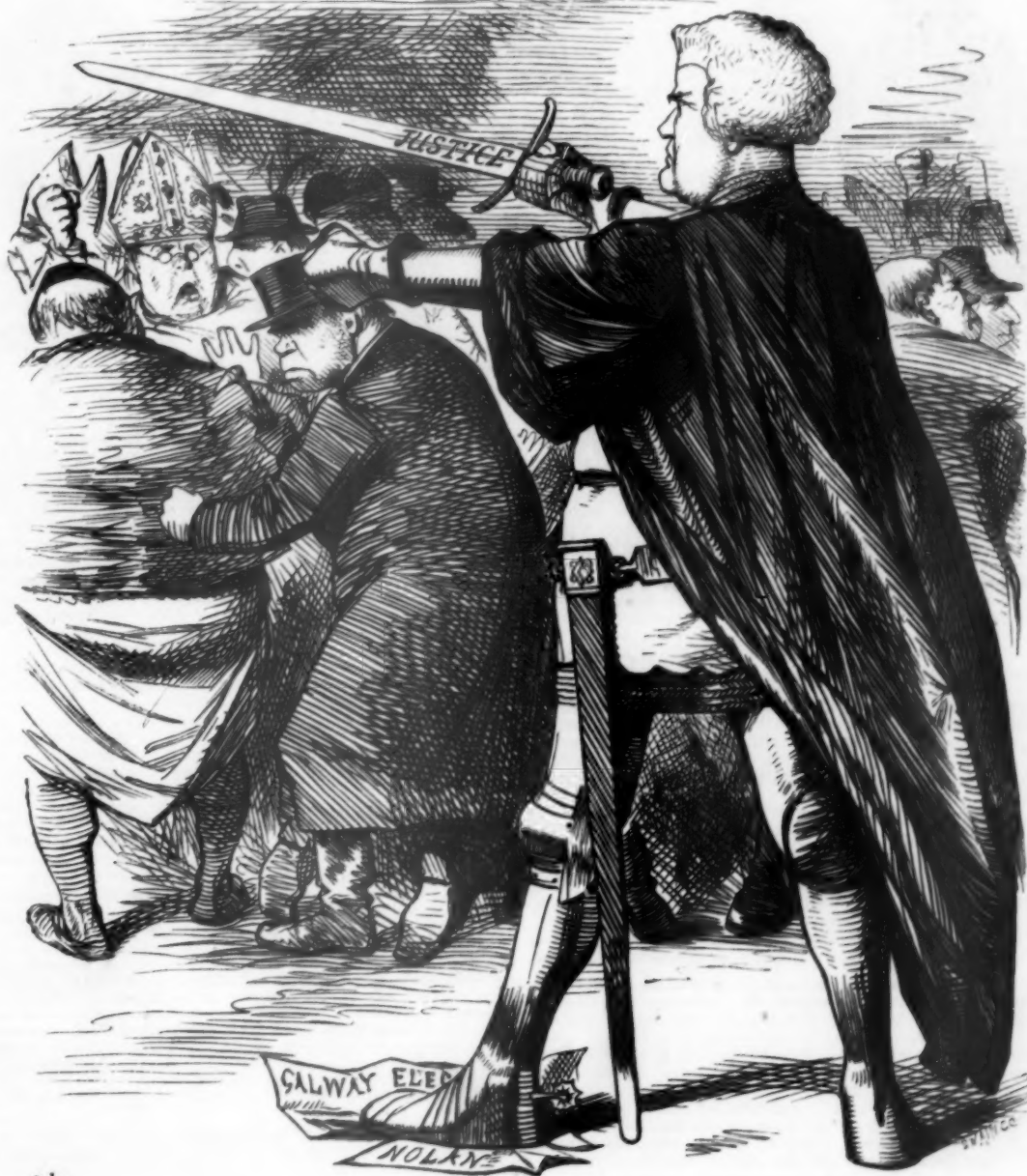
Impromptu.

(Made upon the Doorstep, after the Departure of a Greedy Guest.)

CONSIDERING how I've seen you stuff,
I need not hope you've had enough:
But if you do not take a pill,
I well may hope you'll not be ill.

"What will He do with it?"

A BRISTOL female has presented CASTRO with a Bible. We wonder what he thought it was. But the gift was very unkind, and *Punch* does not approve of spite. CASTRO is going to be placed in the dock on the charge of having already applied too closely to the sacred volume.



ST. PATRICK FOR GALWAY!

"FOR ONCE, THE LAW HAS PROVED STRONGER THAN MOB VIOLENCE, AND A HEAVY BLOW HAS BEEN DEALT AT THE POLITICAL TYRANNY OF THE PRIESTHOOD."

The Times, on Mr. JUSTICE KEOGH's Judgment.

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THE NOBLE SAVAGE AMONG THE ANTIQUARIES.



READERS have hitherto best known AYRTON, the amene, the urbane, the amiable, the genial, by the agreeableness of his answers to Parliamentary enquiries, and the courtesy of his correspondence with architects who have had the good fortune to be placed in professional relations with the Office of Works. He has lately included the Society of Antiquaries in the sphere of his instructional activity, and has taken one of those opportunities of which he is so ready to avail himself to show his zeal in

guarding the public purse from unwarrantable assault, and at the same time to convey a rebuke in his own delicate yet trenchant style to a Society of weak, if well-meaning enthusiasts, who believe that it belongs to a Government, with more than it can do in and about the present, to bother itself about relics or records of the past. MR. LAYARD, who in his brief tenure of the office of Chief Commissioner of Works did a good many rash things tending to show an extra- if not anti-official interest in such dilettante matters as Art and Antiquity,—which it has been one of the most useful and agreeable duties of MR. AYRTON to undo,—was so far forgetful of the limits of his public duty, as to write to the Council of the Society of Antiquaries (in February, 1869) an invitation "to furnish him with a list of such regal or other historical tombs or monuments existing in Cathedrals, Churches, and other public places and buildings as, in their opinion, it would be desirable to place under the protection and supervision of Government, with a view to their proper custody and preservation."

The Society, on this, appointed a "Sepulchral Monuments Committee," who with help from the inquiries of Fellows of the Society and Local Secretaries all over the country, laboured for two years on the preparation of such a list, for which the Director of the Committee received the thanks of the Society, and which LORD STANHOPE its Chairman, in his Address of this year, calls "a document of no mean importance." With the pardonable enthusiasm of an old antiquary, LORD STANHOPE, while as an ex-member of the House of Commons, reasonable enough to doubt "how far at the present time Parliamentary control can be effectually brought to bear upon the affair in question, considering both its novel nature and its inherent difficulties," goes on—

"But at the very least, it is a subject which deserves the most attentive consideration, and which, if successfully solved, would secure for ages to come the noblest records of departed glory. To smooth the path for such consideration, was therefore an aim most worthy to be sought; and it is precisely this aim which the List of the Committee has attained. It does not assert, as it was not bound to do, that an Act of Parliament is at present practicable, but it gives the foundation on which any such Act of Parliament, if framed at all, must rest. It shows the length and breadth of the work before us; it establishes, on high authority, what are the works of stone or marble that we should, if possible, protect from further harm. On these grounds, I may fearlessly assert that, whatever the issue of any immediate attempt at legislation, the gentlemen who served on the Committee will not have toiled in vain."

The Council sharing this delusion of its Chairman, transmitted this report to MR. AYRTON, as Chief Commissioner of Works, in the rash confidence that he would adopt the appeal of his predecessor, or, at least, lay the report before Parliament, while smiling, with calm superiority, at the enthusiasm of those who could see any public importance in the subject, or find any interest in old monuments.

But the Society was reckoning without its AYRTON. It little knew the stern sense of public duty, and the serene contempt for æsthetic trifling, which had now replaced eager dilettantism and weak consideration for Art and Antiquity, at No. 1, Whitehall Place.

MR. AYRTON administered to the Society, through his Secretary, one of those curt and cutting rebukes, which have made him an object of awful respect and wholesome avoidance to questioners in

the House of Commons. In this admirable answer, MR. AYRTON wholly declines to be bound by the letter of his predecessor, which, he observes, was written without the sanction of the Treasury having been first obtained. And he adds, on behalf of the Board, that their Lordships "have no intention of introducing a Bill, or of laying before Parliament the Report which has been made by the Sepulchral Monuments Committee."

LORD STANHOPE, instead of quietly putting up with the rap on the knuckles which he has thus drawn on himself and his brother antiquaries, is audacious enough to "doubt very much whether it will be found to the advantage of the public service, if a system should arise of the Chief of a Department disavowing the acts of his predecessor, even though that predecessor was of the same political party as himself, and whether a continuity or fixity of Ministerial action be not a necessary condition in seeking for the future to obtain for any public object the unpaid services of independent men."

Does not LORD STANHOPE see that MR. AYRTON is guided by far higher considerations than any commonplace regard for expediency, any more than politeness? He had to consider, first, the duty of snubbing intruders on a public office, whose head has other things to do than attend to their crotchets. Then there is the pardonable eagerness to avail himself of the opportunity of giving a slap in the face to those who come up to him with the unwarrantable expectation of a shake of the hand. Lastly, there is the enjoyment of throwing cold water on the exaggerated notions so common among antiquaries of the value of the remains of a benighted past, and of dispelling the delusion that an economical Government can acknowledge any concern, charge, or responsibility in connection with such things.

We say nothing of the natural pleasure of making oneself disagreeable, for which a Minister who has little enough amusement, Heaven knows, can hardly be expected to pass by so fair an occasion.

Let us hope that the lesson thus kindly, if sharply administered, will not be without fruit; that the Society of Antiquaries, or any other Society, will in future know its place better than to thrust itself and its reports on the Office of Works as it is, in answer to any appeal from the Office of Works as it was; that LORD STANHOPE and all whom it may concern, will henceforth bear in mind the difference between MR. LAYARD and MR. AYRTON, and remember not only that—as MR. LOWE has tersely put it—"we are not a paternal Government," but that "we are not an artistic Government," that "we are not an antiquarian Government;" and, above all, that "we are not a Government that gives civil answers, or adopts educated men's estimate of the public importance or æsthetic value of sepulchral monuments, or any other matters artistic or antiquarian."

MR. AYRTON, by these well-timed and happily expressed answers, spoken or written, in effect adapts to his own use the saying of IMPERATOR SIGISMUND, when he proclaimed himself superior to grammar, and declares to an admiring England, "*Sum Ayrtton operarum Commissionarius et sum tam super æstheticam quam super urbanitatem.*"

TREMENDOUS TELEGRAM.

THE electric telegraph seems a medium hardly suitable for the conveyance of such an announcement as the following message from Constantinople, dated actually on the day but one before the Derby:—

"The Ecumenical Patriarch has issued a pastoral letter excommunicating the Bulgarian Patriarch, anathematizing two Bulgarian Bishops, and inflicting on another the eternal pains of hell."

Such news as the above is of a nature remarkably opposite to that of an electric apparatus. It smacks of the pre-scientific ages, when the electric light was not yet, and the world was in mental darkness. Nothing was then known of electricity but some of its effects, chiefly those of lightning, then considered a supernatural phenomenon. At the same time Patriarchs and Popes were commonly believed to be supernaturally endowed with fulminating powers, like those of which the pretence, above instanced, of exercising has been anachronistically reported by the lightning wire. Fulminations of that sort are out of date. Yea, MR. MALAPROF, Ma'am, the time has gone by for all such "cursory observations."

Premature.

AMONGST the many attractions advertised by the Crystal Palace for the summer is an "Exhibition of Game and the Apparatus of Sport," to take place on August 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th. We never like to spoil sport, but, anxious to save the Directors and Managers of the most agreeable place of amusement we possess from falling into a snare, and coming into unpleasant collision with the Inland Revenue authorities, we would remind them that the Game season, even for grouse, does not begin until the 12th of the month in which they propose to hold their Exhibition.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

WE have been requested to publish the following programme of the various classes of objects, intended to be shown at the annual International Exhibitions during the remainder of the period which commenced in 1871, and will terminate in 1890. As many of the articles enumerated below require much time for their careful and complete preparation, and will have to be transported from distant countries, it is obvious that it must be an immense advantage to intending exhibitors to know beforehand the precise year when their specialities will be submitted to public inspection and cosmopolitan competition at South Kensington:—

1873.—Skates, slides for magic lanterns, &c., turtle in tanks; millinery, mathematical instruments, perambulators, walking-sticks, and aerated waters.

1874.—Menageries, mangles, baths and washhouses, games and sports, stove ornaments, hats, and draining tiles.

1875.—Postage stamps, silkworms, artificial limbs, small arms, omnibuses, lighting conductors, shows, spectacles, and other optical instruments.

1876.—Flags, asphalt and other pavements, yachts, medicine chests, hothouses, waxwork, refrigerators, liveries and li-queurs.

1877.—Matches, wedding outfits, saddles and bridles, church-bells, confectionery

THE OLD STORY.

(At the Horse Show.)



LAURA IS DELIGHTED TO LOOK DOWN ON DEAR CHARLES, CANTERING ROUND;

(including bridecakes), lighthouses, gasometers, and perfumery.

1878.—Agricultural implements, sewing machines, swimming apparatus, diving-bells, dry docks, dentistry, and gums.

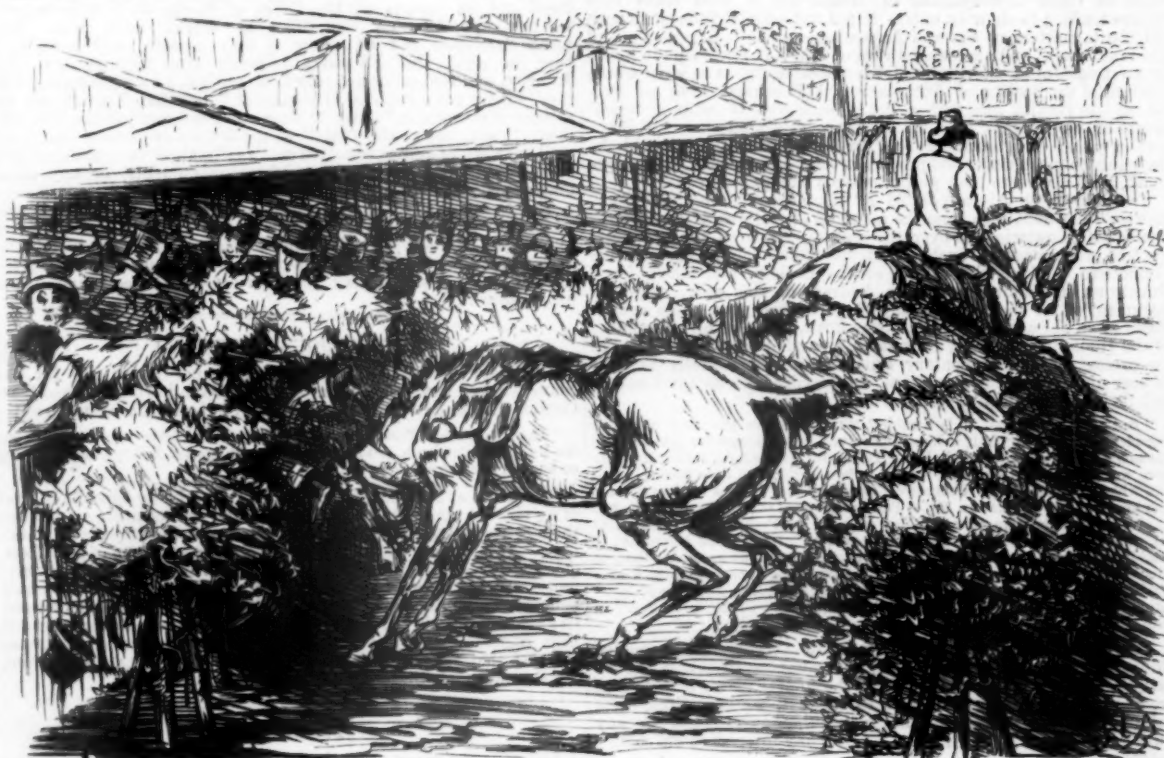
1879.—Panoramas, patent medicines, parasols and umbrellas, circuses, chandlery, autographs, and bathing-machines.

1880.—Pipes and preparations of tobacco, apparatus for preventing and consuming smoke, observatories, orangeries, artificial flowers, acts of parliament, carriages-and-four, balloons, flying machines, fireworks, and anything that may have been omitted in previous years.

Fine arts, fine dresses, flirtations, refreshments, season tickets, turnstiles, catalogues, military bands, crowds of people, and grumblers every year.

Parliamentary Ritualism.

THE House of Commons, which determined to sit on Ascension Day, adjourned for the Derby. Let it not therefore be said that the majority of the representatives of the people of this great country are Secularists. They have, at any rate, a cultus of their own, and it is something other than the idolatry of the Golden Calf. They adore the nobler animal. Their punctual and preferential observance of the Derby Day proves their devotees of Horse-Worship.



BUT WONDER WHAT BECAME OF HIM AT THE FIRST HURDLES (JUST BELOW HER SEAT).

WHAT MUST BE, MUST BE.—His friends the Priests have unseated CAPTAIN NOLAN for Galway, very much, as may be imagined, against his will. But let him accept his overthrow with becoming equanimity, comforting himself with the old classic adage—*Nolens volens*.

A PERFECT PARADISE.—Our friend BORROWER, who is always less or more out at elbows, is deeply interested in a new work on "*The Great Loan Land*," and has serious thoughts of emigrating to so desirable a country, if he can raise the means.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"O DEAR ME! HAS TITTENS DOT PINS IN THEIR TOES, I VUNDER!"

ABILITIES AND ENJOYMENT.

THE Income-tax for ever! That is what you are in for. Ye who pay it abandon all hope. No substitute is possible for it, here at least in England—although they manage these matters otherwise in France. Before all things it is necessary that the Masses should drink cheap tea—that settles the question. Make up your minds, therefore, to endure everlasting confiscation. You cannot help yourselves. But you need not allow yourselves to be deprived not only of your money, but also of the solace you derive from grumbling under the conviction that you are wronged. The *Times*, in a leader the other day, advanced the following apology for the impost from which you must never expect to be free:—

"The authority of ADAM SMITH is probably the highest on this subject among political economists, and it will be hard to show that an Income-tax sins in principle against any but one of his famous maxims. It purports at least to excel all indirect taxes in strict compliance with the first and most important of those maxims, since it is specially designed to make all subjects contribute to the support of the Government in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State."

Suppose that, of two men, one enjoys, under the protection of the State, £500 a year of revenue derived from fixed property, and the other enjoys the same amount of revenue derived from the practice of medicine, or otherwise obtained by personal exertions, and liable and likely to fail him at any moment. Are their respective enjoyments the same? Are their respective abilities the same? Is one as able as the other to enjoy himself? Is he as able to keep a carriage or to marry a wife? If there is no comparison between their respective abilities to incur expense, how much is there between their respective abilities to stand taxation? No; you are plundered, victims of Schedule D. There may be no redress for you—but you are plundered. Grin and—bear it.

A Painful Impression.

THE feelings of a boy, going to school for the first time, who reads that a Master is wanted for "Blackrod Grammar School," and finds that the advertisement refers to the Academy of which he is about to become a pupil, may be imagined but cannot be described.

OVER A DEAD TREATY.

ENOUGH Misunderstandings,
Of Understandings grown:
And Oliver-Twist demands
By Bunkum-bellows blown:
We've tried conciliation,
Of concession not fought shy,
Bowed to all humiliation,
Short of downright humble pie.
Yielding never favour curried,
Or curried it would be:
If the Treaty's dead and buried—
Amen to it—say we!

If e'er JOHN BULL was willing
Nice points of right to waive:
Take tennence in the shilling,
Nor the missing coppers crave:
If e'er at Yankee 'cuteness
He was content to wink,
On our cousins'—hem!—astuteness,
His sentiments to blink,
'Twas to save this wretched kettle
Of FISH from boiling o'er,
Claims, howe'er unjust, to settle,
Heal each self-fretted sore.

For this we shirked plain-speaking,
Lest their mob it might inflame:
Of party-chiefs' self-seeking,
Were content to help the game:
Put faith in their assurance,
Whom assurance ne'er controlled,
And bond of hardest durance
Was none too strong to hold:
And when they turned the tables,
And tripped us in the dust,
Found cobwebs and not cables
In the ties that were our trust.

Did we listen when they hinted
That "claims are only claims,
Of Brummagem brass-minted,
Counters for party-games?"
That, "after all, what matter
How much a case may ask?
To sift the lawyers' chatter,
Will be the judge's task:
Why grudge a bit of Bunkum
Mob and mob-press to lime?
Wire-pullers have to funk 'em
So near election-time!"

Best, p'raps, such prying smother,
And leave question on the shelf,
Which side has done the other,
And which has done itself.
We've given our cousins due rope;
In a tangle if they've got,
The record's there, for Europe
To say who made the knot.
We've bungled it betwixt us—
Decide, you who've the phlegm,
Is 't our cousins that have fixed us,
Or we that have fixed them?

Meantime the Treaty's done for;
And all 's well well that ends:
Till the White House is run for,
Parties must please their friends.
That fixed in happier season
Fish may resume the floor,
And to quiet row by reason
Invite JOHN BULL once more.
Till then, sans fume or frothing,
Our terms will stand the same:
For Indirect Claims—NOTHING:
For Direct ones, HALF YOUR CLAIM.

FOR THE NOBSE.

IMMEDIATELY it was perceived whose horse had won the Derby, the line of carriages round the Course became known as "Saville Row."



WHITSUN' CHAFF.

Facious Cabby. "LOST THE 'OUNDS, GENTS!"

NO MISTAKE ABOUT EVE.

No question has yet been asked by any Reverend Gentleman in Convocation about the nature of a work lately advertised under the title of *Saved by a Woman*. There are members of that grave assembly who may be imagined capable of being alarmed by the announcement of a book which, by the name of it, they may apprehend to be worse than anything yet written by the BISHOP OF NATAL. *Saved by a Woman*, to their minds, may be the expression of an error which is not only heterodox, but precisely the reverse of orthodox, and cuts at the root of everything. It has, in fact, no reference at all to the Tree of Knowledge, considered in any point of view whatever, whether according or contrary to the idea of DR. COLENSO. Neither is it a tract intended to teach a great Roman Catholic doctrine, but it is a very readable novel, only if the hero had been worth "saving," we should have liked it better.

Exceedingly Rude.

MR. PUNCH considers a good many "athletes" as not much better than brutes, but he has a respect for the Wrestler, whose sport reminds him of Ajax and Ulysses, and who uses his strength with science. Therefore he regrets to find that at Barrow-in-Furness, a wrestler is regarded as one of the inferior creation. In the B.-in-F. *Daily Times* he read that:—

"MR. GEORGE SKINNER, Hindpool, met with an accident on Tuesday afternoon. He and some others were wrestling together, when SKINNER fell and hurt his hind leg."

Sweetmeats for Schools.

SOME little while ago schoolboys were very generally affected with a mania for collecting used postage-stamps. Should the American notion of flavouring the adhesive matter of postage-stamps be adopted by our own POSTMASTER GENERAL, that mania will recur, with redoubled violence, amongst those unfastidious little wretches.

THE SACRED WEDNESDAY.

(Motion made, and Question put, "That this House do adjourn over Wednesday, the 29th of May.")

"ADJOURN o'er Wednesday? Wherefore so?"

"That we may to the Derby go."

On Wednesday little o'er goes on;

That day's almost a dies non."

"Wednesday a dies non, indeed!"

The only day that you concede

To crotchets-mongers. Throw away

Would you your weekly All-Fools'-Day?"

SIMILAR STREAMS.

DR. LETHBY sticks up manfully for the London water, most of which is derived from the Thames. The Doctor is, in his way, a sort of Champion of the Thames, and, standing by the Thames as he does, if he were not LETHBY, you may fancy he might be called THAMESBY; but when you bethink yourself of

"the fat weed

"That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,"

and consider that the banks, if not the wharves, of the Thames abound in fat weeds, fattened by tributaries from Kingston-on-Thames, for example, you will perhaps consider that Thames and Lethe are so much alike that Thamesby and Letheby are really equivalent names.

Red for White.

It is considered necessary, by GENERAL CHANCY'S Committee, "to examine the capitulation of Sedan before a Court-Martial." One would say that this was crying over spilt milk, but that no tears are shed about it; and, if there were, the fluid spilt and wept over would not be milk.



SUPEREROGATION.

Country Maid (having first seen "Misan" and the Children into a Cab). "O, COACHMAN, DO YOU KNOW THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO DRURY LANE THEATRE—?"

Crabbed Old Cabby (with Expression of Ineffable Contempt). "Do I KNOW! KIM AUF—!"

OPERA REFORM.

MELODIOUS PUNCH,

DON'T be startled by my heading. I am not going to ask you to pitch into MR. GYE, or belabour MR. MAPLESON. The reform which I desire is one beyond their management; and I am bold enough to hope that it will meet with your encouragement. But a bolder man than I am has given me the hint for it. Certainly, HERR WAGNER is far pluckier than I am. I should never have been bold enough to write such operas as his, for I should never have been bold enough to expect people to listen to them. Besides, HERR WAGNER has actually just founded a new theatre, and that is certainly a work for a bolder man than I am. Moreover, in his theatre HERR WAGNER has the boldness to propose to make the orchestra invisible. In certain theatres I know, how I wish it were inaudible! But the best proof of his boldness I find detailed as follows:—

"HERR WAGNER makes very strong demands upon his audience, which needs reform as much, he says, as the opera itself. He does not wish that people should enter the theatre after they are tired out by the labours of the day, and when a superficial enjoyment is all they need; but he desires that the people who attend the Nibelungen shall rest during the day, and enter the theatre with fresh spirit, capable of receiving and enjoying the impressions that will be called up."

Unbelievers in HERR WAGNER will hardly be surprised at this. To them, it doubtless is such hard work listening to his music that a good long rest beforehand will seem absolutely needful. But, without having the irreverence to acquiesce in this, I think you will agree with him that operatic audiences vastly need reforming. I am, of course, a model auditor myself, or I should not venture to throw stones at my neighbours. But I notice that some people go chiefly to the opera not to listen but to chatter, and scarcely hold their tongues when PATTI sings her sweetest.

OUR BARONESS FOR OUR BIRDS.

NEXT to greedy Lords of Manors,
And the Railway wretches base,
(Wait, Confusion on their banners!)
England's Commons who efface,
If hard words could their employers
Serve as shots, the hardest words
I'd let fly at the destroyers
Of our native British Birds.

Hang them! There is scarce an Eagle,
E'en in Scotland, left on flight;
They have managed to inveigle
Into gins, or shoot down, Kite,
Buzzard, Harrier, Goshawk, Hobby,
Merlin, Kestrel, Sparrowhawk,
Raven, Chough, Crow, Magpie—snobby
Landlords in the poulterer's walk!

They be hanged, too, those base prowling
Cads, and riff-raff, vagrant chaps,
Song-birds wholesale who, bat-fowling,
Catch, and snare in nets and traps.
O for such a whip, to lick 'em
As would serve me, into fits,
O for boots wherewith to kick 'em
That exterminate Tom-tits,

Thrush and Blackbird, Lark and Linnet,
Goldfinch, Bullfinch, Greenfinch! Would
Foot had on it, hand had in it
Weapons which at will I could
Wield for Redbreast, Yellowhammer,
Brown, and Golden-crested Wren,
Those, and all things which enamour
With old England, Englishmen:

And a noble Englishwoman;
Nobler none; few wise as she,
For wild Birds and open Common
List LADY BURDETT COULT'S plea.
If you do not see the wit in
These appellatory rhymes,
Read that. Lo, is it not written
In the other Thursday's Times?

AQUATIC INTELLIGENCE.—MRS. MALAPROP was heard to express the hope that the result of the International Boat Race would be a glory to the Umpire on which the sun never sets.

Then, besides the prattlers, there are the stampers and the hummers, bores who think they have a little music in their souls, and so apparently feel bound to stamp the time, and hum the airs, in manner most abominable. Hardly less a nuisance are the rapturous applauders, who rationally cry Brava! in the middle of a song, and drown its final notes by their premature hand-clapping. Not less annoying are the yawners, who seem bored by the whole thing, as they would probably express it, and are sad dampers on the pleasure of appreciative listeners. Moreover, quite as troubling are the carpers, who try to show their knowledge by finding fault with everybody, and affect to wince under the hearing of flat notes, which nobody except themselves is sharp enough to recognise.

If HERR WAGNER could reform these operatic nuisances, how all true lovers of music would thank him in their hearts! If he only could compose people, and force them to keep quiet while sitting at the opera, he would, with added merit, rank as a wonderful composer.

Believe me, yours profoundly,

BEETHOVEN WEBER BROWN.

Calliope Cottage, Friday.

American Papers, Please Copy.

"KNOCKING the consequence out of a fellow" is a common school phrase for the process the Yankees mean applying to us when putting in practice their happy thought of inflicting "consequential damages." However, there are many happy signs that this threatening storm-cloud will be soon dissipated, and the American Case will prove no *casus belli*, even as regards a war of words, but *brutum fulmen*—mere SUMMER lightning. May the trouble, like so many others, be ended in the bowl, and, instead of squabbling over last year's Washington bantling, let JONATHAN and JOHN proceed to "kiss the baby."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AT was the word, yes, "Cat," but not on this *Monday, June 3*, but on the following night, LORD GRANVILLE, the polite, used it. He said that MR. DISRAELI had been watching the PREMIER, like a cat, all the Session. But it is fair to add, and indeed, LORD GRANVILLE, who is not only polite but just, did add, that FELIX DISRAELI had not tried to pounce.

The Parliamentary week was marked by a debate raised by LORD RUSSELL on the American business. He had been reticent as long as he could, but the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue. He proposed to carry a Resolution that all proceedings before the Geneva Arbitrators should be suspended until the Indirect Claims should be withdrawn.

We'll tell you a story of high life, omitting names, of course. Somebody (a great somebody) at a reception, asked a friend what ladies the latter had just been speaking to. He was answered that they were American ladies. Now most American ladies are beautiful, but these were perhaps a trifle less beautiful than most. "Hm," said Somebody, "it seems to me that their Claims to admiration may be called Indirect Claims." "Good, even for you," said Mr. Punch, smiling at the epigrammatist, and gliding away to pay his compliments to the ladies in question.

But to revert to the Lords. There was a slight anticipatory debate on Monday, and EARL RUSSELL announced that he should certainly bring on his Motion next evening. LORD WESTBURY said that as LORD GRANVILLE was desirous of sheltering himself behind the shield of an opinion of the Law Officers, he, LORD WESTBURY, should like to have an opportunity of seeing the shield—or rather, he did not want the opinions, but the Case that had been submitted. LORD GRANVILLE answered that the other Lord might move a vote of censure if he liked.

There was long talk on the same subject in the Commons, but as it has ceased to have interest, Mr. Punch cannot be at the trouble of going into details. This weather is depressing enough.

Of course MR. JUSTICE KEOGH's Judgment in the Galway Case has made a terrible commotion. The wrath of the Irish Priesthood is at a white heat, and they are raking up all the history of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH's early days—in which there is nothing to assail, though he was a dashing jovial Irishman, who enjoyed life—to prove that he had brought unjust accusations against the holy hierarchy of Erin. MR. GLADSTONE was asked whether his attention had been called to the Judgment, and he said that it had, and that he did not see that Government had any cause to interfere.

The Scotch Education Bill was proceeded with in Committee, and the Liberals, this time, obtained majorities on divisions. This, we suppose, is as much as you want to know; anyhow, it is all we are going to say.

Tuesday.—To-night came on EARL RUSSELL's Debate. He made an able speech. He was, as he always has been, opposed to the doctrine of Arbitration, which the plucky old Whig does not consider compatible with national dignity. He found huge fault with the Washington Treaty; but his attitude is so admirably illustrated in our Cartoon, that it is needless to picture him in words. The gallant veteran received, at the end, such cheers as the composed Peers seldom give.

LORD GRANVILLE answered with vigour and ability, and protested against a course that was calculated to destroy Treaty and negotiations and all.

Nearly all the good speakers were heard, LORDS DERBY, KIM-

BERLEY, GREY, WESTBURY, SALISBURY, and CAIRNS did all they knew, and the debate was worthy of the Senate. Then it was proposed, by the CHANCELLOR, that the discussion should be adjourned, whereat there was wrath, and on division it was resolved by 125 to 85, majority against Government 40, that there should be no adjournment. But then it was pointed out by LORD KINNAIRD that LORD HATHERLEY had been sitting there for many hours without refreshment, and it was hard to ask him to get up and make an elaborate reply at half-past midnight. So the Lords relented, and the debate was adjourned, and the CHANCELLOR had his supper.

More Scotch Education in the Commons, and MR. THOMAS HUGHES brought in a Bill on the subject of Betting. We have not yet seen it, but we believe it is short, and enacts that whosoever shall make any bet of any kind upon any subject whatsoever shall be executed for the first offence, and condemned for the second to read nothing but sporting papers for the rest of his life. This we consider merciful.

Wednesday.—In the Commons, on a Birmingham Sewage Bill, SIR ROBERT PEEL was vehement, and quoted. He said that when a previous division had come, the Whip

"Had stuttered out with incoherent seal,

"Of course you vote against SIR ROBERT PEEL."

We may note that he used some strong language about a Parliamentary barrister, and that on another night remonstrance was made by MR. DENISON, on which SIR ROBERT, in the manliest way, expressed his regret at what he had said in heat, adding, that "he withdrew it, to himself, the moment he had uttered it." MR. DENISON then regretted that he had noticed the matter, and Mr. Punch records, with a bland smile, that real good manners are not yet banished from the House of Commons.

On a Bill for preventing vile defamation of character, it was made clear that in spite of selfish or sentimental ladies, the House of Commons perceives the virtues of the "Cat." By the way, wiser ladies than those above gently alluded to, are petitioning that the House will protect the helpless by flogging ruffians. MRS. FAWCETT takes charge of the petition, and Mr. Punch recommends that signatures be sent to that lady, whose courage does her honour.

Thursday.—Debate on LORD RUSSELL's Resolution was to have been resumed in the Lords, but EARL GRANVILLE had a sort of sensation announcement to make. Briefly, the Indirect Claims appear to have been formally withdrawn, if the proposed rule about consequential damages, in the future, be adopted.

This was announced in both Houses, and the Lords felt themselves justified in assenting to the withdrawal of LORD RUSSELL's Motion. Mr. Punch abstains from any Demonstrations until everything shall be in black and white. But it did look as if the reign of common sense were to be resumed.

In a small way, too, the same wholesome rule is regaining power at home. Four questions had been put on the paper about CASTRO. One was by his patron, MR. ONSLOW, and one by MR. WHALLEY, who sees Popery in the believing the evidence of a Catholic nobleman. MR. LOWE and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL announced that they did not mean to answer any questions on the subject.

More Scotch Education, and something very shocking was said by SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE about hypocrisy being necessary for success with Scotch constituencies.

Friday.—Do you happen to remember that some time back there was ventilated an alleged grievance about some young Guardsmen, who, according to the DUKE OF RICHMOND, were going to be ill-treated by being made to educate themselves, whereas they had received their rank without that preliminary? To-night the Duke said that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF had put matters all right—how, was not stated.

The Liquors Bill went through Committee in the Lords. It was foolishly proposed to interfere with the arrangement by which Grocers sell bottles of liquor. Why, this is a most excellent arrangement. The man who goes to a grocer's, and buys a bottle of wine to consume at home, is a good sort of man, devoted to domestic joviality. Home-drinking, in moderation, of course, is a positive Virtue. Surrounded by his smiling family, let Paterfamilias pour out to his beloved Partner and endeared Olive Branches the regal purple stream, and let them be happy. There was also suggestion that Grocers ought not to be allowed to keep open when Publicans had to close. What wisdom there is in this world! Does not a respectable Grocer shut up at the most reasonable hours?

In a debate on the Navigation of Men of War, MR. HANBURY TRACY made a statement which may as well be noticed. During the last 11 years 106 of H. M.'s vessels have gone ashore. In 41 cases there was no blame, but in the other cases there was all blame, and the value of the vessels thus blamefully endangered was £5,160,000. Write it out in words, if you please, and add that while a gentleman was trying to impress the Commons with the necessity of educating our officers, an attempt was made to Count Out the House, and it nearly succeeded!

A RITUALIST MIRACLE.



ROME! Away with her! Leave her to be finished off by Mr. JUSTICE KROGH—we have no time to waste upon the Lady Scarlattina. We have a Miracle of our own—a real Ritualist Miracle. 'Tis recorded in the *Church Times*, and vouched for by the REVEREND GERALD MOULTRE, South Leigh Vicarage, Oxford.

His letter is about a column in length, but for which fact, and for some of its language, *Punch* might transfer it to his columns. He must boil it down, like spinach. But he pledges himself to the accuracy of his *résumé*.

A (horrid) Methodist named MICHAEL ALLEN,

was, twelve years ago, digging a drain. After work he supped, and went to bed. Now, Mr. MOULTRE, go on:—

"That night his wife had a dream. She seemed to be watching her husband as he was digging the drain. She noticed a small hole opening southward in the excavation, to which she called her husband's attention; that he put his spade in, and found that the more he dug the larger it got. Finally, the passage got large enough for her to enter, and then she descended into the earth. After her descent she found herself in a chamber of great beauty, with many ornaments. That what most struck her attention were two pedestals, square, and about four feet high, covered with frosted silver, like hoarfrost on a hedge in winter. That she was struck with the idea that it was something mysterious and sacred, which made her exclaim, '***'. That, looking round on the costly ornaments of the room, she was then filled with desire for them, and shouted out aloud, 'Lord, MICHAEL! you don't know half what we are worth!' This woke her husband, who roused her from sleep, after which she dreamed no more."

"But, next day, she made her husband dig in the direction indicated in her dream. He dug. He did not discover the chamber of beauty, nor the frosted silver pedestals, but he dug up an Ancient Crucifix. Alas, being a Methodist, he sold this, two years later, for half-a-crown! Ten years later, Mr. MOULTRE heard of the Miracle, and he says, 'I was half wild.' (He seems to have amended his half-ness now.) But he resolved to obtain the Crucifix; and by another Miracle, a little one of which he makes no account, he recovered it from a curiosity dealer. He has it now. He describes it. Enough for a secular paper to extract one passage from the description:—

"It is very rude; and one's first impression is, 'How very ugly!' But the expression of the face is full of divine agony, which causes in one after a time a certain indescribable awe, which makes one nervous when alone in the room with it. I speak from my own experience, and others have expressed their consciousness of the same feeling."

There!! Now has the Anglican, or rather the Ritualist, Church no Miracles to support it? A Methodist, who is, of course, worse than any heathen, has been made the instrument. A dream suggests the search. The hard-hearted Methodist sells the relic. A curiosity shop-keeper secretes it for ten years. At last it is discovered, and it makes Mr. MOULTRE nervous. What has Rome to say to this? Henceforth let S. Januarius, the Winking Picture, the—

We are very sad, very much shocked. Will it be believed that the following verses have been found inscribed on a wall at South Leigh?—

"O please and be cautious, you dear Mr. MOULTRE,
Don't go in the farm-yard and look at the poultry;
For though his suspicion could have no excuse,
A Protestant gander might think you a Goose."

The Strasburg Zone.

It has of late years become customary with sculptors to represent cities of any degree of magnitude or importance as female figures. Many a statuary, doubtless, has made a graven image of Strasburg. According to certain German papers, Strasburg is about to be re-fortified. They say that Strasburg will be surrounded by a girdle of eighteen forts. A corresponding alteration will require to be made in the statue of Strasburg, which should for the future have the bas-reliefs of eighteen forts chiselled on its girdle. This will, perhaps, originate a sweet thing in girdles.

FAITH FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

In the French National Assembly, the other day, there occurred, with respect to the subject of Army Re-organisation, a rather brisk debate on that of Religion. "Question, question!" would have been the cry had the topic been imported into a similar discussion in the House of Commons. There, indeed, it would perhaps be beside the question. For the Legislature of France it is not beside the question at all, now, certainly. So long as the French Army consisted of willing conscripts and voluntary substitutes, religion may have stood in a relation to it of no special importance. The man who, in return for a few sous a day, his clothes and victuals, did not hesitate to run the risk of compound comminuted fractures and amputation, loss of under-jaw perhaps, or of both hands, in this world, was little likely to look so far forwards for anything unpleasant as the other. But compulsory service will bring into the Army of France brains against their will. Brains object to be blown out, the rather when they are largely endowed with the organs of the religious sentiments, Veneration, as the Phrenologists say, and Marvellousness. Brains object to be blown out even on the supposition:—

"That when the brains were out the man would die."

Much more do they object to be blown out on the opposite supposition, and very much more still on the opposite belief, to wit, that when the brains are out the man will not die. The influence likely to be exerted by religion on brains is therefore quite a point requiring to be perpended by legislators who meditate opposing brains to bullets and balls, and bombs, and bits of jagged iron. Are the rank and file of thinking Christians the stuff that a thinking General would prefer to place in that antagonism? Is the position of a combatant in the cannon's mouth tolerable for any thinking believer but one who is confident of being a perfect Saint? Messieurs may well consider if the union of religious faith with reflective intellect is likely to be serviceable, or otherwise than extremely unserviceable for any army but an Army of Martyrs.

Here only think what a happy thing it is for Europe and the world that the religion of the great majority of Frenchmen, who have any at all, is what it is, namely Popery, which represents future conditions as unspeakably frightful for all mankind except a comparatively very few Romish Saints. Its tremendous dissuaves, for ordinary mortals, from braving death anywhere, and particularly on the battle-field, have doubtless had some pacific effect upon their minds. It has assuredly kept them as quiet as any religion could keep such a people ridiculously misallied logical. What a state mankind would be in, now, if the French were Mussulmans! Fancy what would happen if JULES were generally actuated by the belief of HASSAN concerning "the maids of Paradise," and "the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes," reserved for Zouaves and Chasseurs who have the good fortune "*mourir pour la patrie*":—

"They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave:
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower."

It is truly a wonder that NAPOLEON, called the Great, had not the greatness to compel the French, when he ruled them, to turn Mahometans. Islam is the creed that their Bishops and Statesmen should inculcate on them, if they want to humbug them into charging batteries. Religion would be of immense advantage on the side of French soldiers if it made them charge to the shout of *Allah Hu!*

There is, however, a certain personal religion of the French kind which may answer very well for military purposes—with proper management. The religion of the unthinking Roman Catholic will do, under adequate direction. But then he must be extremely unthinking. He must think nothing of aught that he has read, if able to read, about futurity, or even of anything which he heard his Priest preach the other day. He must think only of his Priest's last words; and those must be "*En avant!*" With a Chaplain well up to his official work, Christianity *à la Romaine* might, as far perhaps as the multitude are concerned, be rendered a religion for French soldiers the next best after Mahometanism.

The Popenys at Paris.

FRENCH gentlemen, apparently, as well as English, are capable of pigeon-shooting, if not of dog-fighting and badger-baiting. A match of "trap-shooting" came off the other day at the Bois de Boulogne. The competitors included a number of Counts, Marquises, and Princes, but, according to a narrative of their brave sport,—

"The first prize, 1767 fr., was carried off by Mr. VANNITTART without a tie."

Some non-sporting readers might be disposed to infer from this statement that pigeon-shooters, like the frequenters of "canine" and ratting entertainments, are oads, not particular as to costume.



REAL EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH IS OF OPINION THAT A POLITE AND EASY BEARING TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE SEX (TEMPERED, OF COURSE, WITH PROPRIETY AND DISCRETION) CANNOT BE INCULCATED AT TOO EARLY AN AGE. HE THEREFORE RECOMMENDS THAT WHENEVER AN INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES HAPPENS TO MEET AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, THEY SHOULD ALL BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO EACH OTHER, AND ALLOWED TO TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD IN COMPANY.

THE BRIGANDS OF BARNES.

THERE is a sad want of Custom-House Officers to check a species of smuggling carried on by gangs of Capitalists and Speculators in the House of Commons, namely the smuggling of Private Bills. A most disgusting instance of it is alleged in the following extract from a letter signed "W. B." in the *Times*, on the subject of Barnes Common:—

"I may tell" Barnes "something more. There is a Bill in Parliament by which a large portion of the Common is to be taken for a railway and railway terminus. This has already passed the Commons without one single word of opposition from the advocates for the preservation of commons and open spaces, so that probably we may have coal-sheds and smoking chimneys built on it. It would appear that commons and open spaces are only preserved when not wanted for other purposes."

If it is simply true that a large portion of Barnes Common is about to be taken for another railway there, the vigilance of people of the right sort has been eluded by some of the money-grubbers of the Midas kind, who turn everything they are suffered to touch, however beautiful or useful in any other than a pecuniary way, into money. Are there no gentlemen in Parliament who will organise themselves into a preventive service to look out for and frustrate the attempts of those sordid parties? The need of an additional railway on a spot so accessible as Barnes Common, is very little; the advantage of preserving that open space is very great. Spoil Barnes Common, spoil Hyde Park, spoil Kensington Gardens. Cut a railway through Hampton Court, and convert its Palace into a Terminus! Perhaps the House of Lords will dare to rescue Barnes Common.

A Word for Sir Wilfrid.

AN advocate for compulsory abstinence from spirituous liquor may find an argument upon the fact that the three first letters of Ignorance are convertible into Gin.

READING MADE UNEASY.

IN a delightful letter, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by MR. CHARLES READE, that gentleman describes the Kensington Show of Musical Instruments. But he says—

"Then there are Italian spinets, one of which ought to interest the Ladies, for it has nineteen hundred and twenty-eight precious stones outside it, and very little music inside."

What do you mean, MR. READE? Why should this specially interest the Ladies? Is a Lady something externally rich in expensive glitter, and internally devoid of charming and harmonious qualities? Can you intend to signify this? O, dear Sir, explicate.

Geology for Jackasses.

FOLKS talk of the Crust of the Earth;
Its strata which outermost lie.
A Fool reflects, chuckling with mirth,
This world, then, 's a pudding, or pie:
Vesuvius, at seasons, lets out
The gravy within it has got,
And that being lava, no doubt
Inside that the meat is all hot.

Nominal Nonsense.

A COMMITTEE of the Council of the Institution of Naval Architects has reported to the Board of Trade that, in their opinion, "the term 'nominal horse-power,' as at present ordinarily used for commercial purposes, conveys no definite meaning." Worse than that, in one case it involves a contradiction in terms. Who but a moke would mention the nominal horse-power of a donkey-engine?



BIG JOHN AND LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN. "BE FIRM, BIG JOHN, BE FIRM! AM I NOT BESIDE YOU!!!"

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.



RATHER was made for conversation—indeed it is its chief necessity.

A calculation has been put forth by an eminent actuary that three out of every five conversations open with a remark on the weather. He was engaged two years, in all weathers, in collecting data for this computation. His sufferings were greatest in the bad quarter of an hour before dinner.

The Ancients thought much of the weather. The Greeks had a Temple of the Winds, an anticipation of Greenwich Observatory, and their most

popular comic author called one of his dramatic pieces *The Clouds*.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the weather is the number of persons who are constantly endeavouring to raise the wind. They are more numerous than that other class of people—a considerable one no doubt—who are always looking out for a rainy day.

Many persons are so much taken up with the weather that they are continually in the clouds.

With all the discoveries Science has made, we are yet very far from knowing what the clouds exactly contain, so many things are still in *nubibus*.

There are two kinds of Dew. The one prevails in the early morning and leaves its traces on the feet, the other makes its appearance mostly at night and affects the head. There is a difference of opinion among philosophers about dew, but a remarkable unanimity as to Mountain Dew.

Music has been composed on the weather, for instance the well-known glee, *Hail, Smiling Morn*. (Note the sly allusion to the fickleness of our English climate.)

There are four quarters of the wind, consequently there ought to be two halves, but nothing is known of them at Greenwich.

Every information about ice can be obtained at GUNTER'S, GRANGE'S, GROVE'S, or any other eminent confectioner or fishmonger.

There is a want in literature—there is no good biography of the Clerk of the Weather.

No poultry show can be considered complete without a collection of weathercocks.

In northern countries they call their dances in the winter Snowballs.

The Weather was very dismal in the Dark Ages.

ALL A-GROWING!

LORD WESTBURY finds fault with our Commissioners at Washington for using the phrase "demands growing out of the Alabama Claims." LORD WESTBURY declares, in his pleasant, playful way, that such a phrase smacks more of the market-gardener than the diplomatist. But surely, whether the Commissioners were or were not the right men in the right place, their phrase is the right phrase in the right place. What have the demands of our dear American cousins done but "grow," from year to year, from month to month, from week to week, from day to day? They are still growing. They will go on growing, we may be certain, till the Arbitrators put a stopper on them. "Growing" never were such demands to grow!

These are the Indirect Claims, first. They would have "grown" to nobody can say how many millions out of nothing at all, if JOHN BULL hadn't put his foot down, and squenched them, for good and all.

And not only may these indirect demands be best described as "growing," but as "growing out of the Alabama Claims." For what has been JOHN BULL's contention all along, but that such demands never could have grown *within* the Alabama Claims and therefore could only have grown *out* of them.

So far from agreeing with LORD WESTBURY, *Punch* submits that, so far as the Indirect Claims go, the phrase has an appropriateness and felicity rarely to be found, even in the vocabulary of diplomacy, that science of words *par excellence*.

It is true JOHN BULL contends that the Indirect Claims were not included in the Treaty, and so *Punch* has no business, it may be said, to defend the phrase by argument drawn from *them*. But our American cousins maintain that such claims were included; and as their Commissioners are as responsible as our own for the phrase which LORD WESTBURY objects to, and as it has been evident all through this dispute that our cousins know very well what they are about, we submit that the phrase is a good phrase for their view of the case, if not for ours.

Then the Direct Claims! Aren't they as fine and healthy a set of "growing" claims as ever were started? Look at the case of our dear, modest, fair-dealing cousins on this point. There are the Claims for losses on account of merchant-ships destroyed, injured, or detained, to the tune of £3,700,000. The Board of Trade Committee, on inquiry, find that this claim has "grown" to just twice its natural size. This is managed by a system of double-entry which does the greatest credit to the well-known commercial 'outness' of our American cousins. Thus, in the case of captured or destroyed merchantmen, the Owner first claims for loss of ship and cargo, and then the Insurer claims for the payment he has made to the Owner on account of the same loss. This ingenious principle is acted upon, all through the case. As a Britisher commenting on this part of our cousins' Claims observes:—

"A shipowner makes a claim for loss of the bill of lading freight on goods shipped on board his vessel, while the owner of the goods, at the same time, advances a claim for the full price which they would have realised at the port of destination. But it is obvious that this price would not have been realised without the freight having been first paid, and, consequently, if both claims were satisfied in full the freight would be in effect paid twice over. So in respect of the whaling and fishing vessels, claims are made not merely for the 'secured earnings' of such ships at the moment of their capture, but for the whole 'prospective earnings' of their voyage, no deduction whatever being made for wear and tear and consumption of stores. Similarly, in the case of ships in ballast—that is, in course of sailing to a port of loading—claims are made for the whole of the 'gross freight' which they would have earned if they had taken up their cargo, whereas it is obvious that the real loss consists of the 'net freight' which would have been realised after deduction of wear and tear, consumption of stores, payment of wages, and other necessary expenditure."

If a monument is due to the man who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before," American patriotism ought surely to find some reward for the 'cute citizen who discovered this way of making two dollars grow out of one, in his Direct Claims on the Britisher.

But with these American Demands before us, who can complain that the phrase which has so annoyed LORD WESTBURY is not strictly appropriate?

A QUESTIONABLE SPIRIT.

"THE New Tea Spirit, Robur"

About the walls we see.

What Spirit, from so sober

A beverage as Tea?

And Tea with "Robur" naming

Together, seems a joke

Some explanation claiming;

As "Robur" stands for oak.

If leaves could be fermented,

And were a Spirit made

Of some which are presented

For tea-leaves in the Trade;

Then Robur, in all reason,

Would be its name, right due:

Those leaves that King of Trees on,

The *Quercus Robur*, grew.

Exhaustive Observations.

THERE are at present under discussion several subjects of so much public interest that, of course to supply popular demand, leading articles about them appear repeatedly in the newspapers. The only fault to be found with these lively commentaries is their brevity. The average length of them is about a column-and-a-half. It is very true that all the information they contain could generally be compressed into half a column, or less, but who would like that summary treatment of a topic which it is delightful to dwell on? Breathes there the man, or even the woman, who would be content with an epitome of all that is to be said on the subject, for instance, of Scotch Education?



MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

Unsuccessful Oar. "I SAY, MUSCLES, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY BREAKING DOWN?"
Trainer (reproachfully). "O, WERY EASILY, SIR. YER WOULD READ WHILE YER WOS IN COURSE O' TRAININ', AND I ALWAYS TOLD YEE THAT BOOKS AND LITERATOOR AND THEM THINGS SPILED THE 'ANDS, AND WOS DEATH TO A GOOD EDUCATION."

WHAT THE BURMESE AMBASSADORS OUGHT TO BE SHOWN.

A CROWD at a Railway Station struggling for their Tickets at one small aperture, two feet by nine inches.
 The Streets after a couple of rainy days.
 One or two of our Four-wheeled Cabs.
 All the Public Statues.
 A Butcher's Boy in full career along a crowded thoroughfare.
 Leicester Square.
 The House of Commons voting away a million or so of the public money. The House of Commons deeply interested in a personal squabble.
 A few of our most accomplished Street-beggars.
 An Irish Election.
 A City Feast.
 A City Church, with a clergyman (handsomely remunerated), clerk, beadle, pew-opener, sexton, and organist, but no congregation worth counting.
 The British Museum—if it does not happen to be shut.
 The British quart Wine-bottle.
 Samples of the Necessaries of Life well adulterated.
 The neighbourhood of a flourishing Gin-palace at twelve o'clock on Saturday night.
 A very High Church. (N.B. The interpreter should explain to their Excellencies that Popery is *not* the established religion of the country at present.)
 The interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.
 Our roomy and convenient Law Courts.
 Our Organ-Grinders.
 A Beadle.
 A Match-making Mamma.
 The inside of an Omnibus on a pouring wet day.
 The admirable arrangements at the Royal Academy for taking care of parasols, sticks, and umbrellas.
 A Third-class Railway Carriage.

SCOTTISH PAPERS, PLEASE DON'T COPY.

IN a debate on the Scotch Education Bill, the following dreadful remarks were made, according to all the reporters, by SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE, Baronet. Mind, this gallant sailor is a Scot, his parents being of Aberdeen and Haddington respectively:—

"Although he was not a Scotch Member, he had stood for several Scotch constituencies, and he supposed he was considered deficient in that amount of hypocrisy which was necessary to approach a Scotch constituency. Therefore he had sought a more honest one."

Namely, Portsmouth, where the population may have many faults, but where certainly the rule is an inconvenient, not to say indecorous frankness which is, adequately, represented by SIR JAMES. But what will Scotland say to this revelation by one of her distinguished sons? Eh, Sirs, but it's just awful.

TIGHT LADS.

A RATIONAL order has proceeded from Head-Quarters. His Royal Highness the FIELD-MARSHAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, in a memorandum recently issued, directs that, "in future, clothing for recruits be fitted as loose as possible, to enable them, as they increase in size from good diet and healthy exercise, to undergo their drill without impeding the free use of their lungs and the action of the heart." Nothing could be wiser in its way than this improvement of the British Soldier's uniform, except the extension of its principle so as to provide easily-fitting clothes for him when rations and drill shall have developed him from an attenuated recruit into the plenitude of a full private. A tight uniform is so bad a thing for the soldier, that there cannot be a worse, except the personal tightness of the wearer when he has got tight himself. And observe, that, when a man is tight both in himself and in his tunic and trousers, tightness of dress is attended with laxity of discipline.



SMALL THINGS AMUSE SMALL MINDS.

MR. AND MRS. JESSAMY ARE NOT GOING TO BE DONE OUT OF THE PLEASURE OF USING THEIR NEW GARDEN-HOSE JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO RAIN.

JAMES THE SECOND AT THE TOWER.

THE attention of the Constable of the Tower is respectfully invited to the plight of JAMES THE SECOND, so to name the representative of that Sovereign, last in the series of equestrian effigies forming the Horse Armoury. Terminating the row of mail-clad dummies, this dummy is but partly mail-clad, as the period of its original was one of transition, when mail was falling into disuse. JAMES THE SECOND at the Tower is clothed in a combination of armour with a riding-dress of the period. This attire, from the incongruity of its components, was, even when brand-new, if grand also grotesque, but not so very much more grotesque than grand. Now, however, the ravages of Time have diminished the grandeur extremely, and increased the grotesqueness to a corresponding degree. The padding inside of JAMES has decayed and collapsed; the textile parts of his clothes have fallen in, his once white buff gloves have got soiled, with their fingers at odds, his laced hat is battered and tarnished, his black wig matted and stiffened into frieze, hangs awry on his shoulders, and he has altogether fallen into a state so ramshackle that anybody, not knowing him to be JAMES THE SECOND, would mistake him for GUY FAWKES. Considering what GUY FAWKES did, and what JAMES THE SECOND, grandson of JAMES THE FIRST, did nevertheless, one can respect the Protestant feeling which allows that King to remain in a condition of similitude to that Conspirator; but historical truth should be regarded as well as Protestantism, and to consult the latter, it would amply suffice to hand JAMES THE SECOND, as he sits at the Tower, over in trust to Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. NEWGATE, for the purpose of being put to use as a Guy, to be exhibited, as the Guy which he looks to perfection, regularly every fifth of November. At any rate a new JAMES THE SECOND ought to be substituted in the Horse Armoury of the Tower for the old one, whose appearance is so disreputable that the Constable, now that his notice has been called to him, cannot, surely, fail to take him up.

Punch and Judy.

The following quotation appears in a provincial paper:—

"Money is said to be the sinews of war. It is equally the sinews of marriage. Without it no couple can carry the war on."

With the Government, that is, and Society, and surroundings. Between themselves, with money or without, they carry on the war, most of them, so long as they live together. Only without money married life is generally savage, with money may be civilised warfare.

AYRTON'S ILLUMINATION.

"It is to the First Commissioner of Works that London owes the light, kindled for the first time this week, on the summit of the Clock Tower, and meant to be kept alight whenever the House of Commons is sitting. The light is of gas, placed in the lantern which crowns the Campanile. Unluckily, being backed by a reflector, it shines only for the South and West of London."—Paragraph in the Papers.

I HAVE no store of pleasant smiles,
Like some official men;
No butter in my mouth beguiles
Those who approach my den.

The rough side of my tongue must scrub
And draw blood, e'en in play;
Whose hair see'er I have to rub,
I must rub the wrong way.

To civil question bland reply
To give I ne'er was known;
Science and Art of me fight shy,
For hard things at them thrown.

No money out of me you screw,
That a close fist can hold:
Artist I hold the same as "do,"
And to say so make bold.

For pleasant words and courteous moods
I am no more your man,
Than my forefather, that in woods,
A noble savage, ran!

Yet to the House all in my power
To give, free, given shall be—
A light upon Big Ben's Clock-Tower—
For South and West to see!

Sign of that wisdom's light whose rays
Kindle the House below;
While legislators shine to blaze,
And out, with them, to go.

To hire electric light I'm loth,
But of cheap gas we've store;
And, if 'tis cheap and nasty, both,
I like it all the more.

Backed with reflectors through the gloom,
My gas-lamp high displayed,
One-half of London will illumine,
If t'other half's in shade.

Therein of House of Commons' light
A fitting symbol too—
For where but one side can be right,
How look for light from two?

And well, too, that my gas should blaze
Above the clock sublime—
Symbol how Commons' wisdom plays,
And takes no note of time!

This gaslight and that wisdom's strength
Travel by self-same lines;
For either through a weary length
Of leaden spouting shines!

So light with light keeps balance right,
Each against other weighed;
A costlier, brighter, broader light,
Less meaning had conveyed!

Question for Lord Kimberley.

WHAT earthly reason can there be for closing Public-houses, as proposed by the Government Licensing Bill during the additional hour of from five to six P.M. on Sundays? The reason why they should be closed between three and five is intelligible. Publicans, waiters, and barmaids ought to have insured them the possibility of going to church. No such reason demands the continued closure of Public-houses for an hour over church-hours. There is no reason more than earthly for that annoyance, and, if an earthly one exists, what is it?



COUNTER IRRITATION.

First Customer (entering suddenly). "I SAY, IT POSITIVELY HURTS, THIS HAT I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY!"

Second Ditto (waiting to be measured aghast, at being taken for a Shopman). "AU—GH! HAY!!"

First Ditto. "ADOMINABLY BAD FIT, THIS HAT!"

Second Ditto (recovering his self-possession). "NDEED, SIR! A—H—YOUR COAT IS, MOST D'CIDEDLY, SIR!"

PRIZE POEM.

LAST week I sauntered round the Zoo,
I saw a Whimbrel and a Smew;
I could have played on any timbrel
For joy that I had seen a Whimbrel;
I could have played a flute, too-too,
For joy that I had seen a Smew.
I never saw the like before,
I never want to see them more.
But don't you come pretending, you,
To know a Whimbrel or a Smew,
Or any other fiction hatch,
Like an old frumious Bandersnatch;
That were a dismal thing to do
About a Whimbrel and a Smew.

Priests and Paddies.

"IRELAND for the Irish!" is a cry in which mobs shouting for Home Rule are joined by Priests. Thereby, however, their Reverences and their lay associates express different notions. The people mean what they say; their spiritual pastors, and masters, too, that aim to be, mean Ireland for the Romish.

Considerate.

So many of the frequenters of Music Halls are troubled with a difficulty of aspiration, that it is pleasant to find the managers of one of those places of entertainment humouring the infirmities of their patrons by distinctly placarding the name of a star—from the Transatlantic firmament—as "ORKINS."

GLORIOUS TIDINGS.

WHAT shall not be done, in the way of honour, to our friend KING COLE? H. M. daily announces, that at the New Show House at South Kensington,

"Visitors can dine after the Exhibition closes, as well as previously."

This is delightful. Two fine Appetites for one shilling! Gentlemen who find it difficult to dine once, and who, to attain that object, have recourse to unholy Sherry-and-Bitters, notice this! *Punch* has taken a season-ticket, to ensure himself twelve dinners a week, taking his chance on Sundays.

Intimidationist Priests.

HERE is a characteristic piece of news from Ireland:—

"THE GALWAY JUDGMENT.—At a private meeting of CARDINAL CULLEN's Clergy yesterday, at Marlborough Street Cathedral, in Dublin, an address was passed strongly condemning JUDGE KEOGH's judgment."

To be sure. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absoluitur*—as a general rule. The acquittal of the criminal is a sufficient condemnation of the judge. But perhaps CARDINAL CULLEN's Clergy had a reason for specially condemning JUDGE KEOGH. Was it for the likes of them to presume to absolve the BISHOPS of GALWAY and CLONYERT and the ARCHBISHOP of TUAM?

ANATHEMA IN EXCELSIS.

CREED of St. Athanasius? No, indeed.
Call it, good priests, the ANATHEMASIAN Creed.



HAPPY THOUGHT—DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"A—LOOK HERE, MISS BONAMY! S'POSE YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES, WHILE I CONVINCE MY ATTENTION TO THE CATALOGUE! GET THROUGH THE JOB IN HALF THE TIME, YOU KNOW!"

FINE ARTS.

ON the Spur of the Picture Exhibitions, Sales, and the like, there is plenty of goose-gabble upon the Fine Arts now o' nights. Any one who ventures much into society must have at his tongue's tip a smatter of Art-jargon, and pretend to know a something about poetry of handling, middle distances, and high lights. Yet, after all, the arts which most affect Society are assuredly not those which occupied the life-study of RAPHAEL and REMBRANDT. Brag of our Art-culture as vainly as we may, Society cares far less to study the fine art of RUBENS or of REYNOLDS, than to heed the culture of such fine arts as the following:—

The art of getting rich young lords to dance with your fair daughters, so that in due time their attentions may be marked, and something serious may come of it.

The art of tempting pleasant friends to come at a late notice to fill up gaps at table; especially when, otherwise, you would have had to undergo the dismal dreariness of dining only with your own relations.

The art of getting managers to give you stalls and boxes, in the notion that your presence does credit to their theatres.

The art of finding a rich friend to make a tour with you in autumn, and of leaving him to bear the lion's share of the expenses.

The art of entering a ball-room immediately after some grand names have been bawled out, and of assuming the appearance of owning, yourself, one of them.

The art of tempting your old Aunt to give your girls new dresses whenever they require them.

The art of finding out the hours to call on disagreeable people, so as to be certain that they will not be visible, in which case your card will satisfy the rigours of society.

The art, if they are poor, of keeping all your near relations at a distance, so as to prevent their ever asking you to put your name upon a bill, or be godfather to baby.

The art of getting a day's pheasant shooting, or a famous mount

EHEU!

O FOR one hour of dear old PALMERSTON,
To get this super-Liberally ruled nation
Out of the maw 'tis in through that ill-done
Affair of the Geneva Arbitration!

Man at the Wheel of State, had he till now,
A living Nestor, still our Helmsman been,
Great works accomplished, Candour must allow,
Such as we see, we never might have seen.

'Tis like enough, had PALMERSTON borne rule,
That Household Suffrage had been still held back;
There would not be a vote for every fool,
Nor schemes to help fools vote that letters lack.

Measures to curb the people in their joys,
Of Sabbatarian-sumptuary kind,
For schooling Englishmen like little boys,
Might have continued still to scorn consigned.

But England's weal, or England's honour, wrecked
We should not fear on any foreign shoal!
Should now behold "attorney-ism" checked:
Ne'er have been got into our present hole.

* "We thank thee, BRIGHT, for teaching us that word."

PENAL SERVITUDE OF JURORS.

THE trial of MARQUETTE DIBLANC not having been finished in one day, the Court had to adjourn until the next morning. According to Law Report:—

"Meanwhile the Jury were escorted to the Cannon Street Hotel by an officer of the Court, and were not allowed to separate overnight."

The trial lasted over the next night too, and the Jury had to undergo this disgusting infliction a second time. In the meantime the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Jury Nuisance Bill is under the consideration of a Select Committee. Why cannot an obvious part of that nuisance be abated at once? Because it does not affect Members of Parliament. How very expeditiously it would be abolished if it did!

to hounds, whenever it seems good to you, without incurring further cost than your travelling expenses.

The art, when you come up to town to pay a round of calls and do a little shopping, of persuading some rich bosom friend to take you in her carriage, whereby you save your cab-hire, and enhance your reputation.

The art of getting amateurs of the very finest water to sing at all your soirées, without so much as giving them a supper for their services.

The art of getting credit, without interest, from a Jew, or discount upon ready-money payment to a butcher.

The art of so beguiling your gouty rich old uncle, that he gives up drinking wine, and generously makes you a present of his cellar.

The art of tempting publishers to put you on the free list for all their magazines, reviews, and other publications, under the impression that to lie upon your table will increase their circulation.

The art of so arranging your card-tray for a party, that all the swellish names are conspicuously legible.

The art of saying "No" to a lady-friend who calls, or writes, to ask a favour of you, in such a diplomatic way as not to run the slightest risk of forfeiting her friendship.

The art of passing off cheap claret with so much pomp of cork-drawing and ceremony of glass-wiping, and with such a knowing sniff and wink and lip-smack after sipping, as makes your friends believe it really is the Margaux or Lafitte you tell them.

The art of handing Baby round to kiss, during dessert, in a manner so enticing as will make your richest old friend present anxious to stand godfather.

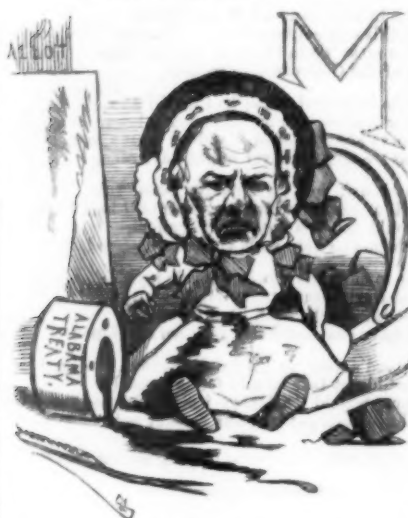
The art of wearing a bad hat with so much grace that even creditors will fancy it a good one.

And, finally, the art of taking old umbrellas to the Club, in the fond hope, now and then, of getting new ones in exchange for them.

A Precious Definition.

THE BEST PASTE.—"Jewell's Apology."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



DUKE OF RICHMOND disliked the Bill, thought it very bad, and should not oppose the Second Reading. Like the goddess *Dulness*, in the *Dunciad*, he

"with a discontented air
Seems to reject, the while he grants the prayer."

LORD SHAFTESBURY opposed, as the Bill would entirely sap the morality of Voters. He expected to see the Church destroyed, the Lords attacked, and—he was "prepared to tremble" for the Throne. Our artist has vainly endeavoured to depict an excellent nobleman preparing to tremble, but regrets that he cannot get nearer the mark than the presentation of a gentleman in bed, regarding a shower-bath on a frosty morning, and as this is manifestly beneath the dignity of the subject, he takes another.

LORD COWPER supported the Bill because it was not objected to in COWPER'S POEMS. LORD RAVENSWORTH opposed it because it was not praised by VIRGIL, whom he has translated. LORD ROSEBERRY, whose name is PRIMROSE, opposed it because

"A primrose on a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The DUKE OF RUTLAND opposed it because his county is the smallest in England. LORD LIVEDEN supported it because his name is VERNON, and *Ver non semper viret*, that is, he is very seldom green.

We are bound to say that the account of what was said by the last five speakers is one which *Mr. Punch* declines to vouch for. The fact is that he went out to dinner, and on his return obtained his facts from an Irish friend. But it is not of much consequence, and probably the reasons which the five Lords gave were not half as cogent as the above. *Mr. Punch* returned to find LORD CARNARVON abusing the measure as full of snares, pitfalls, and delusions. LORD BELMORE said that the Ballot worked well in Australia, where a scrutiny was allowed. [N.B. This is a most important point. You can have no absolute secrecy where there is a scrutiny, and no safety against rascality where there is not—*utrum horum Maris accipe*—"mavis" is Scotch for a thrush]. LORD KIMBERLEY, for Government, gave us the comfortable assurance that the Bill would do neither so much good nor so much evil as was anticipated. A voter, we suppose, is to be what the lady advises the poet to show himself.

"Come, if you'll be a good kind soul
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the polling roll
Of those who vote for Noes or Ayes."

Ha! ha! dear Madam. "Quotations quottle deep," eh? Well, LORD SALISBURY thought the Bill would diminish the moral influence of Party, and he was especially afraid of it for Ireland. The CHANCELLOR was for trusting the People. LORD CAIRNS said that the Bill would disfranchise half the constituencies, for men would be indifferent about voting if it were a secret act. Their Lordships divided, and the Second Reading was carried by 86 to 56, majority 30.

That debate was both interesting and important, and *Mr. Punch*, with his exquisite sense of the fitness of things, and in his wish to

oblige an inquisitive posterity, has reported the proceedings at some length. Luckily, the debates during the rest of the week make no such call on his industry, and this is a comfort, something like hot weather having set in with the Ascot Cup Day, when the French horse, *Henry*, beat the Baron's *Favonius*.

The Commons talked over the Civil Service Estimates, but there was nothing very exciting, except that the Committee refused to cut off the salary of the Privy Seal, and that MR. MACFAR said that the steel-pens supplied to the House were the very worst in the world. We are glad of it—who that is entitled to be called a Great Man writes with a steel pen?

"ANXUS, apis, vitulus, regna gubernant."

Tuesday.—In both Houses were there earnest speeches and evasive replies upon the American question. Whether the earnestness were real, and the evasion not statesmanlike, are separate questions.

The Mid-London Railway, Western Section, Bill was read a Second Time. We exult to think of the discomforts that will come on the menaced districts while the rail is being constructed.

MR. BOWRING, rising to propose an alteration in the system of Counts Out, was himself promptly Counted Out. Never play with fire. He announced that he should renew a Motion which "had been cut short by the cruel scissors of the Fates." Dear MR. BOWRING, only one of the Fates had scissors. 'Twas Atropos. Don't you know that she said, on the day of the birth of Vaccination JENNER, that she had lost them? Would you speak of the telescopes of the Muses?

Wednesday.—In debate on some Irish law Bill, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND performed a national service. He explained that *Excelsior*, in the sense in which a poet should have known better than to teach the *serenorum pecus* to use the word, is abominably bad Latin. He made a most diverting and rollicking speech against the Bill, and the House threw it out. MR. MAGUIRE interpolated a scoff at a certain Judge who has driven the Irish priests and their friends to frenzy, but that Judge will find himself powerfully sustained by the Imperial Parliament, if the case is brought before it.

Then we had a pleasant little debate on a Bill for the Protection of Wild Fowl, and MR. AUDERON (he should be AUDUBON) HERBERT, in a charming ornithological speech, pleaded for the smaller birds, our benefactors, against gardeners, trappers, and those wretched idiots, the Sparrow-Club men. MR. HENLEY objected to the Law's being asked to protect little birds; and as this excellent veteran rather goes in for piety, we should like to ask him whether—we will not quote from too high a source—but whether he remembers the authority that suggested the poet's line,

"A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

Eh, MR. HENLEY, there's precedent for you, and you like precedents. Now then, is a sparrow too small a thing to be cared for by man? Respond, *Josephus Grumbletonius*! Don't be angry; we defy as much as we admire you. You asked whether a boy ought to be punished for going birds'-nesting. Well, we think he is, for he usually falls off the tree with a lot of objectionable eggs in his mouth; they smash, he tears his trowsers, and he catches it from his afflicted parent. Boys should be wopped until they learn to be kind and affectionate, and to hate to inflict pain. *Vide SOLOMON, SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, and others.*

Thursday.—EARL GRANVILLE explained that M. DE RÉMUSAT, the Foreign Minister of France, had promised, in the most affable manner, that the French Government would do nothing to induce French exiles to select Great Britain as their place of abode.

"How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'y'e mean?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean." DONNE, *vid POPS.*

The Lords passed the Liquor Bill, and LORD KIMBERLEY was highly complimented on the fair and pleasant manner in which he had conducted it. His Lordship replied with graceful acknowledgments. "Manners is a fine thing, truly," as Miss observes in *Poite Conversation*.

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, whose judgment was confirmed by three out of the four Judges of the Irish Common Pleas, having turned out CAPTAIN NOLAN from Galway, and seated CAPTAIN TRENCH, there was an attempt to hinder the execution of this righteous decree. But the British Parliament would not permit injustice.

The Cord-Communication between Railway Passengers and Guards was admitted to be, on the whole, a failure, and the Board of Trade will humbly and respectfully beg the Companies to devise some better plan. Until they do, *Mr. Punch* only says to British Juries, "Give the very heaviest damages whenever accident, for want of communication, occurs." The Companies like paying thousands in this way, instead of hundreds to scientific men for inventions and experiments, so oblige the "men of business." They treat the Public as a cipher, treat them to an extra cipher in your verdicts.

More American discussion. We begin to dislike CHRISTOPHER

COLOMO, and it serves him quite right that America was not called after him, its discoverer, but after AMERIGO VESPUCCI, who was very clever at seeing a thing when it had been pointed out to him.

Friday.—Question being asked, in the Lords, as to the release of the Roman-Catholic savages whose violence hastened the death of MURPHY, the unsavoury lecturer, something was said about Provocation. Truly the doctrine, that if a person's words are annoying you may kill that person, is finding favour. We see inconveniences in it, however.

LORD BUCKHURST made a suggestion which the kindly-hearted NELLY GWYNNE might have made to BUCKHURST; namely, that something should be done to prevent Women and Children from being killed in the performance of acrobatic feats, for the deleterious of cads and the enrichment of brutes. LORD MORLEY saw difficulties, but said that when the HOME SECRETARY knew that any dangerous feat was to be performed, he always warned the advertisers. If gentle-natured people know of the cruelties practised in the training of little acrobats, the disgusting system would go on just the same as at present. But the cruelties are shocking, all the same.

A Commons debate on the French Commercial Treaty. The authors of this were the EMPEROR, MR. CORBEN, and MR. GLADSTONE. The latter deplored its denunciation by France, but deprecated any present vote on the subject. The days have departed when CANNING wrote:—

"With Equal advantage the French are content."

A most cheeky Bill for exempting Bakers from the Smoke Act, and leaving them free to empoison the air, was briefly discussed. MR. BRUCE actually opposed it. Debate adjourned. Bother the Baker! PHARAOH served him excellently right.

WHAT IS ALWAYS GOING ON.

THE Weather.
The POPE.
The Publicans.
Strikes.
Jobs.
Ireland.
The American Claims.
DR. LIVINGSTONE.
An International Something or other.
Extraordinary decision of one of "the Great Unpaid."
The Claimant.
An Infallible Specific for rheumatism, hydrophobia, sea-sickness, toothache, or neuralgia.
A Great Exhibition.
A Big Subscription.
An Inauguration.
A Millenary, Centenary, Anniversary, or Jubilee.
A new Daily Paper.
Another English Opera Company.
Reform of the Corporation of London.
Women's Rights.
The Ballot.
The high price of provisions and the rapacity of Butchers.
The ALBERT Memorial.
Adulteration.
Cheese-paring.
MR. AYTON.

OUT OF SORTS.—Her numerous friends and admirers will be glad to hear that MRS. MALAPROP is better. She has been inconvenienced lately by an affection of the diagram.

CHEMISTRY FOR COUNTRYMEN.



It appears that British Farmers are very generally subject to be cheated, as the saying is, through the nose, in an article which that organ does not, as it did their forefathers, sufficiently well enable them to appreciate. That article is the fertilising material with which it is necessary to recruit the soil, and afford the necessary nutriment to agricultural produce, roots and cereals, to be ultimately transmuted into bread and meat. In former days this material, of a limited

description, and derived from natural sources, was one which rogues had no temptation to adulterate. It was then a thing usually spoken of in the singular number.

In these latter days of science it has come to be a product manufactured by means of chemistry, and agriculturists now speak of it in the plural, including its varieties employed in tillage under the names of manures. Of these the principal one is superphosphate of lime; the goodness of it depends upon the per-centage of "tribasic phosphate of lime made soluble by acid," commonly called "soluble phosphate," which it contains, and this per-centage varies greatly; the superphosphate of lime sometimes being *minus* soluble phosphate, and *plus* as much as twenty-five per cent. of water. In fact, superphosphate of lime can be watered as easily as rum; and with less risk of detection; for weak rum betrays itself to the palate, and stomach, and nervous system; whereas the difference between weak and strong manure is not perceptible by the organ of any sense—at least if that manure is superphosphate of lime.

The above-mentioned particulars are stated, in a letter to some agricultural gentlemen, by MR. WILLIAM LITTLE, of The Hall, Heckington, Lincolnshire. In another letter, published in the *Chemical News*, MR. LITTLE shows that important discrepancy exists between chemists, even of some repute, in the analysis of superphosphate of lime manure. What, therefore, he wants the Farmers to do is to co-operate with him in establishing a chemical school, with a teacher and a laboratory, for the instruction of lads who have left boys' schools, and are going to be Farmers, in practical chemistry so far as to teach them to analyse manures for themselves; this school to be a model for other schools of agricultural chemistry. The schooling thus obtained would enable Farmers to protect themselves from the imposition practised upon them by fraudulent artificial manure-manufacturers; quacks who palm off upon them for manure quantities of rubbish with hard chemical names. MR. LITTLE says:—

"Recently I went over the works of a large and respectable manufacturer of phosphatic manures, who was also a maker of sulphate of ammonia. He informed me that he mixed these two ingredients in such proportion that he could well afford to sell it for £6 per ton. The mixture went in immense quantity to Liverpool, where it was christened under the name of Phospho-Guano, and was actually returned, more than a hundred miles, near to the original works, and sold at £12 a ton."

An amount of practical knowledge of chemistry, easily to be acquired at institutions such as those which MR. LITTLE recommends, would afford farmers some valuable lights upon things like "Phospho-Guano." Saving, according to his calculations, some £8 12s. per ton on manure, they would then have reason to rejoice in having taken his advice, and made so much by LITTLE. The reader may possibly, now and then, have happened to hear an agricultural gentleman, in conversation, denominate fertilising material *manœuvre*. "Phospho-Guano" is certainly much more of a *manœuvre* than a manure; and agricultural gentlemen owe MR. LITTLE thanks for putting them up to that sort of *manœuvre*.

A BIT OF A PUZZLE.

A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE-AGED PERSON WANTED, to assist a Lady in the Management of her Family, where she will be treated as one. Must be a good Needlewoman, and have the first of references.

BREVITY is the soul of advertising, but conciseness may be cultivated to a fault. *Brevitas laboro, obscurus fio*—as VELLEIUS PATERCULUS observes in that celebrated epistle of his which, in the clever time coming, every school-girl will know off by heart. In the instance of misplaced terseness now under notice, the advertiser, anxious to compress the expression of her wants into three lines, has left us for ever in doubt how she is going to treat her "respectable middle-aged person" when she has secured her; for to say she will be treated "as one," is to use language incomprehensible to average intellects, such as people generally have who read advertisements. Perhaps the end of the sentence is elliptical, so that after "as one" we ought to read, "ought to treat a respectable middle-aged person." Possibly a kind hint may be intended that she will not be treated as a cipher. What other meaning can the words convey, for it would be exorbitant in any one to expect to be treated as more than one, say as two or three, and expensive to heads of families? Certainly, "respectable middle-aged persons" are the last persons in the world to look for anything of the sort, for there are myriads of them who would be perfectly satisfied if they could only be treated as better halves.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Lady of Discrimination. "THANK YOU, MR. CHANTICLEER, FOR THAT MOST CHARMING SONG!"

Amateur Barytone (much pleased). "YEE—FOOTY THING—ARTHUR SULLIVAN, YOU KNOW."

Lady of Discrimination. "YES! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD MR. SANTILEY SING IT?"

Amateur Barytone. "N—No!"

Lady of Discrimination (ineffably). "AH!!!"

[*Amateur Barytone retires, extinguished.*]

IMPROVING THE INTERNATIONAL.

Row, Cousins, row, but not too fast—
Long, strong, and steady's the stroke to last!
Columbia's clustered stars wax dim,
As his Pean at Putney JOHN BULL doth hymn!

But 'tis English blood flows in Yankee veins:
One sire is at bottom of both our strains:
To beat such a crew is enough of praise:
To be so beaten no blush need raise.

But ere from the river we homeward turn
We've our lessons both from the match to learn.
Atalantas must form and style o'erhaul,
If to Britishers they'd not still sing small.

And our crew have proved, beyond a doubt,
That a coxswain is weight to be done without:
That there's profit in CLASPER's sliding shelves;
That they need no steersman who steer themselves:

But there's wider lesson for both to note
Than ends, if it starts, in a racing-boat.
You, American Cousins, may learn to-day
There's a kind of work that makes little way.

Arms may be active, and oars be swayed
With a clock-work swing of back and blade,
But unless each man his weight can pull,
'Tis U P with JONATHAN 'gainst JOHN BULL.

Small good in arms, howe'er fast they go,
Unless there are stalwart legs below:
The show of work is what people see,
But the pith of the pull's in the point d'appui.

In Boat-race or diplomatic game
The principle is still the same:
'Tis not forcing of pace, nor flow of say,
But what you've to stand on that wins the day.

And you, the crew that the credit sustain
Of that tried old "ship," the *Great Britayne*,
Mind you don't trust too much in "slide,"
And for want of a coxswain go yawing wide.

The aliding seat was a happy thought;
But the slide must come when and where it ought:
Move forward when back you weight should throw,
Or back when forward, to grief you go!

I think in a recent treaty race
Shortcomings in either crew I trace.
My cousins, for all the fuss they made,
A decided want of legs betrayed.

So I found when through their case I'd gone;
The deuce a leg had they to stand upon.
And while that's so, you may sweat yourselves blind,
But, take my word, you'll be left behind.

And JOHN BULL's crew, BILL GLADSTONE stroke,
Have shown want, more than once, of the coxswain's yoke:
And their steering, with only the stroke for guide,
Has been, now and then, decidedly wide.

And this new-fashioned "sliding,"—although I'm told,
It gives longer reach, and better hold,—
Has tended, I fear, but I hope I'm wrong,
To make course less steady and stroke less strong!



THE "MEN OF BUSINESS."

COLUMBIA. "AH, DEAR! IF *YOUR* MAN OF BUSINESS HAD ONLY BEEN LESS MEALY-MOUTHED—"

BRITANNIA. "YES, DEAR! AND IF *YOUR* MAN OF BUSINESS HAD ONLY BEEN LESS—AH!—'SMART!' WE SHOULD HAVE SETTLED THE MATTER PLEASANTLY ENOUGH!"



PLATE 1. (1)

The drawing is a sketch of a landscape or architectural structure. It is a preliminary or conceptual drawing, showing some vertical elements, possibly trees or columns, and some horizontal lines that might represent a ground plane or a distant horizon. The drawing is very faint and sketchy, suggesting it is a preliminary or conceptual drawing.

A CELEBRITY AT SOUTHAMPTON.



SOUTHAMPTON, a few years ago, was pronounced by an authority on the subject of Progress to be "the most go-ahead Town in the South of England." It has always been considered one of the principal seats of intelligence and morality. There are many among its inhabitants who know how to do honour to those qualities personified. In number perhaps they considerably exceed three thousand; but anyhow the following paragraph appeared the other morning in the *Post* :—

"THE CLAIMANT TO THE TICHBOURNE ESTATES.—About three thousand persons assembled in the Church Congress Hall, Southampton, last night, to meet the 'Claimant.' MR. ALDERMAN TUCKER presided, and MR. WHALLEY, M.P. spoke in defence of the principal character in the performance."

The Statue of DR. WATTS in the Southampton Park, erected by the Southampton people to their celebrated fellow-townsmen,

is not only a monument of that Divine and Poet, but also of their respect and reverence for worth, piety, and learning.

How many of them are now willing to subscribe for the erection of another memorial in honour of the person referred to in the foregoing extract? If not more than three thousand, yet, if no less, that would be a considerable number. Can they sing? Then they might form a pretty powerful chorus. Suppose they erect that other statue, say by the side of the first; they could unite, on the occasion of its "inauguration," in singing one of the celebrated "Divine and Moral Songs" composed by the prior statue's original; that one commencing with the noteworthy lines :—

"O 'tis a pleasant thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way—
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say."

Those three thousand admirers of wisdom and veracity, of whom Southampton must be proud, of course not only trusted to all that was said by MR. WHALLEY, who represented wisdom, "in defence of the principal character in the performance" at which he assisted, but likewise to all that was said and sworn by that "character," the representative of veracity.

THE PRESERVERS OF EPPING FOREST.

THE Corporation of London, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Government, and the Public, are each and all to be congratulated on the agreeable intelligence announced on Wednesday last week in the following newspaper paragraph :—

"EPPING FOREST BILL.—This Bill, introduced by the Government for the purpose chiefly of staying the Chancery proceedings of the Corporation of London in reference to the Commons' rights upon the Forest, was before the Select Committee of the House of Lords yesterday morning, and after hearing counsel on behalf of the Office of Works and on behalf of the Corporation, the Committee decided that the Bill should be amended so that the Corporation Chancery proceedings should not be stayed by the Act. This is a virtual triumph for the Corporation and the public in this important matter."

Let us congratulate the generous Corporation of London on the triumph which it has gained over encroaching Lords of the Manor, and their allies in the Ministry and the lower, every way lower, House of Parliament. Congratulate we the upper House on having frustrated the designs of sordid Interests commanding a majority of votes in the lower. That lower House be congratulated on the frustration of those designs whose success would have yet deeper lowered it. May it please the Government to accept our congratulations on having been stopped from incurring additional unpopularity by forcing through the Legislature a measure inspired by the mean and grovelling policy of subordinating every other national consideration whatsoever to the sole object of gain or saving of which nobody experiences any sensible benefit. Let us, lastly, congratulate the Public on the sustained prospect of the preservation of the remainder of Epping Forest and on the happiness of having a Corporation of London and a House of Lords. Hooray!

AGE NO OBJECTION.

ON Tuesday last week, at the Central Criminal Court, HENRY SEYMOUR, a white-haired old rogue of seventy-five, was convicted of bigamy, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He had married, first in 1861, and secondly, his wife still living, in 1869, at a time when he was two years past seventy. His victim was a respectable "young woman of prepossessing appearance." Why should any man, at any time of life, inclined to matrimony, be deterred from attempting it by the apprehension of being in the case expressed by DRYDEN ?—

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit—"

There is, evidently, no age at which he who wants a wife need despair of one, however close his foot may be to the grave's brink. There is a chance for him, let him be as old as Old PARR. While there is life, there is hope for the aged noodle.

COURTS CLERICAL AND COURTS MARTIAL.

How hard is calling o'er the coals
A Parson charged with cure of souls,
Although for heresy outright
To curing souls deemed opposite.
Ecclesiastic law's delay
How long! What sums, meanwhile, to pay!
E'en if your charge is proved at last
How futile is the sentence passed!
But when the Captain of a ship,
Though in mere judgment, makes a slip
His ship which doth in peril place,
O then how different is the case!
How soon is a Court-Martial called!
How quickly he is overhauled!
And reprimanded, or cashiered,
Erroneously for having steered.
So much more serious, to be sure,
Of ships, than souls, is held the cure,
And ships aground on rocks or shoals
Of moment more than stranded souls.

CURATES' AUGMENTATION.

THE adjourned general meeting of the friends and supporters of the Curates' Augmentation Fund was held yesterday at the offices of that institution in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, under the presidency of the EARL OF HARROWBY, to consider a resolution limiting the qualification of Curates for being augmented to Curates whose annual incomes from all sources do not exceed £300 a year. This seems a very fair proposal; for with £300 a year a Curate has surely no need to be slender. Yet we do see Curates going about in M.B. waistcoats much too strait for sane Churchmen. They are evidently in great want of augmentation, but therein those herring-waisted Clergymen should minister to themselves. Let them leave off apish asceticism, eat and drink as much as they ought to, and, thence deriving a reasonable augmentation, show forth the fruits of good living.

Invincible Imbecility.

PERHAPS the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council judged rightly in declining to condemn the REV. MR. BENNETT for the use of language which could not be said to contradict any one of the Thirty-nine Articles, simply because it was unintelligible. It is, however, to be wished that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY and his colleagues had shown the Romanesque Ritualists that they would stand no nonsense.

Paeans of Sham Priests.

"A TRIUMPH" the Ritualists shouting are heard,
"The late Privy Council's decision has been."
It leaves them free, truly, to say what's absurd,
But doesn't allow them to say what they mean.

Seasonable Literature.

WE notice a new book, called *In Quest of Coolies*. Some days that have come in (will the series last?) suggest that a pleasant little sequel might be published, for the use of thirsty people, under the attractive name *In Quest of Coolers*.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Militia Guard ("turning out," and in Chorus). "PLEASE, SIR, REMEMBER THE GUARD, SIR!!!"

[Exeunt Queen's Officers in speechless horror, more convinced than ever that "the Service is going to the——" &c.]

PROGRAMMES OF ROYAL SOCIETIES.

(Special of course.)

THE following papers to be read (besides *Punch*, the *Times*, *Telegraph*, &c.):—

DR. TIPPLER. "On the Use and Effect of Alcohol." With experiments. (This paper will be commenced at eight, and its termination must necessarily be uncertain.)

DR. SMUGGINS, F.R.S. On the employment of the Star (a) in billiards, (b) in theatrical engagements.

WIGLETHORPE, F.R.S., &c. On Relations generally. Their use and abuse.

DR. TERPITTE. Report of further mathematical inquiry into the state of the Odds in connection with Individual Happiness.

DR. SQUIB. (1) On Mathematical Illustrations. *Examples*: Two Ugly Persons waltzing illustrative of Two Revolving Planes.

2. On Real Metropolitan Property, illustrative of the Surfaces Divisible into Squares by their Curves of Curvature; the latter part showing the reason why in London a Square is invariably a Circle.

3. On Keys to the Squares, and under what conditions Dogs are admitted.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries will read the following papers:—

1. On Ancient Runaway Rings. Showing who gave them, who answered them. These will (if time allows) be an interesting appendix on Greta Green.

2. On Ancient Boots. Explanation of the phrase "Like Old Boots," by PROFESSOR HEELY.

That is all at present.

Variation on Rochefoucauld.

THERE is something singularly delightful to us in the growing infirmities of our oldest friends, notwithstanding that their age may be the same as our own.

THE TESTIMONIAL NUISANCE.

Is it now so rare a thing for men to do their duty, that when we find one doing it we ought to meet together and get up a testimonial? Ninety-nine in every hundred of the thousands which are given are awarded, if we think of it, for no more special cause. Only do your duty and you will be presented with a something or another to record your having done it, and your friends will club together and trumpet forth your praise.

Yet, though testimonials are as plentiful as cabbages, there are people living who would not die happy without having one. Such folks find it easy to accomplish their desire. There are always busybodies ready to lend a hand in such a matter. Let a beadle but express a wish to have a testimonial, and a few officious friends will take the hint at once, and will not rest till they have got enough to buy him a cane or a cocked hat, which they will formally present in the name of all the neighbourhood, to acknowledge his vast virtues, as displayed in his high calling, and his efforts to extend the spread of Christian civilisation by whopping little urchins when he chances to lay hold of them. If a chimney-sweep or a costermonger set his heart on having his social merits recognised, he need but whisper his desire to his most confidential chum, and round will go the hat to carry out his wishes. As for steamboat testimonials, one can hardly make a voyage from London Bridge to Greenwich without being asked to sign a Passengers' certificate, attesting the rare skill of the gallant CAPTAIN SCUTTLE, in guiding his brave bark through the perils of the Pool, and bringing ship and crew and cargo in safety to the landing-steps.

Now, without too much insisting that merit, like as virtue, need be deemed its own reward, and therefore that no pains need be taken to acknowledge it, one may surely be excused for thinking that the man of true desert will feel his best reward in the respect of his fellow-creatures, and, as he cannot well help being conscious of his worth, it simply is an insult for men to "Testimonial" it.

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S FULL DRESS.—Much the reverse.



CHARMING SUGGESTION.

"Sic, I THINK, COMING FROM 'HUNGARY.'"—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

EXTRAVAGANCE WITH UTILITY.

MRS. GRANNAM is dreadfully shocked by some accounts of the extravagance of the richer classes contained in the letter of the London Correspondent of the provincial newspaper which she takes in. For example:—

"Never was the business of the horticulturist so flourishing as it is now. The demand for flowers is extraordinary, and the prices given for them amazing. Belgravian dinner-tables are now regular bowers of flower and fern. At a recent dinner in Harley Street (by no means one of the most fashionable streets in London), the flowers and dessert cost £200, the peaches alone being twelve guineas a dozen. At another entertainment in Hyde Park Square, not only were the reception-rooms, but the staircase also was a bank of flowers and shrubs. Never was there so much display of luxury."

"Dreadful, shocking, sinful, I call it," exclaims MRS. GRANNAM; and she reads on:—

"House decoration now has become a work of high art. MR. THOMAS BRASER, M.P., who lately came into a large fortune by the death of his father, has recently taken, decorated, and furnished No. 20, Park Lane, and a description of it would occupy far more space than I have room for. Among the novelties which the house contains, is a set of dining-tables so constructed that the same circular table can be arranged in three different diameters, according to the number of the party to be entertained."

"And sumptuously no doubt but what such people fare every day. Where do they expect to go to? Only to think!" Throwing up her eyes, MRS. GRANNAM continues:—

"The house of MR. ALFRED MORRISON (brother of the Member for Plymouth), in Carlton House Terrace, next door to the EARL OF LONSDALE'S, has been decorated throughout by OWEN JONES, and among other *notabilia* of the establishment is a set of plate in aluminium gilt."

"Ah, there," observes the good woman, "I don't wonder at the workpeople being discontented, and striking for more wages when they read of the luxuries and display that rich people above them throw away their money in." But there she is wrong. Suppose, instead of flowers and dessert at £200, including peaches at a guinea apiece (which, as MRS. GRANNAM truly remarks, is eating money);

suppose, instead of a house decorated by MR. OWEN JONES, and a set of aluminium plate, *millionnaires* were to spend their money in founding schools and scholarships, for instance, and in educating their poor relations' children, and sending them to the Universities; even suppose they expended it in almshouses, and Peabodying the destitute, the mechanical working-classes would have far less cause to be satisfied with them than they are now. It may be that there is a wiser and a better use for riches than lavish expenditure on the productions of market-gardening and decorative art; but the consumption, at any rate, benefits producers, and enables employers in those lines of business to pay the artisans and labourers the higher wages. So the working-classes, at least, need not grumble.

ANGELÆ DEBITUM;

OR, A BIRD-DEBT TO BURDETT.

OUR ANGELA writes to the papers

On behalf of her small feathered friends,
Whose song helps to drive away vapours,
Where with blue sky the London-smoke blends.

As with all that is weak and ill-treated,
With the birds she is quick to condole:
The iron so cruelly heated
To blind them has entered her soul.

She mourns o'er their nests rudely harried
By the school-boy's irreverent hand;
O'er their young, into slavery carried
By the bird-catcher's buccaneer band.

From the gutter-bred Sparrows—poor slaves,
Only good to be shot out of traps,
To the Larks, doomed to roast in their graves,
With slices of bacon for wraps;

From the Quaker-like, brown-coated Linnet,
And the Goldfish in scarlet and gold,
And the Wren with a song like a spinnet
From his willowy orchestra trolled;

The Chiff-chaff that chirps like a sawyer,
Yellow-hammer of note short and sweet,
And Starling, that Oxford-grey lawyer,
Who says all he's taught to repeat;

Up to you, our plumed carillon-ringers,
Tenori, soprani, home-bred,
Thrush and Black-bird, and, singer of singers,
The Nightingale's self at your head—

Gather all into Holly Lodge thickets,
Get your choicest of notes under weigh,
By a concert, with no charge for tickets,
Loving ANGELA's love to repay.

And while you sing softly and sweetly,
From under the dense London cloud
That beyond these fair lawns, kept so neatly,
Mile on mile of black houses doth shroud,

A deep under-bass will go swelling,
In tune with your notes bright and clear—
Their voice, to the dark of whose dwelling
The light of her love has brought cheer.

The voice of hearts witnessing ever
To her, whose own witness is dumb,
That her labour of love ceaseth never,
For dwellers in alley and slum:

For roughs, by our Levites unshriven,
Gutter-babes starved in body and mind,
Market-beasts, fretted, fevered, o'erdriven,
Or song-birds trapped, caged, and made blind!

Sagacity of the Horse?

AN application came the other day before the Court of Queen's Bench relative to a trial at the Kent Assizes of an action for damages sustained by the loss of two colts poisoned by the cuttings of a yew-tree belonging to the defendant, and accidentally thrown within their reach. The report whence the foregoing information is derived does not state what kind of colts they were. One would think that a colt capable of making such a mistake as they made could only be a colt the foal of an ass.



THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Working-Man. "AIN'T YOU GOING TO SEND THAT BOY OF YOURS TO SCHOOL, BILL?"

Bill. "O, WILL I! HE WENT ONE DAY, AND WHEN HE CAME HOME HE TOLD ME IT WAS REPR'ENS'BLE TO GET DRUNK! THINK I'LL HAVE P'ARENTAL FEELIN'S OUTRAGED, AN' ALL THE SWEET AN' 'OLY UNION OF 'OME 'FRECTION BROKEN UP BY SWELLS TEACHIN' OF HIM! COME AN' STAN' A PINT!"

GREAT REJOICINGS.

PREPARATIONS are being rapidly pushed on for celebrating, at the proper time, with banquets, speeches, odes, fireworks, Volunteers, newspaper articles, special trains, processions, school children, Mayors and Corporations, and, it is hoped, Royal personages, the following interesting and important historical Jubilees, Anniversaries, Centenaries, and Millenaries:—

Foundation of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Completion of King Arthur's Round Table. (Special Ode for the occasion by the Poet Laureate.)

Landing of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. (Great gathering of the descendants of all the people who came over with him.)

Birthday of HENGIST and HORSA.

First introduction of Tobacco into England.

Destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Defeat of the Danes.

Overthrow of the Picts and Scots.

QUEEN BOADICEA'S Wedding-Day.

La Premiere Feuille.

NOW that tunefullest, if tiniest, of singing birds'—winning little MADAME CHAUMONT'S, "first leaf" has been so welcomed, *Punch* hopes she will soon turn over a second, and give him an opportunity of telling her, in another engagement, how entirely he is the slave of her captivating ways, and the victim of her shrill small voice! If it were only sweeter, and she were only bigger, we should be for rechristening her MADAME CHAUMONTELLE, after the most luscious and largest of all *beurrées*. But her voice isn't sweet, and her person is small, so the name of the pear won't fit the performer! The more's the pity. For we could do with more quality in the voice, and more quantity in the lady.

DRUM MAJOR AND DRUM MAXIMUS.

"The 'big drum' to be used at the Jubilee Festival in Boston has just been completed at Framington, Maine. The shell is of bird's-eye maple, its diameter is 12 feet, height 6 feet. As no railroad car will hold it, it will be taken by team to Hallowell, and thence by steamer to Boston."—*American Paper.*

DESSAY you think this drum is considerable some?

And if tried 'gainst European drum-majors 'twould funk 'em;

But see don't call that any kind of a drum—

No, Sir,—sure 's my name is ULYSSES M. BUNKUM.

Guess a deal bigger drum we had got into frame;

In its hollowness, size, and strained parchment we trusted;

And Indirect Claim was that bigger drum's name—

But BANCROFT and FISH worked it so hard, it BUSTED!

Natal News.

SIR,—It is a long time since we have heard anything of DR. COLLENSO. As an Orthodoxite, therefore, I was delighted at seeing an advertisement in the *Times*, headed, "Conversion of the Public Debts of Natal." This is indeed good news, and shows the Bishop's (for it must be his work) sense. Touch the pocket and you touch the heart; also *vice versa* by reflex action. Convert the Debts and you convert the Debtors.

I am, Sir, yours,

ORTHODOXIOSIA.

Advice to Old Misers.

"Do you wish," said MR. HUNKES, "that your loss should be sincerely mourned by your surviving relations? Then leave all your property, Sir, to somebody else."



RECOLLECTION OF EARLY JUNE.

(Think of this when you are growling at the heat.)

"AH! VERY GOOD IDEA! BETTER THAN RIDING. CHAIR, AND HOT WATER TIN FOR YOUR FEET!"

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE 21ST.

THAT terribly long bill of TAXALL and TRAPLEIGH's was delivered to CROOMBIE—defendant in the suit of *Kidderforth v. Croombie*.

AUNT ELIZA came to spend her long-promised long day with EDWARD and his Wife. AUNT ELIZA is very deaf and very inquisitive; and MRS. EDWARD BANNATTIN found the day rather long. EDWARD was unusually late in returning from business that evening, only arriving in time to see his Aunt, who was afraid of staying too long because of the dew, to the omnibus.

MAJOR BOREGRAVE dined out, and repeated his celebrated South American story. The Major was more long-winded than ever.

MRS. CARINGTON COWDRAY chaperoned her nieces to LADY FISHER-TON's ball, and found the night very long, especially as EDITH would dance so much with ARTHUR YUNGERSOHN.

MR. DRAWINGS imposed one of his long speeches on the House of Commons.

JACK DODDINGTON made a long arm at MRS. WESTBOROUGH BEAUMONT's pic-nic, to reach ELEANOR DARLINGTON the salad dressing.

GUSHBROOKE's long engagement to EMILY CHERRINGWORTH was brought to its natural termination by the Venerable the ARCH-DEACON OF CAMBERWELL, assisted by the bride's grandfather and uncle, and the bridegroom's brother-in-law.

In the long-talked-of match between Helsingham and Anderby, BROXBORNE's batting was more splendid than ever. BLEWKEN, the long stop, found Friday about the longest day he ever passed.

Long odds were laid against *Taradiddle* for the Northumbrian Cup. BESSIE CALLENNY wrote one of those long, very long, but not at all too long (for the favoured recipient) letters out to India.

HENRY, who is staying at the Rectory, was taken by LUCY in the pony carriage to see some of the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. HENRY and LUCY, who are just engaged, did not find the day a bit too long.

The British Public was, as it always is, long suffering.

People arrived at LONG's; took long walks, and long pulls at

tankards, and long credit; drew long breaths and long cases; paid off long scores, and owed long grudges; were long-sighted and long-headed; made long excuses, composed long sermons, took long naps, read long articles, received back long-lost relatives, and were a long time coming and going.

BALLOT BILL AND HIS BAITERS.

BOOHOO! See what they've been and done,
Them there, them Lords, a maulin' one.
They've tore my coat, and slit it, crack!
Right slap in two all down the back.

Out of my trousers where I sit,
They've also snatched a woppin' bit;
They've knocked my 'at in too, and they
Has cotech my cumfurther away.

Oh! Ah! Yes! Why? 'Cause they suppose
I'm flummoxed now they've spiled my clothes,
But I shall go and tell my friends,
On witch for substance I depends.

They'll do my things up good as new,
And send me back, my Lords, to you;
And we shall see if you'll have then,
The cheek to serve me so again.

Sacrifice of a Sacred Edifice.

It has been announced, and not contradicted, that the Church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand is positively about to be removed from before the site of Pandemonium that is to be, more commonly called the New Courts of Law, and sometimes (ironically) Palace of Justice. This is truly an awful sacrifice of a church. Is it possible that the Government is thus about to give place to the Generalissimo of the Inns of Court Volunteers?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 17.—Mr. Punch, for the first time in his essentially-Parliamentary life, feels discouraged.

"Fear not, 'tis but a passing spasm,
The Titan is unvanquished still."

But Mr. GLADSTONE, on the Friday night of this week, the night of the Longest Day, when he had the amplest time for consideration over his words, said something which has dashed Mr. Punch "a jot." The PREMIER, in reference to something that had been said by Mr. VERNON HARCOURT about Mr. LOWE's having treated a topic with wit rather than gravity, observed:—

"I was glad to see the objection, that there was something of humour and wit introduced into the discussion, met by a lively protest from various parts of the House. We are not, I think, in much danger of losing the balance of the mind and judgment of the House through the enormous and intolerable redundancy of those qualities. On the contrary, it is supposed by some that the Goddess of Dulness, with leaden wings, is more apt to brood over our deliberations."

This was very cruel. Has not Mr. Punch been labouring for years to make the Universe believe that the proceedings in Parliament are of the most amusing kind? Has he not decked the Senators in borrowed plumes? Has he not gilded their unrefined brass? And now his WILLIAM comes down with such a crusher as this! "Blow, blow, thou bitter wind." The public will excuse their friend Mr. Punch if, in the circumstances, he yields to a legitimate feeling of depression, and makes short work of the Parliamentary history of this week.

"They are the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings."—Ford.

It is perhaps fair to say that another circumstance would account for our brevity, even had Mr. GLADSTONE's unkindness not been perpetrated. There has been nothing worth setting down, except as follows. On the Monday night the Ballot Bill went into Committee in the House of Lords. That assembly had read the measure a Second Time, but had reserved itself for later operations. Without boring an affectionate and confiding public with detail, it may be said that to-night the Opposition Peers turned Secret Voting into a Sham. They inserted an "optional" clause. You may inscribe your name publicly or privately, on the ballot paper, as you like. That is to say that everybody who is not afraid of the face of his fellow man can vote openly, and prove how he has voted. This is perfectly right, English, and just, but business is business. The Commons have decided that those who are very much afraid of the faces of their fellow men shall be protected, at the expense of the others. Right or wrong, this is agreed to, and therefore the making publicity optional is playing with legislation.

There is another objection. We propose to do away with bribery by making it impossible for the briber to know whether the bargain is fulfilled. The public vote is a receipt for the money. Mr. Punch has too much respect for the talents of election agents to believe that the secret or any other device will really be too much for them,

in the end, but any attempt in a right direction is commendable, and the Lords are not to be commended for what they did on Monday.

Therefore the ugly Ballot-Boy, despoiled of his garment of secrecy, his Coat of Darkness, will depart in tears from the presence of the spoilers, and betake himself to his big Forster-Brother for comfort and protection. We shall have a pleasant row immediately, as the Government cannot accept the lordly mutilations. The chief of these was carried by 83 to 67.

Tuesday.—LORD ABERDEEN carried a Motion for an inquiry on behalf of purchase-officers, who complain that educated officers are to have an advantage over them. It is very shocking, but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE thinks things must take their course.

A Birmingham Sewage Bill was rejected, SIR ROBERT PEEL, near whose residence an awful sanitary nuisance was to be lodged, having exerted himself most energetically and successfully to abate it.

Wednesday.—There is now no imprisonment for debt, in the case of swells. But are folks aware that against members of the artisan class, 131,000 orders for committal to prison were issued last year. Mr. BASS would deprive the County Courts of their power of sending men to gaol. On the other hand it is certain that there are times when the Working-man must have credit, or go to the Union, or starve, and he could not get credit unless the tradesman had the power of looking him up in case of non-payment. As the brutal Scotch rhyme goes—

"If he havesna gear to fine
He has shins to pine."

On the whole the House thought, by 136 to 34, that the present system should be preserved, so, as above depicted, Mr. BASS came a cropper. He is an able and excellent Member of Parliament, and may be allowed an occasional mistake.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI declined to embarrass the Government by bringing on any Motion on the American business until the House should be officially informed that the Arbitration was at an end, a result to which he looked at an early date. When he reads Mr. Punch's Preface to this Volume, he will see how admirably everything has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Friday.—The Lords made a few more alterations in the Ballot Bill, one of them decidedly in the interest of the artisan, as he is enabled to vote at a later hour than had been originally ordained. LORD SHAFTESBURY wanted to shut all public-houses after XII. on polling day, but this was rejected. Why Mr. Punch should be deprived of his pint of ale because his neighbour Mr. JONES is gone to vote for Mr. BROWN, the first gentleman knows not.

In a discussion on Law Reform, MR. GLADSTONE made the observation above cited.

Jubes renovare dolorem.

Mr. Punch is unequal to further remark, and he tearfully bids the public farewell, until Next Volume.

CASTRO'S FRIENDS.

A COMPANY calling itself the "Astra Dramatic Club" advertised a performance in aid of what they are pleased to term the "Tichborne Defence Fund," under the distinguished patronage of an "M.P." and an "M.D.," and we sincerely trust that the Hall, where they performed, was "M.T." Should, however, their success encourage another attempt in this cause, a charming programme might be selected out of the following pieces:—

The Ticket-of-Leave Man and The Beggar's Opera.
The Liar and An Appeal to the Public.
Fraud and Its Victims.
London Assurance.
Humbug.

And after any one, or two, of these pieces, the whole to conclude with the old Lyceum Drama of

A Day of Reckoning.

A Defeated Attempt.

BROMWICHAM, Bromwicham, for shame!
Send tributaries to the Thame?
Small difference then, and but in names,
Would there exist 'twixt Thame and Thames.

Spreading.

THIS morning at a quarter past two, MR. FREDERICK LARKER, Junior, on arriving at the family residence, found that the long threatened "look-out" had taken place.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

A DRESS OF "THE FUCHSIA."

PROTECTION FROM PLUCKING.

THE reader may have happened to hear one or more if not many of his young friends who have been unsuccessful candidates for examinations (other than University and scientific-medical) complain that they were unfairly plucked by examiners under the influence of temper, or partiality, or ignorant misapprehension of the subject of their own questions, they having themselves got it up, without intelligent study, by mere rote, and means of cram. Allegations such as these must be taken with some grains of chloride of sodium or other salt, and the charitable optimist may think that the following story, though related by the London Correspondent of the *Hampshire Independent*, wants confirmation, and may hope that it will not get any when investigated, as its narrator (from hearsay) may possibly have been misinformed:—

"Some little while ago certain candidates went up to be examined in law, where, I must be excused from mentioning. They were Indians, and were supposed to be profoundly versed in jurisprudence, especially Indian law. One of them, indeed, was called the *Walking Dictionary*, so thorough and universal was his knowledge. To the immense surprise of every one, these gentlemen, although they did splendidly in every other branch, were plucked in the very one wherein they were known to be best acquainted. The companions in this common misfortune therefore conferred together, and soon came to the conclusion that their examiner was grossly ignorant of his subject. They then drew up a report exposing his blunders. Inquiry followed, and it was discovered that the above conclusion was well founded, and that the examiner, having been angered because one of the other examiners had pointed out that he had blundered, plucked the whole lot of them out of pique. The end of the story is that the *Walking Dictionary* and his friends soon after passed with flying colours."

That ought by no means, however, to be the end of the story, if that story is true. Some one Examining Body (whichever it is) ought by this time to have been improved by the expulsion of a Member unfit to be associated with educated gentlemen or honest men. Whether it is a true story or not, all ground for doubt as to the truth of any such story for the future needs to be precluded. There are examinations in which the Candidate, and his prospects in life, lie at the mercy of one irresponsible, and perhaps capricious,

corrupt, or malignant man. On the other hand, a fair and competent Examiner is open to be belied by an angry dunce. Neither of these things would happen if answers to examination papers, or questions, all in writing, or at least if disputed written down, were appointed to be preserved for reference in case of appeal by a Candidate alleging himself to have been wrongfully rejected. Perhaps they manage these things better in China, whence, possibly, we have borrowed the examination system which has therein developed so many original and thinking minds. As a Chinese authority might say, therefore—Respect this.

THE LAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

WHERE PRINCE FRED 'gainst BURN DODDINGTON once held the stakes,

And BURN planned advancement from Leicester House closet,—
Where of live cats by night the witch-Sabbath now wakes,
Round the dead ones, whose bones are my daily deposit,—
Mangy grass, stunted bushes, with soot-flakes at strife,
Round the trunk of my periwigged monarch laid low
'Neath the wreck of his charger, seem emblems of life
Which death, with all vantage, yet cannot o'erthrow:
In dirt and neglect Soho's slums I outvie;
Than my seediest foreigner seedier am I.

What means the thin shriek through yon ruins that rang?
See, Miss LINWOOD's pale ghost from the scathed carcase glides
Where her moth-eaten needlework once used to hang,
Where in mildew till now her vexed shadow abides.
E'en SIR JOSHUA's calm spirit, that here wont to wake
Life on canvas, beneath the tall elms to my west,
Albeit long-suff'ring, his leave's fain to take
Of the stones he paced off'nest, the home he loved best;
For things have now come to that pass—the ghosts swear—
Well-bred spectres no longer can haunt Leicester Square.

But defying small wit, street-reformer, and ghost,
Maugre HOGG and his Board, with its works and its words,
Thanks to ACTON SMEE AYTON—who, true to his post,
At architects sneers and at questioners girds—
I, Leicester Square Garden, so called from the days
When my beds were made, shrubs pruned, and grass duly mown,
In my dirt and disorder maintain the old ways—
While my legless lead King, from his war-horse o'erthrown,
Proclaims in his downfall that highest of laws,
"Vested Rights are still rights, whate'er nuisance they cause!"

Yes; thy rev'rence, O London, I claim, not thy scorn,
For this standing record, set full in thy sight,
How a nuisance perforce must be patiently borne,
If once in that nuisance is vested a right.
Let Acts, Boards, and Courts do their best and their worst,
Vested Right, the old Giant, o'er all will prevail;
Made law at, made jokes at, conspired against, curst,
In my stump of a statue and nettle-grown rail,
A symbol I stand, of all filthiness full,
Of the thing—so says BUMBLE—most dear to JOHN BULL.

What *was* an improvement has nuisance become:
What gave joy to men's sight is an eye-sore to all:
The square of fair-houses has sunk to a slum;
What was palace is ruin that nods to its fall:
Yet, sunken and squalid, obstructive, condemned,
Vested Right from me still keeps Improvement at bay,
And Bumbledom sees in my statue contemned
The Palladium whose presence secures him the sway:
While that effigy, e'en maimed and fallen, we see,
By the weight of its lead, BUMBLE Beadle shall be!

PULPIT EXTORTION.

UNDER the signature of "Fleeced," in the *Times*, an executor writes to say that whereas, for winding up an estate of close upon £70,000, his solicitor's charges are considerably under £500, out of which the solicitor has had several payments to make, his auctioneers' charges, in relation to a property of about £46,000, with which they have had to deal, are close upon £1,400. No doubt, when "Fleeced" set his eye on this sum total at the foot of the auctioneers' bill, you might have knocked him down with a feather, if they had not already with something much heavier. From the statement of "Fleeced," it is obviously ruinous work to get an estate under the Hammer of the Auctioneer. That implement is a Thor's Hammer to all beneath it. The case of property so conditioned is safe to be one of "going, going—gone!"



"MEN (AND WOMEN) SHOULD 'NOT' BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF APPEARING AS IF THEY WERE CARRYING ON A DESPERATE FLIRTATION, WHEN THEY ARE IN REALITY DOING NOTHING OF THE KIND. FOR INSTANCE:—

What they seem to say.

Mr. Jenkins. "IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE, MISS PERKINS—"

Miss Perkins. "AH! WOULD THAT I HAD KNOWN OF THIS BEFORE!"

Mr. Tomkins. "FLY, O FLY WITH ME, MISS WILKINS!"

Miss Wilkins. "SPARE ME, O SPARE ME, MR. TOMKINS!"

What they are really saying.

Mr. Jenkins. "SOME PEOPLE CAN'T BEAR A CAT IN THE ROOM. MY GRANDMOTHER COULDN'T."

Miss Perkins. "WELL, MY AUNT DOROTHY WOULD TURN PAINT AT THE SIGHT OF STRAWBERRIES!"

Mr. Tomkins. "YOU'D HARDLY THINK IT, BUT FROM MOSES AND SON'S TO THE MARBLE ARCH IS EXACTLY ONE MILE, MISS WILKINS."

Miss Wilkins. "NO! REALLY!"

"STRIKE, BUT HEAR!"

STRANGE idlers at corners of streets I see,
With hands in pockets that busy should be,
For we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking, abroad and at home!

Labour and Capital friends? Not they!
Labour and Capital are foes in fray.
So we're all striking, &c.

Says Capital to Labour, "Why should we fight?
Couldn't arbitration make all right?
Instead of striking," &c.

Says Labour to Capital, "Done with you!—
If the arbitrators take my view,
It's better than striking," &c.

"But arbitrators' award shall be nil,
If they don't take my view, as I hope they will,
And we'll fall back on striking," &c.

Now strikes are to trades what wars are to States;
They eat up money and heighten rates,
Till all curse your striking, &c.

For those who fight when they might agree,
On their heads let what comes of fighting be,
And so of striking, &c.

Short hours are good, so are wages high:
But the price of work must be raised thereby,
To pay for striking, &c.

And "higher prices" mean more to spend,
But less to get for it, from end to end,
For all the striking, &c.

Now if Working-men the producing do,
They accomplish a deal of consuming, too,
At work or striking, &c.

And the question is at what level ride
The current of price and the wages-tide,
By dint of this striking, &c.

So long as the wage-tides higher go
Than the tides of price, they may safely flow,
By dint of striking, &c.

But a time will come, and comes ever nigher,
When price-tides stand than wage-tides higher,
By dint of striking, &c.

Then, nine hours, and ninepence an hour therefore,
May mean less to eat, instead of more,
Thanks to all this striking, &c.

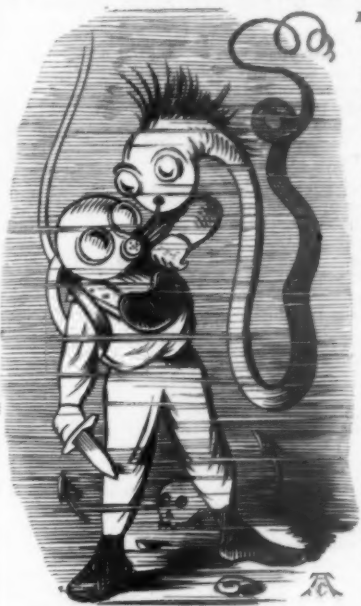
So, Working-men, you should look a-head,
Lest in raising wages you send up bread
By this dodge of striking, &c.



“COME TO GRIEF.”

“BOO-HOO! THEY’VE BEEN AN’ TORE MY NEW DRESS ALL TO RIBBINS, AND I’LL JUST GO AND TELL
MY BIG FO(R)STER-BROTHER!”

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



ERY *Happy Thought*.—Begin again.

By the sea-side at Little Shrimpton comes this *Happy Thought* to me. I refer back to the last note made in my diary five years ago.

I note, also, that the First Volume of *Typical Developments* has nearly reached completion: all but putting it together, and writing the last hundred-and-fifty pages, it is comparatively finished.

Happy Thought.—Finish it positively.

PORPOOD AND GROOLLY, my publishers, are thinking about it. It will certainly be (I think) a grand philosophic and generally comprehensive work. They want to know, by way of coming practically to business, "What it will make?"

Happy Thought.—To reply, genially, "A Hit." They mean, however, "How many pages will it make?" The question with me is, "How

many pages do they want it to make?" Subject postponed until I've found this out. I decline to hurry it. They agree with me. Because a work like this requires application, concentration, and sustentation. Again they agree with me. In the meantime they have, they say—at least, their Managing Director says—that they have by them some novel illustrations for a Christmas book about *Cinderella*, and if I'd like to undertake writing up to these, why, *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., might easily wait. Think it over at sea-side. Little Shrimpton with my other Aunt and a couple of Uncles.

[Why the Cottage in the Country was given up nearly three years ago, why I am in charge of my other Aunt (bless her!), why I am but for her and my two Uncles alone, and how it comes about that I am really beginning again, has nothing to do with *Happy Thoughts* either past or present. If this is enigmatic, so it must remain. *Passons*.]

Complication in Family Matters.—Basking in the rays of a warm sun on a pebbly beach, under a clear blue sky, and fanned by a gentle breeze, which is neither east nor north—and that's all that I negatively know about it—I lie, considering present circumstances. I am here, supposed to be, what my friend ENGLEMORE calls "picking myself up," and "pulling myself together."

Happy Thought.—Like a puzzle. *Mem*.—Note this for *Typical Developments*, Vol. I. (or somewhere, if not room for it here on account of PORPOOD AND GROOLLY wanting it to make so many or so few pages), under heading, "P. for Puzzle; Man," &c., &c. There's a fine thought in this, rather hidden, but to be worked out. Do it later.

The process of pulling myself together and picking myself up, seems to consist chiefly in laying myself out, not to shine in Society, but away from Society, in the sun. After two weeks of this method I am partly pulled together, and slightly picked up.

Without a family, I am a family man. Inexact quotation which occurs to me, "Some achieve families, and some have families thrust upon them." Mine is the latter case. My Aunt (as I said before, "Bless her!") came to take care of me, and my two Uncles were bequeathed to my care.

My two Uncles are now on the sands, within easy reach of the human voice (mine), trying to bury one another with wooden spades in holes of moderate depth. If necessary, I can take both my Uncles under my arm, and whip them, if they deserve it. They are four and five years of age respectively. They are the result of a

Happy Thought (occurring to a hale and hearty grandfather over seventy).—Marry again.

Reminds me of arithmetical game of *Thoughts*. "Think of a grandfather, over seventy. Double him. Add two to him. Halve him. Then subtract him altogether. Remainder, my two Uncles." Orphans. Poor little Uncles! * * * One of these days, as their

guardian, I shall have to take them to school, then to college. I shall have to write to their Master, and say: "Dear Sir,—I hear that you make some reduction on taking two Uncles instead of one. How much per annum for the pair?" &c., &c.

"P.S. I wish my Uncles to have One Shilling each, pocket-money, per week, and to have a cold bath every morning."

My Uncles—Uncle JACK and Uncle GIL (abbreviated)—being tired of sand-digging, are commencing stone-throwing. Their immediate object is an old gentleman who is gazing at the sea. Uncle JACK's intention (he is four years old) is, no doubt, admirable, but his capabilities are limited. It might be called a game of "Anybody's head." This time very near mine. I awake from a reverie to the fact that stone-throwing is dangerous. I speak severely. They laugh.

Happy Thought.—Here's my Aunt JANE and the nurse.

My Uncles are given in charge.

My Aunt JANE has something to say on the subject of Health; hers. On this she prefers consulting me to going to a Doctor.

She is aware that I once went to Aix-la-Chapelle for rheumatism, and that, more or less, ever since, I've been studying pulling myself together and picking myself up; with one exceptional time when my whole object was to pull myself down.

My Aunt JANE is a martyr to neuralgia, she describes it as Rheumatic Neuralgia. She is of an impulsive, warm-hearted disposition, and, generally speaking, would rather be talking than not.

Happy Thought.—She is "generally speaking."

She has a queer way of getting her words entangled before they come out, leaving it to the hearer to unravel them and arrange them in a coherent sentence. In a Pagan country she would have been an Oracle.

Happy Thought.—My Sphinxian Aunt.

Having thought over her style of conversation—or her absence of style—I see that it is not a Mrs. Malapropian nor a Mrs. Ramothamian style, but one peculiarly her own, and, on analysis, I should say it arose out of an economical desire to save time by thinking of sentence Number Two, while in the middle of sentence Number One.

She addresses me, speaking rather hurriedly, and occasionally stopping with a kind of gasp, and a surprised look, her mouth open, as if the supply of words had (as it were) been suddenly cut off at the main, "I've been suffering all the morning with face-ache, but whether it's my toothjaw (one word this) or what I don't know, but I'm really afraid that I've got some irremediable disease which—" here she gasps. Supply out off. I take advantage of this to ask what she means by "irremediable."

"You know very well, what the word means, I'm sure, or ought to," she replies, a little hurt.

"If you mean, Aunt, irremediable"—

[*Happy Thought* that flashes across me. *Que diable! irremediable!* To arrange this afterwards as a French joke, and put it down to TALLEYRAND or MOLIÈRE.]

"—if you mean 'irremediable,'" I continue, for the *Happy Thought* is only a mental flash which does not interrupt the sentence, "I understand."

"Of course," she replies, "I said irremediable, and I know it's a correct word, though you always find fault with what I say, because when I was thinking about what a cureness was which couldn't be—" here she corrects herself of her own accord—"I mean an illness was which couldn't be cured, I thought there was one word for it, and so I looked out irremediable and found it in Dixon's Johnsonary."

"Johnson's Dictionary, Aunt," I say.

"I said so," she returns with some dignity; "and if I didn't, you know what I mean well enough, and needn't take me up for every little mistake."

She has decided that she has "Rheumatism all over her, and is not quite sure that it isn't what the Doctors call 'imperceptible gout,' which results," she adds, "in goodness knows what, and all sorts of things."

What does she propose as a cure? She answers, readily, that she would trust herself implicitly to me if I would take her where I went myself some years ago, to Aix-la-Chapelle. She has evidently made up her mind to this. I reply, that I will "turn it over."

While she goes down to my two Uncles on the sands, I meditate.

Process of "turning it over".—This year I have determined to take up farming and gardening, or gardening and farming, scientifically and (I think I foresee it in the future) profitably. Besides, in Vol. II., *Typical Developments*, I shall soon come to *Letter F*, naturally, "*Farming*," with a note at bottom of page, "See, also, *G. Gardening*," and I shall want to write about it. My friend and adviser, ENGLEMORE, has strongly recommended me agricultural pursuits as a first-rate thing. As he is coming down to-morrow (unless he telegraphs, which, when once you've started him at what he calls "wiring," he generally does three or four times a day), I can consult him as to when I ought to begin my "farming and gardening operations." . . . I am dropping off into a drowsy state when some-



AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

HAPPY THOUGHT—INCognito SECURED—BLUSHES CONCEALED—AND SELF-RESPECT PRESERVED (AT LEAST OUTWARDLY).

how, in connection with my Aunt's notion about Aix-la-Chapelle, there occurs to me suddenly a

Happy Thought.—German Gardening.

Odd that, quite coincidentally, the two words fall naturally under "G" in *Typical Developments*, Vol. II. (if I get as far in Vol. II.: it might be Vol. X. before I reached "G": but, anyhow, I should be prepared with material. [Note.—Hitherto, I've generally collected "material" in memos and notes, on odd slips of paper, for months, and then either been unable to remember the circumstances to which they relate, or have lost them altogether, or later intelligence has rendered them valueless.] Also, as another really very curious coincidence, under the letter "F," "Farming in France."

Happy Thought.—French Farming. Or, if any difficulty about Farming, why not Floriculture? This alphabetically brings us back to "E" when I commence with "English E...." Think of some word initialled with "E," and meaning Gardening.

Happy Thought.—Dixon's Johnsonary. Look it out. "*Eagle-Eardrops—Earth.*" This is nearer but not the thing, "English Earth"—continue with Dixon's Johnsonary—"Ear-trumpet—Easter—Eaves." Eaves is suggestive of country and poetry, but, on the whole, is not sufficiently comprehensive.

Try again. "*Echo—Eddy—Eelspout—Efflorescence.*" Here we are.

Happy Thought.—English Efflorescence! The series would be (1) English Efflorescence. (2) French Farming. (3) German Gardening. Telegraph this to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY. Really an idea. With Illustrations. Coloured. Query who'll do 'em?

My Aunt, who has dismissed UNcles JACK and GIL to their dinner—[we see them in the distance staggering about very unsteadily, Uncle JACK being in perpetual difficulties with an elastic hat-string which won't keep his hat on his head for more than two minutes in anything like a breeze, and Uncle GIL who "gives" a little at the knees and has an undecided style of progression]—asks me if I've decided, because if so we ought to go as soon as possible in order to make Hay while the shun shines—or rather, sun shines she means. Strange coincidence again that she should have used the expression "make hay."

"At all events," she says, with a letter in her hand, "I've just

COMPARISON WITH COUSINS GERMAN.

COMPARISONS are odious, O
My countrymen and brothers!
Not when we to advantage show,
Compared, ourselves, with others.
Does not the difference 'twixt two Powers,
Weighed by the world together,
The Prussian Government, and ours,
Just now exceed a feather?

It must, it cannot but, compel
All people's commendation
To see how Prussia we excel
In point of toleration.
BISMARCK fears Ultramontane leagues
To break up German union;
Frames laws 'gainst Jesuit intrigues
Among the POPE's communion.

And none there are that, in debate,
Or print, denounce his folly.
Say he resembles NEWDEGATE,
And liken him to WHALLEY.
No "able Editors" has he
Such as with us are common,
To twit him with "No Popery,"
And call him an old woman.

No High Church clique genteel, with gibes
Doth steadily pursue him;
No band of faithful Irish scribes
On principle pooh-pooh him:
He has no Public, duly taught
By sneers in fitting season,
To laugh to scorn a Statesman's thought
Of priestly Popish treason.

Weak bigotry you don't behold
Check Priests in these dominions;
The Reverend Fathers, uncontrolled,
Inculcate their opinions.
At home of what sage rule boast we!
Abroad in our relations,
Of what adroit diplomacy,
Above all other nations!

heard that the GLYMPHYS have gone there: young MR. GLYMPHYN is a martyr, I'm told, to Dipthetical Sytheria in one of the two if not both, and he can't put one leg to the ground without the other, so they hope to cure him."

"Cure him of what?" I ask.

"Sciatica," she answers. "I said so before, only you really never do seem to attend to me."

I can't quite make up my mind. I tell her the reason. "At all events," she says, "you might take me over, and leave me at the GLYMPHYS, who would be delighted to see me, and take the most possible care, and if CHARLOTTE GLYMPHYN, though she's mottled and serried now and her name is BORROWDAILE, I fancy it will be pleasant if—" here comes the gasp, and the stream is dried up.

The GLYMPHYS to me are *not* an inducement. Besides, if I go again to Germany, it will be simply and solely in the interests of the letter "G"—"German Gardening"—consequently, I don't want to be mixed up with nothing but English, nor do I want to live in a town. No; in a farm, or German Gardener's house. Conversations with German Gardener's Daughter.

Happy Thought.—"G" stands for Gretchen.

I know my Aunt's object. She is always trying to make me what she calls "go about more." I fancy, from what she says, that she has "somebody in her eye." On this subject we have a difference of opinion. Great one. We agree to talk it over to-night. After that I shall consult ENGLEMORE.

Happy Thought.—Give it till to-morrow.

To this my Aunt replies with something about "Procrastination" being "the thief of time." I suggest "Procrastination." She returns that *that* is what she said, and adds her usual reference, which is, that if I don't think there is such a word, I'd better consult Dixon's Johnsonary. But, anyhow, give it till to-morrow.

A Case of Gross Misnomer.

MR. JUSTICE CHRISTIAN—to judge by his extra-judicial observations on his brethren of the Bench and his Lords of the Legislature.



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